Encounter

June 1977 80p

Daniel Bell

Teletext & Technology

The new networks of knowledge and information in Post-Industrial Society

Andrei Amalrik

An interview with the Russian dissident by ABRAHAM BRUMBERG

Francis King
Story

Gillian Tindall
IQ Cant

Colin Clark
Memories

Allen Weinstein
Spy Story

Eric von Däniken & his Flying Machines

Edited by Melvin J Lasky & Anthony Thwaite

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Encounter

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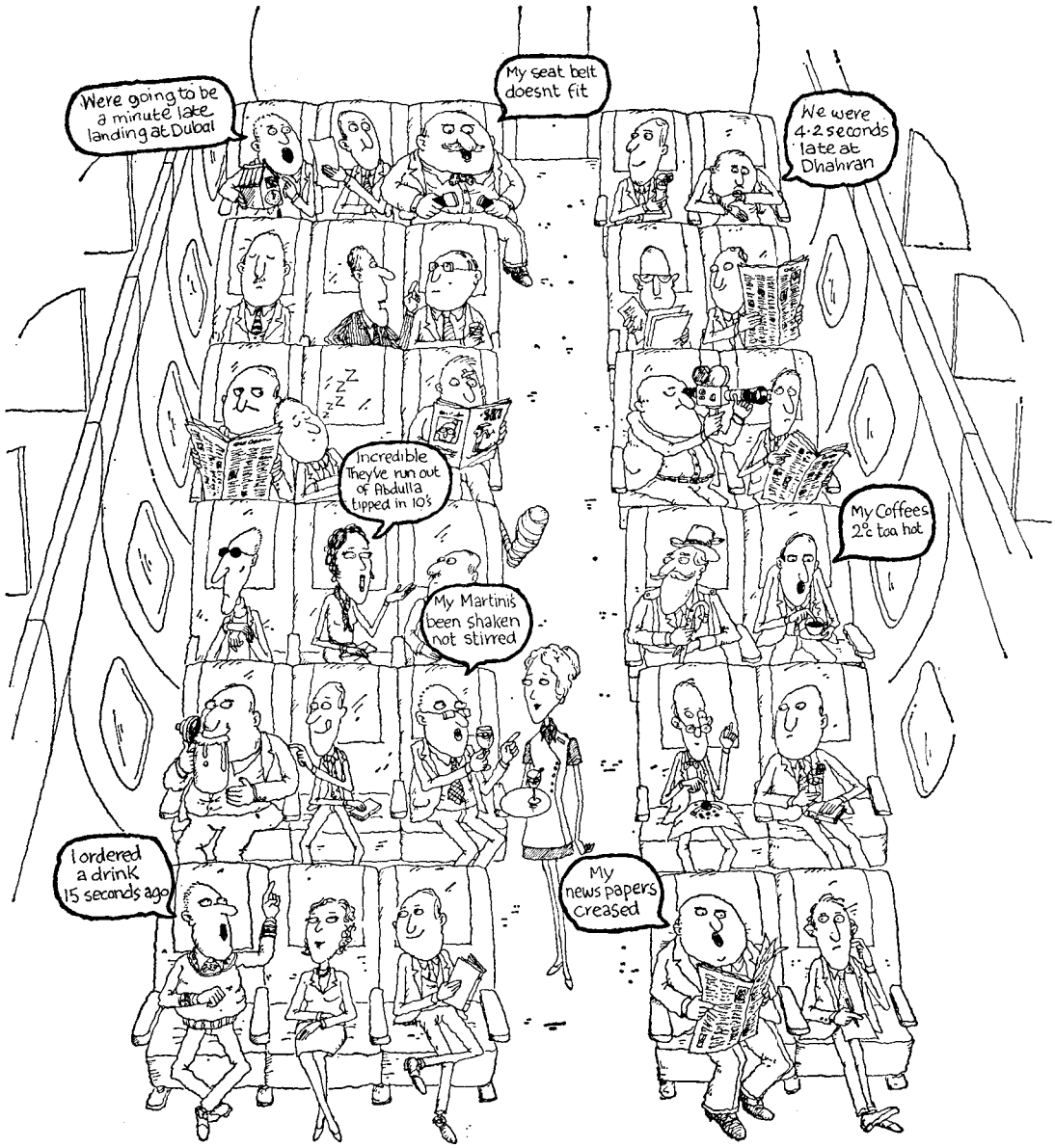
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Francis King

Appetites

TO THE HIGH, GLEAMING catafalque at one end of the ward they all bore their offerings. Come my treasure, my little doll, my little bird, eat, eat, *eat*. That was Aunt Sotiria, who was not really an aunt but a distant cousin, the arthritic joints of her fingers swollen as though from the constriction of her many knobbly rings, stooping over Maria and pleading. But I made these *dolmadakia* myself, try one, just a single bite, a single little bite. The *dolmadakia*, as lumpy as her fingers, lay piled one on top of the other in a grey plastic box filched from the disordered kitchen of one of the many disordered women, wives of television producers, journalists or publishers, for whom she cleaned and cooked in Camden Town. She tilted the box and an emerald slime, collecting in a corner, glittered evilly. Eat, eat, eat.

Uncle Kostas, who was not really an uncle but also a distant cousin, related to Aunt Sotiria by a nexus of relationships as tenuous and tough as a spider's web, suggested all the delicacies that he thought might coax Maria's appetite. *Taramasalata*, just a little of it, spread on a cracker? A salt herring, a salt herring was the best cure for nausea, he knew that from his days, oh many years ago, on the Athens-Crete run. Or how about some liver, thinly sliced and fried for a few seconds in the finest olive oil? There was nothing easier for the stomach to digest than liver. Now the two of them, the aunt and the uncle who were really only distant cousins, each leant over Maria, their faces vaguely affronted and uncomprehending at her lack of all response.

Soon Takis, another cousin, who was studying mechanical engineering at the North London Polytechnic, joined them with his English girl-friend, Sue. At first Sue remained indifferent, huddled into a coat of simulated fur which, hands deep in pockets, she kept wrapped tightly around her plump body as though she were hugging herself in self-congratulation at having such a healthy appetite. Come my treasure, my little doll, my little bird, eat, eat, *eat*. Takis used the same words but gave them a slightly hectoring edge. He had brought a round wooden box of *loukoumia*, with a little wooden fork that he jabbed into the gelatinous, pink-powdered cube that seemed largest to him. Come, come. He was a handsome boy, with a high-bridged nose and thick, arched eyebrows above it. He smelled of Greek cigarettes, pungent as burning hay, and of the hair-oil, sweetly sickly, that gleamed in a line on his forehead where the black, curly hair sprang upwards. He held out the cube on its fork and fragments of pinkish sugar drifted down, a sunset snowfall, on to the pillow. Sue roused herself, her protuberant, previously vacant eyes focusing themselves on the catafalque. You must eat, you know. You have to force yourself. Once you've started again, you'll find it easier and easier. That was how the nurses also spoke to Maria. They felt sorry for her, one couldn't help feeling sorry for her, so fragile and so pretty and so undemanding, but they also felt exasperated. There was even a Nigerian nurse, with a high bosom like a bolster, who told her that among her people there were children who starved not by choice but because there was no food for them. Sue got up and approached the catafalque. I'm not surprised that that Turkish Delight turns her off. What she needs is some fruit. Grapes. Or a banana. Or a nice crisp Cox's. She was now speaking as though the girl on the catafalque could either not hear her or not understand her. But Takis again extended the gelatinous pink cube and

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again the sunset snowfall drifted downwards.

Widowed Kyria Papadopoulou arrived, her wide-hipped, deep-bosomed body balanced miraculously on the slimmest of legs, the most fragile of ankles, the highest of heels. She owned the City restaurant at which Maria had been working. Her son, whom she henpecked as she had once henpecked his father, served as her chef. I've brought you a chicken-wing, I know you like chicken as my Petros does it. The skin is all crisp, see, and there's just the faintest flavour of *rigani*. Come my treasure, my little doll, my little bird, eat, eat, *eat*. She tore at the chicken with long, red-lacquered finger-nails and held out a sliver. Come, come, *come*! Then, rejected, she turned away with a shrug of plump shoulders under her coat of real, not simulated, fur. What's the matter with the child? What's one to do? She too spoke as though the girl on the catafalque could either not hear her or not understand her.

Eventually they all forgot the girl, the reason for their visit, and, ranged in a semi-circle about the catafalque, started themselves to devour the food they had brought.

Kyria Papadopoulou, please try these home-made *dolmadakia*. I am sure you have better in your famous restaurant but please try one, please.

Some chicken, Sue? Try some of Kyria Papadopoulou's chicken. I bet you've never eaten anything like it.

What would really tempt me is just the teeniest bit of that Turkish Delight. I don't usually like it. My figure. But. (A gelatinous fragment glued itself to one of Sue's front teeth, softly pink on its enamelled hardness.)

I was saying a salt-herring. Taramasalata.

Fried liver.

Well, just another teeniest, weeniest piece.

Plenty of chicken here.

The girl on the catafalque stared motionless up at the ceiling. Soon a sister trotted up, like a mettlesome, broad-beamed pony. I really must ask you. Too much noise here. Disturbing the other patients. Some of them very sick. Shouldn't really be so many of you. Only two at a time.

WHEN AT LAST ALL OF THEM had gone (I'll leave the *loukoumia* here, you may be tempted later), it seemed only a few moments before the Nigerian nurse rattled up with a tray. Now then, dear, you won't have any difficulty in getting this lot down. She peered enviously into the still open, round wooden box. Fancy bringing you sweets like that. Silly. (In her flat, beyond the Archway, her mother was minding her infant son; that Turkish Delight would be just the present for them.) There's a simple broth here, can't upset you, and a macaroni-cheese and a nice milk-pudding. But Maria turned her head away, with a gasp and a little groan. The Nigerian nurse banged down the tray (Well, please yourself, she thought but did not say) and hurried off to attend to another patient. She hadn't got all day, take it or leave it, she wasn't going to be late off duty yet again.

By now the restaurant would have started to fill. I could do with a real good blow-out. Well, you'll get that here. There's not much finesse in the way things are served but for value for money. Sweat on flushed foreheads. Saliva in the rubbery folds of mouths. Phew! Teeth tear at the leg of a duck, grease dribbling down a chin. Glutinous rice is piled on to a fork. A roll bears a smear of lipstick as though it were blood. Maria! I say, Maria! A fist like a ham splashes greenish oil from a cracked bottle on to a heap of plump courgettes. Some more of this vino, Maria. To your very good health. Poured gurgling from dusty demijohns into carafes that look like hospital bottles, the wine (red to the English customers, black to Maria) seems to clot on the tongue, its first sweetness sharpening to acid. Maria, be an angel, some more butter! In this heat the yellow trails of butter on the dish are deliquescent. A fork whirls a fragment of bread round and round in a pungent orange sauce. A mouth opens, closes, masticates with grunts and snorts. An American woman's voice, metallic and high: If I eat another morsel, I'll just throw up! Truly I will. Nonsense! You must try these profiterolles. Speciality of the *maison*. Out of this world. Fabulous. Maria! Maria my sweet! Where are you? *Parakalo*! (On a previous visit he has asked her how you say "please" in Greek.) In the kitchen Petros puts a finger into the mayonnaise, takes it out, licks it. Too much vinegar, he scolds an underling. I've told you before. The underling ladles the mayonnaise out over some cold fish, indifferent to the criticism. Maria!

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The girl on the catafalque still lay out motionless. Not eating, love? It was the woman on her right, shapeless and friendless, who habitually devoured Maria's food as well as her own, as though by sating the monster greedily and mortally at work within her, she could somehow appease it and lull it to sleep. Maria did not answer and the woman crept out of bed, a famished and furtive cat, and quickly exchanged her empty tray for the girl's full one. Waste not, want not. She had fed five children (two dead now) first from the breast and then from the meagre sums doled out to her by a drunkard husband. Now she fed herself with the same desperate, obsessive persistence.

MARIA CLOSED HER EYES, open so long on the bare, white ceiling.

. . . Now she is back in her native Cyprus, in the village that no longer exists, minding the sheep that no longer exist on some rocky hillside or in some barren ravine. The sheep are thin, she is thin. The year has been a bad one, first ruinous storms, then a summer-long drought. She is hungry, she is often hungry, but she puts off the moment when she will unwrap the piece of newspaper that lies at the bottom of the tasselled bag slung over her shoulder. Not yet. No, not yet. She can hold out another ten minutes, fifteen minutes, half-an-hour. The bread is hard and coarse; she might be chewing on some friable excrescence plucked from the rocks sticking up all around her. The *feta* cheese might not be cheese at all but a slab of chalk as it crumbles in her mouth. Both are miraculously clean and astringent. She bites into a pear, her strong white teeth crunching on its strong white flesh. Juice trickles down her chin and on to the palm of her hand, following the dirt-seamed cracks. She bites again. The pear is gravid with the thick, musky summer air. She gets up, wiping her hands down on the coarse black folds of her skirt, and begins to leap downwards from rock to rock, the sheep baaing and blathering around her. There is a spring at the bottom of the ravine, oozing out from a dark jagged mouth with a beard of emerald moss. The water is ice-cold and clear. Clean. She cups it in her hands, lowers her head, gulps. The water tingles on her tongue and behind her nose. It seems to tingle in her brain, clearing spaces there until it seems as light as an empty honey-comb.

Cocoa, dear? The nurse who now approached the catafalque had recently begun to resent Maria after some days of feeling affectionate and protective towards her. She won't respond, I hate patients who will simply make no effort. She was a nurse who took each death as a personal affront to her; who bored her flat-mates by bringing the hospital, with its stinks, agonies and bereavements, into their own heedless, happy-go-lucky lives; who ordered her patients "Now recover!" and expected them to obey her.

Maria gulped, turned aside her head.

No?

No.

THE PSYCHIATRIST, a dumpy middle-aged woman with stumpy fingers, wearing a leather jacket that had the sheen of pork-crackling to it and a woollen skirt of the texture and colour of curdled milk, sat down, lumpy legs wide apart, beside the catafalque. Her eyes, palest of blue irises surrounded by a liverish yellow that looked like mutton-fat, brooded on the girl. What to say?

Any better, dear?

Haven't you been able to force yourself to eat even the smallest bite?

The Viennese accent reminded Maria of the cake-shop in Golders Green to which the Swedish boy, met at the language school, used to take her. There were éclairs that oozed a puslike custard, chocolate cakes of a glistening blackness that suggested, suggested. . . . Better not to think of them.

Is something on your mind?

Repeat that: Maria, is something on your mind? Try to answer me dear.

A shake of the head.

Home-sick?

Shake.

Love-sick?

Shake.

Life-sick?

Shake.

The psychiatrist's stomach rumbled mournfully, a tube train shuddering deep in the bowels of the earth. It had been a long day and she looked forward to sitting down with her friend to a pot of tea, scrambled eggs on

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toast, Danish pastries, *Panorama*. She might stop by at the deli and buy some smoked salmon as a treat. Be extravagant. One had to spoil oneself now and then.

You do awfully little to help yourself, you know, my dear.

It was not what a psychiatrist was supposed to say; but after a long day, when she was hungry and felt the first premonitory throb of a headache, the words came unbidden.

No one can help you if you don't help yourself. (Kyria Papadopoulou had told Maria, when she had first come to work in the restaurant: Now, Maria, whenever you feel you want to eat something, just help yourself. Kyria Papadopoulou had been kind.) That's the lesson we all have to learn.

But Maria was beyond learning lessons.

The psychiatrist got to her feet, tugging down that shapeless skirt the colour and texture of curdled milk and buttoning up that leather jacket that had the sheen of pork-crackling. Well, dear, I'll come by again tomorrow. And before that I want you to do something for me. Will you do something for me? Maria?

Maria stared at the ceiling, which was as hard and smooth as the icing of one of Petros's wedding-cakes.

Maria?

No answer.

I want you to do something for me. A favour. A special, a very special favour.

Eat.

EAT.

MOTIONLESS ON THE CATAFALQUE in the darkened ward, her neighbour grunting and snoring and sometimes emitting a strange whinnying cry beside her, Maria dreamed.

There are huge, shark-like mouths, the teeth murderously serrated, and the saliva loops down from them in shiny ropes. The teeth masticate with a crackling and crunching. Blood spurts, arrow-heads of bone fly out in all directions. Marrow squelches. Sounds of gulping, slurping, choking, eructation. Maria, bring me. Bring me. More. Another. A plate of. A bottle of. Do you call this a helping? A long tongue unrolls itself around a finger smeared with a mud-like chocolate. A tooth-pick probes a gigantic molar in which a sliver of chicken nestles, a glistening mollusc in its shell. Bite. Chew. Swallow. Belch.

Oh, no, I can't, can't, can't!

The night-nurse, a little Filippino with wide, startled eyes, hurried out.

What's the matter?

Oh, no, no, no!

The neighbour stirred from a dream of a delicious pork-pie. Fancy waking everyone in the ward. Does it night after night. Ought to be in a loony-bin.

Now, Maria, swallow this pill.

Swallow.

NO!

THEY GAVE UP trying to wheedle, coax and bully. There were tubes of plastic and rubber, coiled like intestines. There were syringes that looked like the implements used by Petros to ice his cakes. Maria threw herself about, the hands that had first gently restrained her growing impatient and brutal. She wailed in protest. She thrashed like a landed fish. That'll tranquillise her. There was sweat on the doctor's forehead, glistening like that sickly-sweet hair-oil on Takis's. He might have been a diner at the restaurant, overheated with too much food and drink. Stupid cow, he muttered. It was not what a doctor, even one so young, was supposed to say. But he had been to a party the night before, he had quarrelled with his girl-friend, each time that he exerted himself it was as though a mallet were thumping down on the back of his head. The Nigerian nurse's arms were more muscular than his. If you'd be sensible and eat, you'd save yourself and us a lot of trouble. The needle homed deep.

But just as her mouth and her teeth and her tongue and her throat and her stomach rebelled, so now even the cells of her ever-diminishing, ever-dwindling body rebelled and refused inexplicably to feed on what the young, sweating, redfaced doctor and his assistants gave them. I dunno. Can't understand it. No response. Weird. The grey, world-weary consultant did not know either; but he was able to find some elaborate scientific synonyms for his ignorance.

Even when she weighed less than five stone and was so light that the Nigerian nurse could have rocked her in her brawny

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arms as she rocked her infant son, Maria's beauty, so far from withering, seemed only to blossom further. Even the young doctor, with his blood-shot eyes and his throbbing morning head, noticed it. Walking away from her down the long white corridor in his lisping suède bootees, he is all at once trailing, a small boy, behind his doctor father and an obesely waddling spaniel dog on the downs behind their Brighton home. Under the bushes he sees a bone, violin-shaped, chalk-white with tinges here and there of emerald. He picks it up with his nail-bitten fingers, turns it over and over, stares down at it. It is hard, clean and pure. It is beautiful. He wants to take it home with him. But his father turns impatiently and calls, Oh come *on*! And then his father wanders back, followed by the dog, and asks, What on earth have you got there? A bone, he says, just a bone. His father takes it from him. A rabbit's head, he says. I should think. Or a cat's. Anyway, we don't want to play around with something like that. Unhygienic. An arm swings, the miniature white violin glitters momentarily in the sun. Then it is lost. The boy wants to cry but he knows the kind of voice, contemptuous and cold, in which his father will demand, *Now* what are you blubbing about? So he runs ahead. The dog stays with his father.

The bone, hard, clean and pure, lay out on the catafalque. He stared down at it and again, as so many years before, he wanted to cry. But someone—perhaps the grey, world-weary consultant or the Nigerian nurse with the high bosom like a bolster—would ask him, *Now* what are you blubbing about? and he didn't want that to happen. So he hurried away down the corridor, his suède bootees lisping on the highly-polished floor.

THAT DAY they closed the restaurant.

I loved her like a daughter, Kyria Papadopoulou said. It's the least I can do for her now. She had never had a daughter of her own, much though she had wanted one; and though she nagged incessantly at Petros to marry this or that girl that she found for him, he, so obedient in every other respect, remained inexplicably recalcitrant in that.

Why, why, why? cried Aunt Sotiria.

Why? They all took it up.

Home-sick?

Love-sick?

Life-sick?

They all had their indefatigably voracious appetites; they were bewildered and abashed by her loss of hers.

Uncle Kostas sobbed noisily at the funeral, thinking of a wife coughing out her lungs in the starved years of the Occupation, of a daughter bleeding to death in childbirth and a son swallowed up, and therefore as good as dead, in the insatiable maw of the New World, of comrades shot by Germans or their fellow countrymen, lost at sea, crushed on high roads, burned by fevers in the crowded wards of hospitals. Kostas bit his lower lip until he thought that it would bleed. Petros wondered if the cake, a marvel of the confectioner's art, had been taken out of the refrigerator by his snotty underling. Sue twitched her coat of simulated fur closer about her, peered disdainfully into the newly-dug grave and wished that she could afford a coat of real fur, expensive fur, like that old trout's over there.

Back at the restaurant they huddled for a while around the cast-iron stove, holding out fingers mauve with cold and feeling the skin of their faces tauten and tingle. Then, bit by bit, their desolation melted from them, as their dully aching bodies thawed out. Petros hurried into the kitchen and they could hear his voice, high-pitched and nasal, upbraiding the snotty underling. I told you. Why didn't you turn down the gas? I told you. Why didn't you open the wine? I told you. Why didn't you take the cake out of the refrigerator?

But everyone agreed that it was a wonderful spread. Kyria Papadopoulou always did you proud. She spared no expense, you'd have to go far to find a cook as good as her Petros. They slurped from bowls of steaming *avgolemono* soup. They tore at the fresh-baked rolls and shoved chunks of them into their mouths, so that Sue, one cheek crammed, looked as though she had toothache. They picked up the lamb-chops in their fingers and their teeth tugged at them, while fat dribbled down their chins and even on to the *broderie Anglaise* of Aunt Sotiria's crisply starched blouse. They drained their glasses, their mouths leaving messy imprints on their rims, and, as soon as they had done so, Uncle

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Kostas would at once brandish yet another bottle and pour out from it, spattering the clean linen cloth as though with blood. Petros, usually so ladylike, picked up a *keftedaki* in his fingers and rammed it between his teeth. His mother sighed, belched, muttered, Excuse me, and settled herself yet more deeply in her chair, her plump elbows resting on the table with the dishes all around them. There were other relatives, other friends, other people whom no one really knew, all guzzling, swigging, gulping, sozzling.

Suddenly, with a shooting pain under the heart like a stab of indigestion, Aunt Sotiria was transfixed by the thought of Maria, their own little Maria, lying out there in the dark and cold, the earth heavy upon her lightness. Tears began to roll unchecked down her cheeks, even while she was intent on gnawing at the leg of a chicken.

What is it, Sotiria *mou*? Uncle Kostas asked.

Crunch, crackle, suck.

What is it? What is it?

That child. That poor child.

Ah, Maria! Kyria Papadopoulou's face became tragic as she ladled out more of the *stifado* on to her plate.

Maria!

Sue murmured, Poor darling, as she picked out a fragment of meat from between her front teeth with red-lacquered finger-nail.

How she loved Petros's cakes! Kyria Papadopoulou groaned, as much from the weight of her grief as from that of the food that was now lying heavy on her stomach.

I took a cake to the hospital for her, Petros said, nodding his head sadly, but she was so ill she wouldn't eat a slice. The other patients had it all. I hadn't the heart to bring it back.

Uncle Kostas got shakily to his feet, his grizzled hair in a tangle over his forehead and his face all flushed and sweaty, as though he had been running a race. Let us drink, he said and raised his glass high. Let us drink to the memory of Maria, our little Maria!

Maria!

Maria!

Our little Maria!

Sue's pointed finger-nail eased a cherry off the cake, causing Petros to squint in anger. She popped the cherry into her mouth and then she too said, Maria!

If only she could be here eating this feast with us now, Aunt Sotiria cried.

If only!

Oh, if only!

The snotty underling, breathing asthmatically through his perpetually open mouth, tottered in, to the cheers of the whole assembly, with a sucking-pig on a vast platter awash with grease. It weighed even more than the body in the cemetery.

Upside down

We need a template. I have fixed on you.
When you withdraw the image will be there.
The blank becomes the object round which flows
Feeling, as ink prevented makes a shape.
And something of the truth will then seem clear
Readable edge against white, and in that outline
Uncharted waters defined by opposing shore.

The fire, died down, will leave deposit where
No heat comes out; this hardens into stone.
The earth, from this high up, becomes white vapour,
And these stupendous forests of clouds—the world.

Jenny Joseph

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Daniel Bell

Teletext & Technology

New Networks of Knowledge & Information in Post-Industrial Society

The endless cycle of idea and action,
Endless invention, endless experiment,
Brings knowledge of motion but not of stillness . . .
Where is the Life we have lost in living?
Where is the wisdom we have lost in knowledge?
Where is the knowledge we have lost in information?

T. S. ELIOT, *Choruses from* **The Rock**

A LITTLE MORE THAN a hundred years ago, the Victorian novelist Samuel Butler wrote a utopian fantasy named *Erewhon*. The inverted title heralds a world where inversions rule, and the inverted place is symbolised by the inversion of time: four hundred years earlier industrialism had been abandoned when a Professor of Hypothetics in the Colleges of Unreason proved "that machines were ultimately destined to supplant the race of man, and to become instinct with a vitality as different from, and superior to, that of animals, as animal to vegetable life. . . ."

In *The Book of the Machines*, the new-Darwinian bible of the Erewhonians which he found, our Victorian traveller, Mr Higgs, reconstructed their fears. The Erewhonian author pointed to the "extraordinary rapidity" with which machines were transforming themselves, and observed that "no class of beings have in any time past made so rapid a movement forward." As a Professor at the Colleges of Unreason remarked:

> "Have we not engines which can do all manner of sums more quickly and correctly than we can? What prizeman in hypothetics at any of our Colleges of Unreason can compete with some of these machines in their own line? In fact whenever precision is required man flies to the machine at once, as far preferable to himself."

As man himself was a machinate animal, the Erewhonians reasoned that in the competitive struggle for existence it would only be a matter of time until the thinking machines would "take charge and overwhelm their inhabitants." Therefore the machines had to be destroyed. The Professors of Inconsistency and Evasion had triumphed. Erewhon alone continued as the inverted home of Man.

At the end of the novel, Higgs escapes the country in a balloon he has devised. Thirty years later, in Samuel Butler's sequel of 1901, *Erewhon Revisited*, Higgs finds that his ascent in the balloon (ascending taken to be an entrance into heaven in a chariot) had been seen as a miracle, and that a new religion has grown up around the event called "Sunchildism." Rather than see this new religion pricked, Higgs quietly makes his way out of Erewhon again.

History repeats itself many times, more so in imagination than reality. That imagination, when tinged with fear, often simplifies what it expects to recur. Yet the virtue of such imagination, if not of history, is to provide a cautionary tale. That is the purpose of this prologue: to infuse prospective history with a cautionary imagination.

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His article in this issue is drawn from an unpublished monograph, "The Social Framework of the Information Society", written for the Laboratory for Computer Science at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. A different section of that monograph will appear in "The Future of Computers", edited by Michael Dertouzes and Joel Moses, to be published next year by M.I.T. Press.

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Smaller & Smaller

IF ONE WERE TO LOOK BACK from the vantage point of the year 2000 and ask what was the most significant technological innovation in the last half of the 20th century, one might be inclined to think of such dramatic items as television or computers; but on reflection, it seemed to me, the most spectacular development, and the foundation of the current electronic revolution, is not a "thing" but a concept—miniaturisation. With miniaturisation one obtained quantum jumps in complexity, flexibility and extraordinary new powers of control, along with tremendous reductions in size, use of energy and cost. Logically, one cannot maximise two functions at the same time; yet the achievement of miniaturisation has been to do just that.

Miniaturisation does not begin, of course, with the computer. The very development of electricity after steam power is an illustration of the reductions in size and the gains of efficiency. And the development of fractional horse-power motors more than thirty years ago enabled us to create power tools and small electric appliances (including electric carving knives and electric toothbrushes). Yet it is with the computer, and the electronics associated with it, that miniaturisation has undergone extraordinary concentrations.

Less than thirty years ago, when Eckert and Mauchly built the first electronic digital computer, the ENIAC (Electronic Numerical Integrator and Computer) was a fickle monster that weighed thirty tons and ran on 18,000 vacuum tubes. Since then, the physical size of the computer diminished by a factor of 1000 while reliability and capacity advanced by roughly the same degree; at the same time, cost dropped by a factor of 100.

Some sense of the importance of the magnitudes can be seen from the discussion of John von Neumann on the differences in size and capacity of the vacuum tube and the neuron in the human brain. Dr von Neumann was seeking to work out a logical theory of Automata and illustrating the difficulties involved by the comparative sizes of the two as the source and transmitter of signals. He wrote that "the vacuum tube . . . is gigantic compared to a nerve cell. Its physical volume is about a billion times larger, and its energy dissipation is about a billion times greater."[1]

Table 1.
NUMBER OF FUNCTIONAL ELECTRONIC COMPONENTS PER SQUARE INCH OF SPACE, 1960–1974

Year	*Components per Square Inch*	*Technological Developments*
1960	4	Discrete elements (transistors, resistors)
1962	40	Integrated Circuits
1965	400	Medium-scale integrated circuits
1969	40,000	Large-scale integrated circuits

In the late 1950s, the transistor replaced the vacuum tube. Invented by Bardeen, Brattain and Shockley at Bell Labs in 1948, the transistor is a piece of semiconducting material—material which lies between metals and insulators, such as germanium and silicon—that uses no filament current, generates less heat, amplifies current, and is of incredibly smaller size. Within a few years the transistor itself gave way to "large-scale integration", or LSI, a technique that places thousands of miniaturised transistors—an integrated circuit—on a sliver of silicon only a fraction of an inch on a side.

The most recent development is the microprocessor (MPU), or computer-on-a-chip, a tiny slice of silicon that is the arithmetic and logic heart of a computer. The microprocessor unit (invented by M. E. Hoff, Jr., at the Intel Corporation) contains 2,250 microminiaturised transistors on a chip slightly less than one-sixth of an inch long and one-eighth of an inch wide, and each of these microscopic transistors is roughly equivalent to an ENIAC vacuum tube. In its basic configuration, it consists of just that—a complex of circuits on a chip of silicon about the size of the first three letters of the word ENIAC as printed here. Yet even a medium-strength microcomputer can perform 100,000 calculations a second, twenty times as many as could the ENIAC.

The microcomputer fits easily into the corner of an electric typewriter, a cash register, a traffic light, a complex scientific instrument such as a gas chromatograph, and acts as a programmed unit to control instructed operations. But because of its cheapness (each "logic chip" costs today about $3), it can be used to alter programmes so that a machine can perform

[1] John von Neumann, "The General and Logical Theory of Automata", in Jeffress (ed.), *Cerebral Mechanisms in Behavior* (1951), pp. 13–14.

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many different tasks in response to a simple programme change. In addition to versatility, it also increases reliability. As a report in *Fortune* (November 1975) puts it: "A microcomputer that replaces, say, fifty integrated circuits does away with 1,800 interconnections—where most failures occur in electronics. The microcomputer, in other words, is one of those rare innovations that at the same time reduces the cost of manufacturing *and* enhances the capabilities and values of a product."

Are there any "limits" to miniaturisation? Anyone making predictions in 1944 would have extrapolated existing technology—*i.e.* improving the vacuum tube—and he would have been wrong. The invention of the transistor in 1948 completely changed the entire basis of electronics. One reason why the transistor was "unforeseen" at the time was that in 1944 there was as yet no such thing as "materials science." The invention of the transistor required the refinement of a technique for preparing materials of less than a few parts per billion harmful impurities, and the utilisation of special techniques to prepare highly perfect crystals.[2]

If there is to be a next major change it may come with "integrated optics." Integrated optical circuits can be laid down in thin films in much the same way as integrated electronic circuits. These thin films, however, use miniature lasers, lenses, prisms, light switches and light modulators. Since the frequency of light is some 10,000 times higher than the highest frequency of an electronic device, the amount of information that can be carried by a light signal is correspondingly greater. Moreover, optical circuits are in principle considerably faster than electronic circuits.[3]

We have seen a laser beam reach the moon with extraordinary precision. The Viking Mars expedition has carried a "biological laboratory" of one cubic foot that carries out controlled experiments, in response to radio signals 150 million miles away. But miniaturisation has done more. In the broadest sense, the explosive upsurge of new technologies is breaking down all the older conceptions of signals, carriers, modes and systems, and this "fusion" of information media sets the stage for a major set of social upheavals in the next several decades. These become central issues for the post-industrial society. The major one is the social organisation of the new "compunications" technology.

[2] Robert A. Laudise and Kurt Hassau, "Electronic Materials of the Future: Predicting the Unpredictable", *Technology Review*, October/November 1974.

[3] See P. K. Tien, "Integrated Optics", *Scientific American*, April 1974. The optical wavelengths are of the order of one micron, a thousandth of a millimetre—an irony, considering von Neumann's discussion twenty-five years ago of the differences in magnitude between the vacuum tube and the neuron. And building an integrated optical circuit calls for techniques far more refined than those for building integrated electronic circuits since the thin single-crystal films themselves must be of even smaller dimensions than the micron length of the optical wave.

Compunications

IN THE 19th AND to the mid-20th century, communication could be divided roughly into two distinct realms. One was mail, newspapers, magazines and books, printed on paper, and delivered by physical transport or stored in libraries. The other was telegraph, telephone, radio and television—coded message or image or voice, sent by radio signals or through cables from person to person. Technology, which once made for separate industries, is now erasing these distinctions and a variety of new alternatives is now available to information users, while a major set of policy decisions confronts the law-makers of the country.

Inevitably, large vested interests are involved. Just as the substitution of oil for coal in energy (or the competition of truck, pipeline and railroad in transportation) created vast economic dislocations—in corporate powers, occupational structures, trade-union strengths, geographical concentrations, so the huge changes taking place in communications technology will affect the major industries that are involved in the communications arena. There are five major problem areas:

(1) The "intermeshing" of the telephone and computer systems, of telecommunications and teleprocessing into a single mode. A corollary problem is whether transmission will go primarily over telephone-controlled wires or whether there will be independent data transmission systems. There is also the question of the relative use of microwave relay, satellite transmission, and coaxial cables as transmission systems.

(2) The substitution of electronic media for paper processing. This includes electronic banking to eliminate the use of cheques; the electronic delivery of mail; the delivery of newspaper or magazine by facsimile, rather than by physical

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transport; the long-distance copying of documents by facsimile, rather than physical delivery.

(3) The expansion of television, through cable systems, to allow for multiple channels and specialised services and the linkage to home terminals for direct response back by consumer or home to local or central stations. A corollary is the substitution of telecommunication for transportation through video-phone, closed-circuit television, and the like.

(4) The reorganisation of information storage and retrieval systems, based on the computer, to allow for interactive network communication in team research, direct retrieval from data banks to library or home terminals.

(5) The expansion of the educational system through computer-aided instruction, the use of satellite communications systems for rural areas, especially in the underdeveloped countries, the role of video discs for both entertainment and instruction in the home.[4]

The major structural change—and the great economic dislocation—is in the arena of transmission. The problem arises because of the blurring of the technological and legal differences between telecommunications and teleprocessing, the latter being not only the transmission of computerised data information, but the processing of news and library materials as well.

Technologically, telecommunications and teleprocessing are merging into a mode which Anthony Oettinger has called *compunications*. As computers become used increasingly as switching devices in communications networks, while electronic communications facilities become intrinsic elements in computer data processing services, the distinction between processing and communication becomes indistinguishable. Paul Berman and Anthony Oettinger provide a fascinating example of how this confounding of telecommunication and teleprocessing occurs in the operations of United Press International (UPI), a wire service for newspapers.

> "UPI has installed a computerised system to edit, abstract and queue up stories to be sent out on UPI wires. Stories arriving in UPI's New York switching and computing centre over their international network or their domestic private lines are displayed and edited on computer-linked cathode-ray tube terminals. After editing, the press of a button returns the story to a computer in that New York switching center. Then the story is abstracted and placed on a queue according to its assigned priority. This priority determines if and when the story will be sent out on which of UPI's different service wires. In an increasing number of cases, these connect directly to the client's newspapers' computers, not to their teletypewriters. A copy of the abstract is automatically sent to client editorial offices, and the story itself is stored for a time in a computer data bank where a remote editor interested in the abstract may retrieve it.
>
> "UPI is a private service, at least by virtue of a specific exemption for press services written into the history of the term 'common carrier' in the Communications Act of 1934. Nevertheless, UPI has always followed a conscious corporate policy of serving anyone who can pay for their service. . . ."

William Wieck has described the operations of the Booth Newspaper chain in Michigan. This consists of eight afternoon dailies which are tied together with a central computer system *via* a telecommunications network consisting of nineteen on-line minicomputers. All typesetting, production and business application activities are carried out by means of this network.

THE MAJOR QUESTIONS are legal and economic. Should the industry be regulated or competitive? Should it be dominated, in effect, by A.T.&T. or by I.B.M?[5]

In the United States, telecommunications has been largely a "monopoly"—that of A.T.&T., regulated by the Federal Communications Commission as a common carrier. But the telephone network, as it was reorganised about thirty to forty years ago with the introduction of the dialling and switching systems, was designed for transmission of the human voice. It transmits on a frequency range of 300–3,400 cycles in analogue wave form.

The digital computer, however, "works" on binary-coded strings of "bits", is much faster than analogue transmission but cannot be transmitted directly over the older telephone network. There are various alternatives. One is to convert the analogue waves into digital signals, send data and voice, and, at the other end, reconvert those digital signals that are not for "data" users to analogue form for voice communi-

[4] There is a huge and growing literature on all these questions. Except where otherwise noted for specific reference, I have drawn largely on the reports of the Harvard Program on Informational Technology and Policy for the material in this section and I am grateful to Professor Anthony Oettinger, the director of the Program, for his guidance.

[5] A.T.&T. has introduced a bill in Congress to allow it to buy out its microwave competitors. And it wants Congress to require any one plugging specialised services into its lines to buy a connecting device from the phone company. I.B.M. has entered into a direct challenge to A.T.&T. by setting up Satellite Business Systems Company, jointly with Aetna Insurance and Comsat General, to operate a satellite communications service that would transmit the full range of "compunications" by 1979.

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cation. Another is to allow separate networks of computer transmission systems from user to user by cable, or by microwave, or by satellite.

THE ECONOMIC STAKES are huge. The telephone system (over 90% of which is dominated by A.T.&T.) absorbs each year 20% of the capital that all the corporations in the US raise from outside sources. A.T.&T. argues that the efficient operation of the complex telephone system requires that the Bell System provide all aspects of telecommunication from terminal to terminal. It has developed leased-line facilities for transmission of data to and between computers.

Increasingly, however, various firms have been providing specialised services, particularly computer data transmission, through networks across the country through microwave relay systems; and a number of satellite firms have been transmitting computer data, television broadcasts and facsimile. So far, the microwave and satellite transmission systems have not been heavy competitors in voice transmission; but in the next few years that competition will become more severe.

What seems to be fairly clear is that A.T.&T. has been following a dual pricing policy in which the costs of business services have to some extent subsidised consumer services. The entry of specialised carriers into the business field, undercutting the A.T.&T. prices, threatens its consumer rate structure as well, and would create large political upheavals. Yet, the "computer" proponents have argued that technological innovation in the telephone field has been stodgy, whereas the energetic and bustling computer field has demonstrated its ability to innovate rapidly and reduce costs and prices, so that competition in transmission, in the end, would serve the country as a whole. Edwin G. Parker has come to some common-sense conclusions:

> "Much of the economic and social potential of the new services . . . will be dissipated if each service is developed on a private or leased line computer network or if it is dependent on telephone networks as they are now structured.
>
> "Use of line switching techniques suitable for telephone conversations will be economically inefficient for time-shared data transmission which the kind of long hold-times and long silences involved. A time-shared digital data network with redundant channels and error-checking procedures will be required. Even if the transmission lines use analog techniques, packet-switching techniques could be used for digital communication.
>
> "If each new service is developed on a separate computer network or series of disconnected networks, then most of the benefit will be lost because only those services with sufficient economic potential to justify their own networks will appear. On the other hand, if a single generalised network or network interconnection system is required, then many new information services can be developed that require only a small portion of the network capability.
>
> "Since there is likely to be continued technological change in the area of commercial communication, a more modular approach to multiple interconnected networks with common interconnection standards and a payments clearinghouse mechanism may be preferable to a monolithic single network, which would have a tendency to stifle technical innovation."[6]

The substitution of electronic delivery for paper is not primarily a question of technology, but of costs. Electronic banking is already under way. In the State of Washington, the state's largest mutual savings bank has initiated a system in 23 branches, called *Passcard Plus*, in which an individual, by touch phone, calls a "talking computer", and punches in a code which directs the bank to pay any of 1,600 merchants or credit-card companies the requisite amount. The charge is $2 a month, or the equivalent of 15 stamps. In the next years, it is likely that credit card transactions will be completely computerised so that cheques become automatically credited to different accounts and we are on the way to the much-touted "cashless" and "chequeless" society.

The electronic delivery of mail is, similarly, a matter of cost. The President's Commission on Postal Organisation, about eight years ago, estimated that 40% of all mail consists of commercial transactions (bills, cheques, *etc.*), 26% is advertising, 22% is correspondence (of which 13% is personal) and magazines and newspapers constitute 11%. A recent study of Canadian mail estimated that 45% of all first-class mail originated in a computer, and about 20% was destined for a computer (*e.g.* orders, bills, *etc.*). Since 65% of the first-class mail is computer interactive or machine generated,

[6] "Social Implications of Computer/Telecommunications Systems". ([7] *Telecommunications Policy Research.*... Report on the 1975 Conference Proceedings (ed. Bruce Owens), p. 82. Aspen Institute Programme on Communications).

"Packet switching" is the use of minicomputers to break data into packets, send them by the fastest available circuits (satellites, microwave or cable) and then reassemble the packets for the user. The system was developed by ARPA, the Advanced Research Projects Agency of the Defence Department, which developed a nationwide network of government and research-oriented computers from places like M.I.T. and Stanford, and is now available for public commercial use.

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electronic transmission becomes highly possible.[7] Mail can be sent coded and decoded and routed to home terminals. Mail can be sent by facsimile for long-distance transmission and then delivered. There are "telewriters" whereby, using a special pen connected to a telephone, a letter can be sent direct and emerge at the other end exactly as written.

DELIVERY OF NEWSPAPER or magazine by facsimile has been feasible for almost twenty-five years, but the cost has been high. In Great Britain, however, a number of different systems have been developed under the generic name of *teletext*. The BBC has a news and information service called *Ceefax*, in which a large range of daily information is transmitted and stored in an electronic memory in the user's set. If the viewer wants to read the teletext news headlines (whenever he comes home), see the weather forecast, or find out what entertainment is available, he selects the appropriate page with a push-button keyboard. He does not have to wait until the allotted time for that information. (A similar ITV system is called *Oracle*.) The British Post Office has a system called *Viewdata*, sent through telephone lines but displayed on a terminal screen, in which all kinds of services would be offered. Instead of perusing a half-dozen pages of classified ads in a newspaper, a viewer could simply "dial" for the specific kinds of services (rentals, repairs, location of specific movies he may want to see) and have the information displayed in text form on the screen.

All these systems require a decoder which is, in effect, a form of computer terminal. As a "terminal" it becomes part of an interactive system in which the subscriber could then order a particular service or product, or ask the supplier to send further information. If these services, which are already available technologically, become cost-effective, then the electronic system will become a powerful competitor with newspapers for advertising and providing services to subscribers.[8]

In the United States, the *Wall Street Journal* has used satellite transmission to send facsimile copies of its pages to decentralised printing plants in order to speed production and gain more regional distribution. But a study of newspaper distribution to the consumer has shown that while there are four systems in existence for reproducing newspapers in the home, either by video screen or hard copy form printouts, the costs of distribution and the nature of readership habits indicate that such systems are not likely in the near future.

THE QUESTIONS that are implicit in the fusion of communication technologies—the rise of *compunications*—are not only technological and economic but, most important, political. Information is power. Control over communication services is a source of power, and access to communication is a condition of freedom. There are legal questions that derive directly from this. The electronic media, such as television, are regulated, with explicit rules about "fairness" of presentation of views, access to reply to editorials and the like. But the power, ultimately, is governmental in that the decisions about a US station's future lie with the Federal Communications Commission. The telephone industry is regulated on its rates and conditions of service. The computer industry is unregulated and operates in an open market. The print media are unregulated and their rights on free speech are zealously guarded by the First Amendment and the Federal Courts. Libraries have been largely private or locally controlled. Now great data banks are being assembled by government agencies and by private corporations. Are they to be under government supervision or unregulated?

All of these are major questions for the future of the free society.

Waiting for Automation

LIFE IMITATES art, even machinates. In Gulliver's travels, the scientists at Laputa were those impractical projectors who measure a man with a sextant to fit him for a suit of clothes. One contemporary inventor has given us the "auto-shoe" in which the television sensors measure one's feet and a computerised machine produces a custom-made product to quick order. Laputa or its inverse is on the way; undoubtedly it will come. The question is when.

[7] Telecommunications Policy Research. . . , p. 82.

[8] What is striking is how far advanced the British systems are. In this, as in many of the previous innovations, *e.g.* radar, the jet-engine, British science and engineering have been in the forefront of the field. The UK difficulty has always been to capitalise on these advances commercially.

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If there is a sociological truism it is that Americans (or all "moderns"), given as they are to *enthusiasm*, expect almost instant results once a technological process is discovered (or instant gratification once a desire is expressed).[9] More than a decade ago, there was a great buzz in the US about the impending consequences of automation. One economist wrote a book, *Man's Most Notorious Victory*, in which he predicted the elimination of all jobs in the retail trades of America because of automated supermarkets. An "Ad Hoc Committee on the Triple Revolution", initiated by the economist Robert Theobold and the social psychologist Donald Michael (who coined the term "*cybernation*" to link cybernetics with automation), announced that because of a quantum jump in productivity as a result of coming automation, a cornucopia of abundance was so near at hand that only by severing the link between work and income, and providing individuals with goods in accordance with their needs (*i.e.* independent of the work they did or the jobs they held), could the society absorb the overflow of goods.

And yet none of this is in sight—at least not for the next 20 years. The basis for this was spelled out ten years ago by a blue-ribbon Presidential Commission set up to study the problem—or what proved to be the "bogey"—of automation.

> "Our broad conclusion [it stated] is that the pace of technological change has increased in recent decades and may increase in the future, but a sharp break in the continuity of technical progress has not occurred, nor is it likely to occur in the next decade."[10]

And, of course, it has not, nor is it likely to do so.

The reasons for this were laid out by the Commission in seeking to define the terms and to look at the evidence. The pace of change is an imprecise term; one has to ask change in what? Even of technological change, there are no direct measures. Since such changes, invariably, translate themselves into economic effects, one can seek for a consistent time series in some indexes of productivity, grossly, Output per Man-Hour (even though such output is not a measure of technical progress alone, for increases in productivity also derive from education, skill and the health of workers, and the character and organisational ingenuity of management). Yet any overall rate of technological progress capable of having major effects on the economy is most likely to be reflected in Output per Man-Hour. And this is the only consistent measure we have.

In the 35 years before the end of the Second World War, Output per Man-Hour in the private economy rose at a trend rate of 2% a year (but this period includes the Depression decade of the 1930s). Between 1947 and 1965, productivity in the private economy rose at a trend rate of about 3.2% a year, but if agriculture is excluded the contrast is less sharp, for the trend rate then comes down to 2.5% a year. From 1965 to 1975, the productivity in the private economy was under 3% a year.[11]

THE SECOND WAY one can seek to measure the economic aspect of innovation and change is to chart the time between when a discovery is first made, when it is developed and commercially introduced, and when it diffuses throughout an industry. As the Technology Commission pointed out, the steam locomotive and the diesel co-existed for at least 30 years. The DC-3 airplane introduced in the 1930s is still flying—in 1977, as well as 1967. And yet, the time span between discovery, development and diffusion may have decreased somewhat in the period after World War II. At least technological innovations with consumer applications were developed and diffused nearly twice as fast as those with industrial application—in part because of postponed hunger for goods and mounting demand, in part because of the relative costs. It is likely that in the recent decade the situation reversed itself somewhat as consumer markets become more saturated and as industrial products (*e.g.* transistorised, integrated circuits; silicon chips)

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[9] Enthusiasm, it should be pointed out, is not just a psychological attribute or an aspect of American character structure, but a *theological* doctrine which is fundamentally millenarian in its source, and which consistently awaits the fulfilment of God's kingdom on earth. See Ronald Knox, *Enthusiasm* (Oxford University Press, 1950).

[10] *Technology and the American Economy*, Report of the National Commission on Technology, Automation and Economic Progress (U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington D.C., February 1966), p. 1.

[11] If I seek to minimise the sense of a radical discontinuity, and certainly that of a "quantum jump"—which also belies the highly sensationalised and misleading sense of a "Future] Shock"—one should also realise the tangible gains in such productivity increases. Growth at 2% a year, steady and compounded, doubles output in 36 years. Growth at 2·5% a year doubles output in 28 years. Growth at 3% a year doubles output in about 24 years. Within the lifetime of a person, thus, the doubling of output 12 years earlier than it might otherwise be, is surely a sizeable gain.

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fall steeply in cost. In its own studies, the Commission concluded

> "that major technological discoveries may wait as long as 14 years before they reach commercial application even on a small scale, and perhaps another 5 years before their impact on the economy becomes large. It seems safe to conclude that most major technological discoveries which will have significant economic impact within the next decade are already at least in a readily identifiable stage of commercial development."

And yet, automation of much of industrial production, and possibly of major clerical functions as well, is surely coming. A change of this character is a function of the state of the technological art, the relative costs *vis-à-vis* other modes, the scope of the market and the level of demands. Once these variables are known the "rates" of diffusion can be computed.

On the state of the art, the theoretical foundations, as concerns production, have been summed up by Professor P. Bezier.[12] He deals in a comprehensive way with the mathematics of "servo-mechanisms", the mathematics utilised by numerically-controlled machine tools which operate under a set of digitally-encoded commands stored in a computer which issues them in sequence to control a machine or a process.

In the broader context, Professor Bezier's book deals with a fundamental change in the operations of machinery and production: the substitution of an *algorithm* (a "decision rule" or a programme encoded in a computer) for human judgment. It is part of the continuing development of a Post-Industrial society and the displacement of the industrial worker, just as the inventions of Eli Whitney in the early 19th century led to the displacement of the artisan by the semi-skilled worker.

The contrast is instructive. Whitney, who had invented the cotton gin, was seeking to organise the mass production of guns. Watching clumsy workmen fumble with the parts he realised, as he put it, that he had to put his "own" skill into every untaught hand, and to do this, he had "to substitute correct and effective operations of machinery for the skill of the artist which is acquired only by long experience." To eliminate guesswork by eye, he invented "jigs", or guides for tools, so that the outline of the product would not be marred by a shaky hand or imperfect vision. He made clamps to hold the metal while the guided chisel or milling wheels cut it; he made automatic stops that would disconnect the tool at the precise depth or diameter of a cut. In the process, he "invented" the ideas of standardisation, interchangeability of parts, and quantitative methods in production. In this way he created the semi-skilled, the industrial worker, no longer a person, but a "hand."

NUMERICAL CONTROL TOOLS, which in 29 years have gone from the research-laboratory stage to standard practice in manufacturing, not only eliminate the "hand", but dramatically change the "real-time" control of discrete and continuous-flow processes. Where, in 1960, one planned for the numerical control of single machine tools, one now designs combined computer control of groups of machines, together with their interconnecting transfer equipment and flow of work between them, and ultimately completely automatic factories covering the entire spectrum of production, under centralised computer controls.

But there is also a radically new principle of design involved as well. H. G. Wells, in his book *Anticipations* (1902), in which he predicted the mechanised and aerial warfare that came within a few years, also pointed out that the earliest modes of mechanisation simply copied the earlier shapes they displaced. Thus, the first railway cars, and the gauge of the tracks, had a width that simply followed the existing widths of carriages. In these instances, function followed existing form. And this has been the case with much of industrial design. But numerical control tools, as Professor Bezier points out, are more than a minor technical innovation. In interaction with computers, graphic displays can synthesise and portray three-dimensional objects (to rotate, expand or contract them) so that the tools can perform many new functions. In sum, they have compelled engineers to rethink the entire design process, and to rethink, even, the idea of shapes in the manufacture of metal products. Professor Bezier took his French examples from the construction of the *Concorde* aircraft. Interestingly enough the same ideas have been adopted on an even more comprehensive scale by the McDonnell Douglas Corporation

[12] P. E. Bezier, *Numerical Control: Mathematics and Applications* (New York: John Wiley and Sons, 1972).

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in the design and production of the F-18 fighter plane. An article in *Business Week* (23 February 1976) on computer-aided manufacturing (CAM) tells the story in some detail.

> "In the program now getting under way at McDonnell Aircraft Co. in St Louis, the computer will be used in the most sophisticated and comprehensive manner ever adopted for translating a design concept into a finished product.
>
> "At McDonnell, design engineers, production planners, and tooling engineers are sitting at computer terminals instead of desks and drawing boards. Remote computers are directing every motion of dozens of machine tools, some costing more than $1 million each. . . .
>
> "The base of McDonnell's system is a . . . software [program] called CADD (for computer-aided design and drafting). This allows engineers to generate the design of the airframe and its parts in three dimensions without touching a pencil, and to make changes, store the images in the computer's memory bank, and retrieve them. The computerised 3D design of the aircraft becomes the data bank on which most of the manufacturing system draws.
>
> "In a typical use an engineer seated at an IBM 2250 terminal may call up on the cathode-ray tube screen the 3D image of a specific airfoil shape for a wing. He can then modify the shape rapidly with his light pen and keyboards, call up the cross-section views, calculate internal volume, translate a curved skin into a flat piece—all in just a few minutes. . . .
>
> "Once the completed design is in the computer's memory, it becomes available to manufacturing people. Tool engineers, for example, can call up a curved part of the fuselage on their own 2250 terminal, instruct the computer to pass a series of sections through it, and then generate a magnetic tape describing the resulting curves. The tapes drive machines that cut corresponding templates from metal sheet and these are used to make models from which sheet forming dies are made. . . .
>
> "It is in machining itself that the computer plays its most direct role in the manufacturing process. McDonnell was the first U.S. company to commit itself to so-called direct numerical control, or DNC. In n/c as it originally developed, a punched tape reader directed the control unit of a single machine. In DNC, the programs are stored on disks, and a central computer sends pulses to the control units of several machines simultaneously. At McDonnell's St Louis plant, a mezzanine loaded with computers now directs every motion of 67 machines on the floor below—tools ranging from machining centers to a multimillion dollar cluster of five-axis gantry profilers traveling on beds 90-feet long. . . .
>
> "[Yet, as there is always some chance of error, when an instruction to a cutting tool can cause a minute deviation], McDonnell has equipped some of its key tools with a minicomputer and redundant sensors which keep track of the cutter's position at each instant. The mini compares those locations with the programmed cutter path, and if the deviation reaches 0.005 in., it orders a stop. All this happens so quickly that the maximum error is 0.01 in."

Since these machinates like the ones in Samuel Butler's *Erewhon* could engage in a competitive struggle for existence—between the maxi- and mini-computers so to speak—McDonnell is seeking to speed up evolution by developing "optically coded machine cutters so the computer can make sure a cutter matches the machine program before it releases the disk to run a part." To that extent, in the logic of *Erewhon* Hypothetics has raced ahead of Anticipation.

WE KNOW the ways in which computers are beginning to displace clerical workers, transform knowledge activities and move us to the "paperless office." Perhaps 15 to 20% of the time of the clerical force is taken up with creating records or transcribing these from manuscript to typed or machine-readable form. Another 15 to 20% is devoted to filing, indexing, searching, retrieving, copying, and distributing records of one sort or another. Since these are activities that can be organised as information storage, retrieval and duplication, the substitution of electronics for paper record-keeping could mean the reduction of the total clerical *effort* by perhaps 20 to 30%.[13]

The major change that may result is in the transformation of "knowledge work", that of the engineer, accountant, dispatcher, manager, *etc.* Such a change would not derive from the "speeding up" of work, as much as from *making precise* the exact kinds of operations that such persons do, and raising questions as to how these can be clustered or recombined with other activities. To that extent, just as in the impact of numerical control tools, the major change that may occur as a result of the "computerisation" of knowledge work would be the redesign of the entire work process and the specification of the different kinds of analytical skills and functions which such knowledge activities have been designed to accomplish. A simple analogy is the fact that so long as airplane designers sought to create machines by imitating the shape and structure of birds, no successful machine was possible. By analysing the nature of air flow and lifting principles, a machine could be designed on an entirely different principle, and fly.

[13] One should not confuse *effort*, or more specifically, *time*, with numbers. The increase in the volume of work may necessitate *more* clerical workers than now exist. The effect of automation, obviously, is primarily on productivity. But the number of workers depends upon the amount of a firm's business or the level of economic activity in the society as a whole.

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If the redesigning of machines, of the social processes of work, and of the character of knowledge tasks is one side of automation, the other side is the fundamental transformation of the labour force, *i.e.* the nature of occupations engaged in these tasks.

In the United States today, about 30% of the labour force is engaged in the manufacturing sector, of whom about 17% are directly in production; the remainder are in engineering, marketing, financial, administrative and clerical. Undoubtedly these proportions will change, and the number of production workers is likely to go down faster than those in information processing. "Several careful estimates", writes Professor Georges Anderla of OECD, "suggest that owing to the automation of production processes, the industrial labour force may decrease between now [1970] and 1985 by almost half."

The exact rate of change is difficult to gauge, for displacement is a function not only of the technological state of the art, but of the level of economic activity as well, and the latter is much more highly variable. Yet the trend line is clear and it does raise several new problems.

IN SEEKING TO ASSESS whether the society could absorb the rate of technological change and the displacement of jobs, the US Technology Commission put forth a simple Keynesian demand model (in the form of a picturesque image) to illustrate the process:

> "We have found it useful to view the labor market as a gigantic "shapeup" with members of the labor force queued in order of their relative attractiveness to employers. If the labor market operates efficiently, employers will start at the head of that line, selecting as many as they need of employees most attractive to them. Their choice may be based on objective standards relating to ability, or on dubious standards of race, sex or age; wage differentials may also be important; and formal education may be used as a rough screening device. The total number of employed and unemployed depends primarily on the general state of economic activity. The employed tend to be those near the beginning and the unemployed those near the end of the line. *Only as demand rises will employers reach further down the line in search for employees.*"[14]

Yet this argument itself raises two issues. One is confronted in the Report.

> "The labor force will increase approximately 1.9% a year during the next 5 years [from 1965 on], and almost as fast in the following 10 or 15 years . . . . It follows that the output of the economy—and the aggregate demand to buy it—[given the 2.5 to 3% productivity] must grow in excess of 4% a year just to prevent the unemployment rate from rising, and even faster if the unemployment rate is to fall further, as we believe it should. Yet our economy has seldom, if ever, grown at a rate faster than 3.5% for any extended length of time."

In actual fact, the labour force has been increasing by more than 3% a year, because of the youth bulge and the entry of more and more women into the labour force, so that unemployment has risen steadily during this decade and, independent of demand and rising output (even though the total number of jobs is now the highest in American history), unemployment remains high.

The reason, probably, is the growth of "structural unemployment", which Keynesian theory had tended to minimise. If aggregate demand and output expanded, ran the argument, even those at the very end of the queue would eventually be absorbed. But apart from the question of increased demand (and the attendant Inflation that was not foreseen) a different phenomenon has been occurring, namely the development of what has been called "dual labour markets."

The "dual labour market" theory states that some portions of the work force are largely unemployable, or can get only temporary jobs, or will find only dead-end jobs, because of lack of skills, of age, or because of discrimination. Given the high degree of fringe benefits now built into many jobs (*e.g.* pension vesting rights, severance pay, health and welfare benefits, supplementary unemployment funds), large employers divide their personnel into a relatively "permanent" force to whom such benefits would be paid, and "temporaries" whose jobs would be handled by sub-contracting or by part-time employment. When the "permanent" labour force is sometimes laid off, because of the level of economic activity, these individuals have a very good chance of coming back as demand rises again. But those who are in the "dual" labour market often have no such opportunities or expectations.

The definition of a "dual labour market" is somewhat imprecise, and there is little way of estimating, statistically, the number that may be relegated to permanent second-class work status or to Welfare. Yet there is little question that this

[14] *Technology and the American Economy*, p.23 (my italics).

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problem will remain, and increase, as a vexing social issue in American society.[15]

IN THE POST-WAR PERIOD, the largest occupational declines were among agricultural workers and unskilled labourers, whose numbers declined absolutely. The semi-skilled population, while increasing in numbers, declined as a percentage of the labour force, with the largest increase taking place in the professional and technical classes. The next major changes, clearly, will not only be among office workers, particularly clerical workers, but among technical personnel as well.

At what rate? We do not know. While the *pace* of automation in the information industries is difficult to determine, the trend line is obvious. In science and technology there will be large Data Banks for the retrieval of information. In medicine there will be the spread of automatic diagnostic and testing services, particularly of blood and other chemical samples, as well as the monitoring of metabolic activities. Computer-assisted education, though previously oversold, will begin to take hold. The nature of business record-keeping, of storage and retrieval, and of transactions and exchanges will be largely automated in the next two decades. In the OECD monograph of Professor Anderla (based on various Delphi surveys of several hundred scientists and experts), he concludes:

> "Before the end of the decade 1970–1980 all the essential conditions will have been met for the mass production and establishment of powerful automated information systems on an industrial scale. From that time on, the entire knowledge industry complex will have access to these new facilities and will use them extensively. As a result it will undergo rapid, radical change and its future will then seem very different from what we believe it to be in the present.
>
> "In terms of numbers and processing capacity, the electronic information systems created to meet the varied needs of the knowledge industry will in 1985–87 be almost a hundred times those of today. However, today's systems will be hardly comparable with those of the future. In any case, multiplication by a factor of 50 by comparison with 1970 seems a reasonable assumption."[16]

The report is tinged, as are so many technological excitements, with the fever of "enthusiasm." Yet even if the proportions do not decline so quickly, and the social transformations are not as extreme as claimed, the growth of information, the technical questions of storage and retrieval, and the policy questions that arise will be on the agenda of the major social problems in the next decade that I am elaborating.

Information Explosion

THE OLDEST FORM OF COMMUNICATION is the oral tradition. Myths, stories and legends were passed on by bards, and the poems of Homer were written down long after they were composed and elaborated. The Talmud, as a set of legal decisions and commentaries on the commandments in the Pentateuch, was passed along from rabbi to rabbi orally and set down and codified hundreds of years after the first interpretations were put forth. The ancients, as we have had to be reminded, were capable of prodigious feats of memory.[17]

Greek thought, down to the creation of the Academy and the Lyceum, was characterised by the dialectic, the dialogue, the symposium, wherein the function of discourse was to sharpen thought and, through rhetoric, to *persuade*, not *inform:* information was a dimension of opinion; knowledge an ascent to the truth. "My art", Socrates explained on one occasion, "is like that of the midwives, but differs from

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[15] The most profound of post-War displacements was in Agriculture where a 5.7% annual rate of productivity increase reduced the number of farm-owners and farm workers from 8.2 million in 1947 to 4.8 million in 1964—a reduction of 42.3%.

In the period from 1945 to 1970, a total of about 25 million persons left the farms to move into the cities, a proportionately high percentage of whom were Blacks. Before World War II, there were about 2½ million Negro sharecroppers, and these constituted one of the worst social problems of the time. Today there are about 400,000 Black sharecroppers. Of those who went to the cities, it is safe to say that those who were over 40 years of age and had not gone beyond a fourth-grade education (*i.e.* the definition of functional illiteracy) were largely permanently unemployable.

It is striking that ten years ago, a 3% level of unemployment was considered "acceptable." Today it is 4% (which in a 90-million labour-force is an additional 900,000 persons) and even then many economists doubt that such a figure is achievable in a few years, at least without a considerable risk of inflation.

[16] *Information in 1985*, Chapter 3, "Foreseeable Automation in the Transfer of Knowledge", pp. 63–88.

[17] Frances Yates, *The Art of Memory* (1960). There is a story—possibly apocryphal, but perhaps only to the modern sceptical consciousness—of a disciple praising a Rabbi and remarking: "His knowledge of Talmud is so exact, that if you were to open any page at random and stick a pin through it, he would tell you the letter on every subsequent page through which the pin had passed."

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theirs, in that I attend men and not women, and I look after their souls when they are in labour, and not after their bodies; and the triumph of my art is thoroughly examining whether the thought which the mind of the young man brings forth is a phantom and a lie or a fruitful and true birth."

For Socrates, memory was the internalisation and therefore the absorption of ideas, rather than the use of artificial crutches for superficial recall. The oral tradition was public and disputatious in which issues could be settled by argument, taking place within a forum in which other auditors were involved. The written word was private, not subject to immediate test, and gave a spurious continuity to thought since later generations would assume that they understood what the writer meant because they could identify these ideas in their contexts.

For Socrates, "the letter is destined to kill much (though not all) of the life that the spirit has given." In the *Phaedrus*, Socrates reports a conversation between the Egyptian God Toth (the inventor of letters) and the God Amon, in which Amon remarks:

> "this discovery of yours will create forgetfulness in the learners' souls, because they will not use their memories; they will trust to the external written characters and not remember of themselves. The specific you have discovered is an aid not to memory, but to reminiscence, and you will give your disciples not truth but only the semblance of truth; they will be bearers of many things and will have learned nothing; they will appear to be omniscient and will generally know nothing; they will be tiresome company, bearing the show of wisdom without the reality."

Even when thoughts were written down, they were still read with voice. At the end of the Roman Empire, a new mode of reading arose. Augustine, it is said, was the first person to read without moving his lips. The taste for private thoughts developed and verse and prose which had been read aloud, and in company, no longer were so heard. The ancient world freighted its meanings with voice and inflection; the modern world has sought, through denotation, for "exact" meanings and unambiguous identities between words and things.

Christianity, it has been argued, developed through the use of a new technique and a new material. Instead of the papyrus and the roll, there came the parchment and the codex. The parchment codex was more durable, more compact and more easily consulted for reference. The four Gospels and the Acts could be placed in four distinct rolls or a single codex. The codex with durability of parchment and ease of consultation emphasised size and authority in the book.[18] And through the Middle Ages, the transmission of learning came from the painful copying of manuscripts by the monks, in loving curlicues and serifs, embossed in gilt.

In his *Sartor Resartus*, Thomas Carlyle wrote ironically: "He who first shortened the labour of the Copyists by the device of movable type was disbanding hired Armies. . . ." He was, of course, referring to Johann Gutenberg (and praising him as well for "cashiering most Kings and Senates and creating a whole new Democratic world: he had invented the art of printing"). Yet such "technological" displacement, characteristically, had contradictory consequences. While old-fashioned calligraphers no longer could practice their skill and thus were relegated to the artisan scrap-heap, more jobs were created by the increased demand for printed materials; and newer, less artistic but differently skilled, men came into employment. And yet, the pace of change was not, initially, so abrupt and rapid as to create wholesale turnovers in the print trade of the time. The printing press of the 18th century was little different from that used by Gutenberg three hundred years before. It was a wooden hand-press on which a flat plate was laid upon a flat piece of paper with pressure created by the tightening of screws. Wood was eventually replaced by metal and the screw by a double lever which allowed the speed of printing to be increased by half. By 1800 a radically new method of printing—the basis of the modern press until the development of photographic technologies—that of the cylinder was invented and with its greater speed began gradually to displace the flat press. In the double rotary cylinder, developed for newspapers in in the 1850s, a curved plate wound about the cylinder could print two sides of a piece of paper at once. By 1893, the *New York World*'s octuple rotary press printed 96,000 copies of eight pages in a single hour whereas seventy years before the average was 2,500 pages an hour.[19]

Such developments, understandably, went

[18] For Harold Innis's discussion, see *Empire and Communication*, revised by Mary Q. Innis (University of Toronto Press, 1972), pp. 55–57, and *The Bias of Communication* (1965), p. 14.

[19] I am indebted for this technological information to a research paper by Paul DiMaggio, a graduate student of sociology at Harvard.

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hand in hand with complementary technologies. The linotype, developed by Mergenthaler in 1868, replaced monotype by selecting and casting type by keyboard, reducing composition costs by half while quintupling the speed of typesetting. The paper industry which, until the early 19th century was a time-consuming hand-process, using rags, was transformed in the middle of the century by the Fourdrinier process which mechanised the production of paper with the use of wire webs and cylinders, while the development of wood pulp and a practical pulping process displaced rags so that paper which had cost almost $350 a ton at the mid-century had come down to $36 a ton by the end of the century.

In turn, each of these developments was sped by new sources of energy. Printing presses originally turned by hand, and briefly even by horse (in America at least), became powered by steam and then by electricity. Paper making, dependent initially on water power, came to use hydraulic power accelerated by electric turbines. But what is so striking is how long it took, from the time of Gutenberg, for all this to develop. It is only in the 20th century that one finds the mass production of newspapers (with millions of copies of a single issue printed overnight), of magazines (set and printed in widely dispersed places using common tapes), and books.

And now, all this will change.

THE INFORMATION EXPLOSION is a reciprocal relation between the expansion of science, the hitching of that science to a new technology, the growing demand for news, entertainment and instrumental knowledge, all in a context of a rapidly increasing population (of greater literacy and more schooling), of a vastly enlarged world that is now tied together, almost in "real time" (*i.e.* instantaneously), by cable, telephone and international satellite, that is made aware of each other by the vivid pictorial imagery of television and which has increasingly available, on national and international bases, large data banks of computerised information.

Given this huge explosion in news, statistical data and information, it is almost impossible to provide any set of measurements to chart its growth. Yet there is one area where some historical reconstruction and trend lines have been established—that of the growth of scientific information—and we can use that as a base-line (and an illustration) to understand what the problems of the next twenty years will be.

The historical picture of the knowledge explosion has been formulated statistically by Derek de Solla Price.[20] The first appearance of two scientific journals was in the mid-17th century, the *Journal des savants* in Paris and the *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society* in London. By the middle of the 18th century, there were only 10 scientific journals; by 1800 about 100; by 1850, perhaps 1,000. Today? There are no exact statistics on the number of scientific journals being published in the world. Estimates range between 30,000 and 100,000, which itself is an indication of the difficulty both of definition as well as of keeping track of new and disappearing journals. In 1963, it is estimated that 50,000 journals had been founded, of which 30,000 were still surviving. A UNESCO report in 1971 put the figure between 50,000 and 70,000 journals. *Ulrich's International Periodicals Directory* (a standard library source) in 1971–72 listed 56,000 titles in 220 subjects, of which more than half were in the sciences, medicine and technology; but these were only of periodicals in the Latin script, and excluded Cyrillic, Arabic, Oriental and African languages.

Perhaps the most directly measurable indicators are university library holdings. The Johns Hopkins University in 1900 had 100,000 books and ranked tenth among American university libraries. By 1970, it had over 1½ million volumes, a growth of 3.9% per year, although it had dropped to twentieth place. In that same period, the 85 major American universities were doubling the number of books in their libraries every 17 years, or an annual growth rate of 4.1%. (The difference between 3.9 and 4.1% may seem slight, yet it had relegated the Johns Hopkins Library to the bottom of the second decile.)

An OECD survey in 1973, reviewing all the different studies of the growth in scientific knowledge extant, came to the following conclusions:

(1) In all the case studies, growth follows a geometric progression, the curve being exponential.
(2) The growth rates observed however varied considerably, the lowest one 3.5% yearly, the highest 14.4%.
(3) The lowest growth rates are of the number of scientific periodicals published, covering a 300-year

[20] *Little Science, Big Science* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1963).

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period, and the number of specialised bibliographical periodicals involved in indexing and abstracting over a 140-year period. In the case of scientific journals, the annual growth rate has been 3.5%, 3.7 or 3.9%, depending whether the number published in 1972 is taken as 30,000, 50,000 or 100,000. The growth rate for indexing and abstracting organisations has been 5.5% a year. In 1972, there were 1,800 such services in science.

(4) A recent series reporting the number of articles by engineers in civil engineering journals (from 3,000 pages of technical articles in three specialised periodicals in 1946 to 30,000 pages in 42 specialised periodicals in 1966) shows growth rates of 12.3% a year.

(5) The growth rate in the number of international scientific and technical congresses increased almost fourfold in 20 years, rising from 1,000 in 1950 to over 3,500 in 1968.[21]

THE MULTIPLICATION OF SCIENTIFIC reports and documents, doubling as these have at varying rates, has led to the conclusion, naturally, that such progression cannot continue indefinitely and at some point a slow-down would take place, probably in the form of a logistic curve which would symmetrically match in its slow-down the exponential rise of the ascent. The crucial question, thus, has been to identify the point of inflection where the reverse trend would begin.

In 1963, Derek de Solla Price wrote that "saturation is ultimately inevitable." He argued, in fact, that "at some time, undetermined as yet but probably during the 1940s or 1950s, we passed through the mid-period in general logistic curve of science's body politic", and he concluded that saturation may have already arrived.

Yet, as Professor Anderla has noted in his study for the OECD, "Today it is absolutely certain that these forecasts, repeated without number and echoed almost universally, have failed to materialise, at any rate so far." As evidence, he assembled the number of abstracts published between 1957 and 1971 for 19 scientific disciplines and demonstrated that between 1957 and 1967 the output increased by nearly two and a half times for an annual growth rate of 9.5%. Over the fourteen years (1957–1971), the volume increased more than fourfold, for a growth rate of 10.6%, so that there was an escalation in growth rather than the predicted reverse.[22]

The major reason for this continued escalation is the tendency for science to sub-divide into an increasing number of sub-specialisations, each of which creates its own journals and research reports system, and for cross-disciplinary movements to arise to bridge some of the sub-specialisations and to extend the proliferation process.

WHAT, THEN, OF the future? The production of scientific literature begins, in the first instance, with estimates of the increase in the scientific population. These projections begin with an assumption of a science population at about 2% of the total labour force of society in 1970. The increase in their number has been estimated variously at between 4.7% and 7.2% a year (a 15-year and a 10-year doubling-time respectively), although certain categories, such as computer scientists, have been increasing by more than 10% annually.

Taking 1970 as a base, one can assume an unyielding exponential increase in the number to a horizon year of 1985—or a break occurring in 1980 and the logistic curve beginning to slow down at that time—or the point of inflection as early as 1975. Given these assumptions, the number of scientists, engineers and other technicians in 1985 could account for a low of 3.8% to a high of 7.2% of the total labour force. If one takes the mid-points there would be between 4% and 5.7% of the total working population as scientists and engineers in 1985.

If one seeks to project the volume of information that is likely to be produced, we can take as a base a survey of the US National Academy of Science: in the early 1970s about 2,000,000 scientific writings of all kinds are issued each year, or between 6,000 to 7,000 articles and reports each working day. For an internally consistent time series, the most reliable indicators are the statistics of abstracts of articles in the leading specialised reviews which from 1957 to 1971 increased exponentially at a rate of more than 10% a year. One can, as with the growth rates of the number of scientists, make assumptions of breaks in the logistic curves at 1975 or 1980, or 1985, and then take a median figure. According to these computations, "there is

[21] Georges Anderla, *Information in 1985, A Forecasting Study of Information Needs and Resources.* (Paris, OECD, 1973), pp. 15–16.

[22] *Information in 1985*, p.21. The major specialist journals were: *Chemical Abstracts, Biological Abstracts* (which between the two accounted for more than half, 550,000 items, of the one million for 1971), *Engineering Index Monthly, Metals Abstract, Physics Abstracts, Psychological Abstracts,* and a *Geology Index* service.

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every indication that projections to within a year or two of the 1985 horizon might well lie within the index range of some 300 to 400. In other words, the number of scientific and technical abstracts would be three or four times the present number. . . ."

These projections, one must emphasise, are based on a doubling of the number of scientists and engineers throughout the world from a base of 2% of the work population in 1970 to 4% in 1985. (That the figure could triple is not inconceivable, so that 6 to 7% of the work force would be employed in 1985 in the science and technological occupations.) If the average productivity of scientific authors rose by 4%, then the figure of three to four times the number of present documents would be low. As Professor Anderla concludes:

> "The figure of 8 million scientific documents yearly put into circulation in 1985 as against 2 million in 1970 must therefore be considered as a conservative forecast. A mere continuation of the present tendency (1967–1971) would produce a total of some 13 to 14 million per year, *i.e.* equivalent to the stock accumulated since the origins of science until the present day. A projection midway between these figures would seem fairly reasonable."

IN SEEKING to estimate the increase in the amount of information that societies will have to grapple with in the next decade, I have taken scientific and technological literature as the one area where there has been some effort to estimate that growth over time, and where some "reasonable" forecasts are possible. But such magnitudes, necessarily, remain abstract; and it might be useful, as a literary device, to present—I take these as a random culling—some illustrations of what such growth already means.

(1) In his book *Adventures of a Mathematician* (1975) Stanislaw Ulam remarks that at a celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the construction of John von Neumann's computer in Princeton, "I suddenly started estimating silently in my mind how many theorems are published yearly in mathematical journals. . . . I made a quick mental calculation . . . and came to a number like one hundred thousand theorems per year. I mentioned this and the audience gasped. It may interest the reader that the next day two of the younger mathematicians in the audience came to tell me that impressed by this enormous figure they undertook a more systematic search in the Institute library. By multiplying the number of journals by the number of yearly issues, by the number of papers per issue and the average number of theorems per paper, their estimate came to nearer two hundred thousand theorems a year. . . . If one believes that mathematics is more than games and puzzles, there is something to worry about. Clearly the danger is that mathematics itself will suffer the fate of splitting into different separate sciences, into many independent disciplines tenuously connected. My own hope is that this will not happen, for if the number of theorems is larger than one can possibly survey, who can be trusted to judge what is 'important'? The problem becomes one of record keeping, of storage and retrieval of the results obtained."[23]

(2) During any manned space flight, there is data transmission of the rate of 52 kilobits per second, the equivalent of an *Encyclopaedia Britannica* every minute. Between 1961 and February 1974, there were 318 days of manned space flights. How many encyclopaedias does that make?

(3) One of the greatest data collections in history to date is the 1974 GARP Global Atmospheric Research Project Atlantic Tropical Experiment. Sponsored by the United Nations, 4,000 persons from 72 countries used 38 ships, 13 planes, 6 satellites, 63 buoys, 1,000 land stations and 500,000 balloons, to examine an area of 29 million square miles from 1,500 metres below the ocean to the top of the atmosphere, in an area west from the Eastern Pacific to the Indian Ocean. The objective was to improve weather forecasting and to discover the sources of hurricanes, monsoons, floods and droughts.

[23] Ulam, in fact, envisages a complete transformation in the character of mathematics. He writes: ". . . I think mathematics will greatly change its aspect. Something drastic may evolve, an entirely different point of view on the axiomatic method itself. Instead of detailed work on special theorems which now number in the millions, instead of thinking in terms of rules operating with symbols given once and for all, it may be that mathematics will consist more and more of problems, or desiderata, or programs for work of a general nature. No longer will there be additional multitudes of special spaces, definitions of special manifolds, of special mappings of this and that—though a few will survive: '*apparent rari nantes in gurgito vasto*', no new collections of individual theorems, but instead general sketches or outlines of larger theories, of vaster enterprises, and the actual working out of proofs of theorems will be left to students or even to machines. It may become comparable to impressionistic painting in contrast to the painful, detailed drawing of earlier days. It could be a more living and changing scene, not only in the choice of definitions but in the very rules of the game, the great game whose rules until now have not changed since antiquity."

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The project collected 7,000 reels of tape and 14 billion bits of data. It will take several years to analyse the collected material.

(4) "... the jargon of information technology itself (being relatively new) is so extensive that a special English-German dictionary of 10,000 words was published in 1968 and recently updated to 15,000 items (*Wörterbuch der Datenverarbeitung*, Munich: Verlag Dokumentation, 2nd edition, 1973)."

CLEARLY, IF THE "EXPLOSION" in information is bound to continue, it cannot be handled by present means. If by 1985 the volume of information will be four (low estimate) or seven times (high estimate) that of 1970, then some other ways must be found to organise this torrential flood of babel.

In one of those pleasant exercises that statisticians like to undertake, it is estimated that under present projections the Yale University Library would need a permanent staff of 6,000 persons in the year 2040 to cope with the books and research reports that would be coming annually into the library. (Such projections recall older projections such as: if the US telephone system had to handle the current volume of calls only through operator-assisted methods, then every female in the labour force—a sexist remark obviously made before Women's Lib—would now be working for A.T.&T.)

Obviously, the information explosion can only be handled through the expansion of computerised, and subsequently automated, information systems. The major advance, to date, has been the computerisation of abstracting/indexing services. Most of the printed abstract index bulletins in research libraries are prepared from computer tape. The *Chemical Abstract Service* (CAS), the largest in the field, is a case in point. Before computerisation, it took the CAS about 20 months to produce an annual index; these are now available twice a year, while the unit cost for indexing has decreased from $18.50 to $10.54. Moreover, as the new substances are recorded in the Chemical Registry System—there are now 3,000,000 items in the files—it is possible to store, recreate and display structure diagrams on video terminals from the computer-readable structure records stored in the system.

A further development is the rise of computer-based searching services, drawn from the tapes initially used to expedite the printing of indexes. Two US firms, the Systems Development Corporation and Lockheed Information Systems, provide on-line searching to over 30 bibliographic data bases. Together the two provide immediate access to over 15 million citations, with an annual increase of approximately 3.5 million citations.[24]

The logic of all this is that the image of the Alexandrian Library—the single building like the *Bibliothèque National*, the British Museum, or the Library of Congress—where all the world's recorded knowledge is housed in the one building, may become a sad monument of the printed past. Data-based stores of information, especially in the scientific and technical field, will come from specialised information centres, transmitted through computer print-outs, facsimile or video display to the user, who will have consulted an index through on-line searching, to locate items of interest, and then order these on demand.

All this supposes two things. *(1)* The creation of large-scale networks in which a national system is built through the linkage of specialised centres. And *(2)* the automation of data banks so that basic scientific and technical data, from industrial patents to detailed medical information, can be retrieved directly from computers and transmitted to the user.

But both suppositions raise two very different problems. One is an intellectual question: the distinction between programming a "data base", and constructing a programme for use as a "knowledge base." Retrieving some census items from a data base is a simple matter; but finding kindred and analogous *conceptual* terms—the handling of ideas—raises all the problems that were first encountered, and never successfully solved, in constructing sophisticated machine translation of languages.

FROM THE EARLY SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS of philosophy among the pre-Socratics, there was an awareness of the ambiguities of language and the hope, as with the Pythagoreans, that certainty could be expressed through mathematical relations. Descartes, in creating his analytical geometry, thought he could substitute the "universal language of logic" for the messy

[24] The figures are taken from a paper by Dr Lee Burchinal, of the National Science Foundation, on "National Scientific and Technical Information Systems", presented at an international conference in Tunis (26 April 1976).

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imprecisions of ordinary language, as Spinoza felt he could create a "moral geometry" to deal with ethical questions. In each generation that hope has arisen anew. In 1661 the Scotsman George Dalgarno published his *Ars Signorum* in which he proposed to group all human knowledge into seventeen sections (such as "politics", "natural objects", *etc.*), and to label each with a consonant letter of the Latin alphabet. Then each section was to be divided into sub-sections, each labelled with a vowel letter. The process of sub-division was to be continued with consonant and vowels alternating. In this way, any item of knowledge could be spoken about and uniquely identified.

In the 20th century we have had the effort of Whitehead and Russell to formalise all logic in a mathematical notation, the effort of Carnap and the logical positivists to create (in theory) a "constructed" language that would avoid the ambiguities of ordinary discourse, and to propose (in practice) a "verifiability principle" which would specify which propositions were testable and could be held to "make sense", as against those that were (pejoratively) metaphysical, emotive, theological and could not, in the nature of language, be "proven." And most recently, in the *Britannica 3*, Mortimer J. Adler has proposed a new scholastic ordering of knowledge, the *Propaedia*, that would guide encyclopaedia users to the interrelated sets of relevant terms, as his earlier *Syntopicon* sought to be an intellectual index to the 101 major "ideas" of human thought.

The attempts to discipline human knowledge and create a vast and unified edifice, as Dalgarno and even Leibniz sought, were bound to fail. The efforts to formalise knowledge or construct "artificial" languages have proved inadequate. The scholastic orderings of Dr Adler may help an individual to trace bibliographic crossties of ideas. Yet if the purpose of a library, or a knowledge-base computer programme, is to help an historian to assemble evidence, or a scholar to "re-order" ideas, then the very ambiguity of language, reflecting the fact that terms necessarily vary in different contexts and lend themselves to different interpretations, or the shifting historical usages over time (consider the problem of defining "an Intellectual", or the nature of "Ideology"), makes the problem of a "computer-knowledge" programme quite different from an "information" programme. The process of creating new knowledge (reasoned judgments) proceeds by what Leon Walras, the mathematical economist, called *tâtonnement*, or trial-and-error tapping, or by taking fragments of intellectual mosaics, whose larger shapes cannot be predicted in advance, and fitting them together in different ways, or from recasting a large conceptual structure to a new angle, which opens up wholly new prisms of selection and focus.

A sophisticated reader, studying a philosophical text, may make use of the existing index at the back of the book; but if he is to absorb and use the ideas in a different and creative way, he has to, necessarily, create his own index by re-grouping and recategorising the terms that are employed. As John Dewey pointed out in *Art as Experience*, the nature of creativity is fruitfully to re-order, re-arrange, re-organise perceptions, experiences and ideas into new shapes and modes and consciousnesses. And in this process, no mechanical ordering, no exhaustive set of permutations and combinations can do the task.

The second, more mundane yet sociologically important problem is the lack of a national information policy on science and technical information, let alone on library resources generally. Should there be a national scientific and technical computer network? Should there be a government corporation or utility with direct responsibility to science and technical users or simply a major, governmentally-organised data base (like the Census) which is available to commercial services that would meet specific consumer needs? Such questions have been raised since the creation of the Office of Science Information within the National Science Foundation in 1958, and asked over and over again in a number of governmental and National Academy of Science studies in subsequent years. No answers have been forthcoming; no policy exists. Yet if science information is the end product of the $35 billion annual investment that the nation makes in research and development, and information, broadly defined, accounts for almost 50% of the Gross National Product, then some coherent national policy is in order.

Of Time & Space

THE REVOLUTIONS in transportation and communication create, inevitably, national societies and now, on the threshold, a world society. Indeed it is this very pressure towards homogeneity created by national television

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and faster crossing of space that leads people to recoil and seek for more primordial attachments in localism and smaller national breakaways.

A national society means, for one thing, the loss of "insulating space." The United States, from 1870 to 1940, had probably more labour violence than any country in Europe, yet such violence was relatively isolated (in the mining camps or timber areas or the dispersed auto factories and steel mills) and took some time for its impact to reach the political centre. (In Europe, by contrast, as in Paris, social strife took place near the political centres, in the *banlieues* of Paris such as Billancourt, Clichy and St Denis where the industrial plants were located, and the spillover effects were immediate.) Yet the sight on national television of police dogs snarling at Martin Luther King in Birmingham, Alabama, could raise a national storm of protest and within a day or two 10,000 persons could fly to Alabama to join him in a march of protest. In 1963, Martin Luther King and A. Philip Randolph could call for a *March on Washington* and, in 48 hours, a quarter of a million persons poured into the city to hold a large demonstration in direct view of the White House. And during the Viet Nam war, tens of thousands of young people poured into Washington in an effort to shut down the city, by barricading the bridges that led from Virginia to Washington D.C., an effort that was defeated by the arbitrary arrests of some 5,000 persons.

In 1970, the shooting of three students on the Kent State University campus within 24 hours produced strikes on some 400 college campuses, involving over 3 million students. None of this was centrally organised; it could not be. What one saw was a common emotional reaction, spread almost instantaneously by contagion. In short the loss of insulating space makes the United States vulnerable to the kind of mobilisation politics that has been a feature of ideological conflicts in European societies in the 19th and 20th centuries. And, as traditional party structures continue to erode, and television and rapid transportation allow political candidates to come forth quickly, we have the basis for a volatility of emotions, the accentuation of demagoguery, and the possibility of plebiscitary democracy—though not Caesarism, for the US polity is too complex, and interest groups too diverse for that—as the coming modes of politics in the country.

IN THE REALM of international politics and military technology, the reduction of distances has meant that tens of thousands of troops can be airlifted, within a space of days if not hours, to any part of the globe; and it is the absence of political will, not military capability, that inhibits such actions. (But political will, itself, is a function of the self-confidence of nations and their position on the rising or declining trajectory of expansionist impulses and moves to hegemony.) During the Viet Nam War, the mechanisms of "command-and-control" were so complete that basic tactical decisions (on military targets to bomb, or harbours to blockade) were controlled by political centres in the White House, ten thousand miles away, but transmitted in "real time." And in the wildly fluctuating international monetary markets, as has been evident in the mid-1970s, a piece of news or a rumour regarding money prices (as was evident in the sudden declines of sterling) could be, thanks to a Reuters Money Market Service, transmitted around the world in a matter of a few seconds.[25]

The reduction of distance, clearly, has introduced a great potential for instability into political systems. Within a nation, as such instabilities increase one may see the contrary tendencies to impose greater degrees of centralisation and control on the part of the rulers in order to dampen the effects, and centrifugal efforts towards devolution or breakaway by cultural or ethnic minorities in order to assert their own identities. In many nations, the greater degree of instability increases the power of the military as it is often one of the few institutions with an independent system of communication that can be mobilised more quickly than those of other, more diffuse, political élites.[26] Internationally, the

[25] International money markets are now so sensitive that—according to the London *Times* (1 November 1976)—some 800 banks and 250 corporations from Hong Kong to Europe, and across the United States, pay £7,000 a year to be plugged into a computerised electronic monitoring service on the floating exchange rates.

[26] In the Soviet Union, the power struggle between Khrushchev and Malenkov after 1953 was settled in a unique way. Khrushchev had been defeated in a vote in the Politburo, but rather than accept that defeat, as usually had been the case, Khrushchev demanded a vote in the Central Committee. By making a deal with Marshal Zhukov, he was able to use the Army's independent system of communications to round up his supporters and fly them to Moscow for the decisive vote. In China, in 1976, the technological support of the Army was evidently decisive for the victory of Chairman Hua against the "Shanghai Four."

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reduction of distance means that interventions on large scales are increasingly possible (witness Cuban troops fighting in Angola) and that societies become more vulnerable to disruptive effects, such as terrorism or guerrilla movements, that are armed and supplied from without.

AN INCREASE IN SIZE of a social unit is not simply linear, but inevitably, because of the problems of differentiation and coordination, a change in shape as well. A university with fifty thousand students may bear the same name of the university thirty years before with five thousand students, but it is no longer the same university. A change in quantity is a change in quality; a change in scale is a change in institutional form—and poses very different problems of command and control.

This was a problem faced quite acutely by the Russian Communists in working out "control structures" for Soviet institutions. Before World War II, collective farms, typically, were composed of fifty or so families, of whom five were Party members. Yet in that village life, the five could be relatively isolated and even ostracised. After the War, the Party consolidated these farms into larger "*agrogarods*" composed of five hundred families, of whom fifty were Party personnel. Even though the extension was "linear", the fifty could now operate as an effective command unit to exercise Party control.

In an analogous example: it is likely that, in the United States, the proportion of student radical activists was no higher in the 1960s than in the 1930s. But in a college of 1,000 students, the number of radical activists would be 5% or 50 students but in a college of 10,000 students the number of radical activists, now 500, would be a much more potent (a "more than proportional") striking force.

Interaction and scale work their chief effects not just on the division of labour and differentiation, but on the fundamental modes of space and time.

Past societies, one might say, were primarily space-bound, or time-bound. Space-bound societies have been large empires, held together usually by military pro-consuls, and organised under secular political authority. Time-bound societies (or peoples) are tied together by history and tradition, more often than not through some religious or cultural continuity, and emphasising a sacerdotal or establishment hierarchy. What the changes in transportation and communication—the infra-structures of society—have meant in recent years has been the eclipse of distance and the foreshortening of time, almost to the fusion of the two. Space has been enlarged to the entire globe, and is tied together, almost, in "real time." The sense of time, religiously and culturally, which had been oriented to continuity and the past, now, sociologically, becomes geared to the future.

Time and space are now organised in radically different ways from those of the past. All organisms have "circadian" rhythms whose periodicity is a response to biological needs. A psychological sense of time is one of *durée*, of time prolonged or time eclipsed as a response to the emotional character of experience. Memory is not a function of the "length" of an experience but of its intensity. But sociologically, in the area of work—the experience which shapes character—time has been a function not of the clock but of the sun and the seasons.

Until a century ago, most persons in the Western world worked on the soil or on the sea. Time was measured not by the abstract division of motion but by the exigencies of wresting one's livelihood from nature. The rhythm of life was shaped by the feeding of animals, and sowing of the soil, the harvesting of the crops in a daily cycle that went from the crowing of the cock at dawn to the sleep of the chickens at night, and through the yearly cycle of the seasons.

Today, the clock now rules the industrial universe. It is a mechanical chronos that has been foreign to most human experience. The transformation of work, the mechanical pacing of time, is expressed in industrial life by the factory. But the transformation of time did not begin with the factory, but with a surprising, more obvious source—the railroad, and the exact coordination of time which railroading demanded.

The heart of the railway system was the timetable which was not just a schedule for the traveller but the matrix of coordination for the system as a whole. The technique of railroading was organised to move thousands of tons of goods at high speed, and the split-second timing—especially where, as in the 19th century on the transcontinental routes, there were single-track roads, with sidings or passing tracks for crossing trains so that trains had to be on such sidings at exact moments—meant that time was the functional requirement of the organisation.

But the very speed of trains and the creation of

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national links also posed the very new problem of matching solar time with new locomotion. Solar time is continuous, the rotation of the earth traversing each degree of longitude in four minutes. As one travels from east to west, sun time varies every eight miles. But instead of local time, based on the sun—and each town with its own time—it became necessary to have standardised time zones which would allow for a consistency of time within the zone, and an abrupt change of an hour in the next time zone. In 1875, Standard Time zones were imposed in the United States by the transcontinental railroads. And ten years later, the Washington Meridian Conference divided the earth into time zones each of 15° longitude. Since a person travelling west would lose twelve hours and meet a man travelling east who gained twelve hours, an International Date Line was drawn down the Pacific, following the 180° longitude, but curving around Alaska and the Aleutians to put them into the American time zone.[27]

The clock, with its sixty pulsed seconds to the minute and the sixty phased minutes to the hour, is the symbol of the industrial economy. The computer, equally, is the time symbol of the post-industrial world. Computer time is a conceit; it is called, oddly, *real time,* which means virtually "instantaneously." *Nanoseconds* are the minutest portion of computer time. Electric signals go through computer wiring almost at the speed of light, about a thousand feet per microsecond, or one foot per nanosecond. A thousand million nanoseconds make a clock second, or about the same number of clock seconds as there are in thirty years. In the present large-size computers, it takes about fifty nanoseconds to process one "bit" of information. In that context, what is the meaning of the division of time—or of Zeno's paradox?

SPACE HAS BEEN banded as well into one continuum. The technological revolution consisted in the application of huge amounts of energy at relatively cheap cost, the enlargement of the scale of production, and faster communication. Each development increased the effectiveness of the other two. Yet, as John von Neumann pointed out twenty years ago:

> ". . . throughout the development, increased speed did not so much shorten time requirements of processes as extend the areas of the earth affected by them. The reason is clear. Since most *time* scales are fixed by human reaction times, habits, and other physiological and psychological processes, the effect of the increased speed of technological processes was to enlarge the *size* of units—political, organisational, economic, and cultural—affected by technological operations. That is, instead of performing the same operations as before in less time, now larger-scale operations were performed in the same time. This important evolution has a natural limit, that of the earth's actual size. The limit is now being reached, or at least closely approached."[28]

We first reached that limit in the geo-political military sphere. In previous epochs, geography could provide an escape. Both Napoleon and Hitler became bogged down in the large land mass of Russia, though by 1940 even the larger countries of continental Western Europe were inadequate as military units. Since 1945, and particularly with the development of intercontinental ballistic missiles with multiple warheads, space and distance offer no effective cover or retreat in any part of the earth. As von Neumann presciently observed in 1955, "The effectiveness of offensive weapons is such as to stultify all plausible defensive time scales."

It is possible that we are reaching that limit of scale in technological terms. In the last century, we have increased our speeds of communication by a factor of 10^7, our speeds of travel by 10^2, our speeds of computer operation by 10^6, and our energy resources by 10^3. But all exponential growth reaches an *asymptote,* the ceiling limit, where it levels off. In terrestrial speed, there is a natural limit of 16,000 miles an hour, since any higher speed throws a vehicle out of the earth's orbit. In communication around the world, we have already approached, in telephonic, radio, and television communication, "real time", and the technological problems are primarily those of expanding the number of bands of communication to permit more and more people to enjoy that use.

In a fundamental sense, the space-time framework of the world *oikoumene* is now almost set. Transportation and communication bind the world as closely together today as the Greek *polis* of twenty-five hundred years ago. The major sociological problem created by that technology is what happens when all segmentation breaks down and a quantum jump in human interaction takes place. How will we manage when each and every part of the globe becomes accessible to every person? It was once suggested

[27] North America has 5 time zones and the Soviet Union has 11; but Moscow insists that all Soviet airports and railways, even those several thousand miles away, show only Moscow time.

[28] "Can We Survive Technology?" in *The Fabulous Future* (1956), p.34.

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that 5,040 citizens was the optimum size for the city-state. (If half-a-day a year is needed to maintain contact with a relatively good friend, there is a ceiling of 720 persons with whom we could have personal interaction.) Athens, the largest of the ancient Greek city-states, had, at the highest estimate, 40,000 male citizens, and a quorum in the assembly was fixed at 6,000. The number of adult citizens in New Zealand is around 30 times that of Athens, the Netherlands 100 times, France 500, the United States about 2,500, and of India, which had been the largest representative democracy in the world, about 5,000 or 6,000 times.

In the face of these numbers, what does participation mean? what is the character of human contact? what are the limits of human comprehension?

TO QUOTE, in the end as I began, Samuel Butler's *Erewhon* (1872). A "writer" named Cellarius argues in a "letter to the editor" (in the section "Darwin Among the Machines"):

> ". . . there is nothing which our infatuated race would desire more than to see a fertile union between two steam engines; it is true that machinery is even at this present time employed in begetting machinery, in becoming the parent of machines often after its own kind. . . . Day by day, however, the machines are gaining ground upon us; day by day we are becoming more subservient to them; more men are daily bound down as slaves to tend them, more men are daily devoting the energies of their whole lives to the development of mechanical life. The upshot is simply a question of time, but that the time will come when the machines will hold the real supremacy over the world and its inhabitants is what no person of a truly philosophic mind can for a moment question."

The French encyclopaedist de la Mettrie once argued that Man too is a Machine. I do not think this is so. There is in human nature a capacity for creativity and surprise—to *re*-order things when he has the will. The fundamental question is not one of the machine—or, as E. M. Forster once asked, of what will happen when the Machine stops—but of will, and the possibilities of rational cooperation. Those remain the recurrent questions of all political and social life.

Time Passing

And sherbert, a taste more classical
than potato-crisps; with cruelty
natural: man against beast, sword
against fishnet; thumbs down

for the weakling, who later inherits
the sinewless power of
the controls. What is sin
to an emperor? The bell-like muscles

of the gladiators shone in
the arena. Ares looked down
and was propitiated in the shameless
battles. Guests vomited appreciation

of the comestibles. Somewhere a Saviour
was born; astrologers bungled
their art, mistaking a calvary
for a cradle. Others set out

from where they ended. Scribes
embroidered a myth. The Church, as promised,
was petrified. Scientists worked away
with their needles, a shroud for the spirit.

R. S. Thomas

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INTERVIEW

A Conversation with Andrei Amalrik

By Abraham Brumberg

IT'S BEEN SOME *time since we last saw each other, in Moscow. I am struck by the difference between your views earlier and those you seem to be holding today. Eight years ago your* Will the Soviet Union Survive Until 1984? *was permeated by heavy pessimism, especially your views about the future. Whereas your recent essay (in* Survey*) on "Ideologies in Soviet Society" exudes, on the whole, a far more optimistic tone. How do you explain this?*

ANDREI AMALRIK: Quite correct, up to a point. I would say my greater optimism stems from the fact that the present generation of Soviet leaders has proved more flexible and more susceptible to pressure; and from my conviction that the so-called dissident Democratic Movement is capable of exerting necessary pressures. *Will the Soviet Union Survive?* was written in early 1969. The section concerning Chinese-Soviet relations had in fact been written even earlier, in 1967—that is, during the general "freeze" that characterised the immediate post-Khrushchev period, before the advent of Détente. At that time I thought that the Soviet leaders were not capable of instituting any changes, externally or internally—and, after all, the two are interrelated. It turned out, however, that I was wrong.

—What about your views about the Soviet "middle class"? In your Will the Soviet Union Survive? *you described it variously as "imbued with defensive thought . . . mediocre . . . passive." Are your opinions of it today still as unflattering?*

AMALRIK: My opinions were not flattering, but neither were they altogether negative. If so, it is only because I felt I was describing an inevitable result of Russian historical processes. The Soviet middle classes had arisen almost in a vacuum, after their predecessors had been wiped out. I say "almost" because some elements of the old middle classes had survived and influenced the new creation. The new class was largely a creature of the Soviet system, designed to serve the needs of the system; and it is not surprising, therefore, that it finds it difficult to turn against the system. The incipient frictions which we are witnessing today are therefore worthy of note. It has also to do with the flexibility of the régime. Among the ruling élite there are people who would like to introduce far-reaching reforms in Soviet society, perhaps similar to those of the Czech "Spring" of 1968.

—Are you, then, in agreement with Roy Medvedev, who believes that there exists, within the higher echelons of Soviet Communist Party, an element eager to change the direction of the Party's policies?

AMALRIK: Yes, to some extent I agree with Medvedev, and with others who have expressed similar opinions. But Medvedev couches his ideas in Soviet phraseology, so much so that it is often impossible to gather precisely what he has in mind. I have no doubt, however, that such people exist, if not exclusively within the party *apparat*, then surely within society at large. They would like to join forces with the Democratic Movement, and it is not inconceivable that under certain propitious circumstances this will, indeed, take place.

—These nameless potential allies of the "Democrats" —are they members of what you had termed broadly "the middle class"? You wrote in 1969 that "there exists in our country a social class capable of comprehending the principles of personal freedom, rule of law and democratic government, a class that needs those principles and provides the emerging Democratic Movement with its basic contingent of supporters." Nevertheless, you went on to say, "the vast majority of this class" is so imbued with "the psychology of government workers", so devoid "of all social responsibility", so prone to "regard the régime as a lesser evil than the painful process of changing it" that "the success of a Democratic Movement based on it seems to me to be gravely in doubt."

AMALRIK: Well, I still have my doubts. At the same time, I have become convinced over the past few years that my country is undergoing an extraordinary process of education, that people are—slowly but surely—beginning to think for themselves; and that the Democratic Movement is in a large measure responsible for it. The singular accomplishment of this movement, you see, however small it may be numerically, is that it offers alternatives, that it serves as an example of unconventional and independent thought, thus

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conditioning society to accept the possibility and feasibility of eventual changes. The term used in the West, "dissidents", has now been incorporated in our vocabulary, too—*disidenty*. Yet don't forget that for a long time, and to this day, the most common term for dissidents has been *inakomyslyashchiye*—"those who think differently."

—Where, in your opinion, will the initiative for these changes come from? Can it come from any specific segment of the intelligentsia—say, the scientists?

AMALRIK: No, I don't think it will come from any specific segment, since no one segment of the intelligentsia is more active than any other. At the same time, it is worth noting that a good part of the intelligentsia, including those who have thus far remained passive, is beginning to realise that nothing will be attained by sitting with folded arms, waiting for history to take a predetermined course.

—What about writers? It seems curious to me that whereas in the early and mid-1960s writers were in the foreground of the struggle for human rights, they are no longer so prominent today.

AMALRIK: You may remember that in my *Will the Soviet Union Survive?* I offered an analysis of the social composition of the Democratic Movement, based on the 738 people who protested at the Galanskov-Ginzburg Trial. "People engaged in the arts"—which would of course comprise writers—constituted 22% of the signatories. I think the percentages I offered then still hold today.

—But isn't the 1968–69 period over?

AMALRIK: Yes, it is. When the movement started, its participants believed that strength lay in numbers, that collective protests are the best weapon, on the theory that if a protest is signed by, say, fifty people, it would be seen as expressing the passive support of thousands of others. When the authorities launched their campaign against the collective petitions, many of the signers were intimidated and ceased their activities. Many others, however, including those who joined the ranks of the dissidents subsequently, simply came to believe that this tactic had outlived its usefulness, and that they must resort to different methods. Yet the social composition of the protesters has not changed significantly. I would perhaps add one *caveat*, and that is the ever-increasing role of scientists. I think this can be explained by the fact that, unlike others, scientists are more accustomed to think for themselves, not to accept myths or facile generalisations, but to subject them to rational or empirical verification. It is scientists above all others who are acutely aware of the discrepancies between the actual system and its official mythology. The discontent of the artists, on the other hand, stems from different causes, namely, the fact that the system hampers and vitiates their creative efforts, that it makes it impossible for them to work in peace.

—Which is, I suppose, the reason why so many of them are leaving the Soviet Union.

AMALRIK: Yes, yet many remain. By and large, I would put those who are leaving in one of two extreme categories: those with prestigious names, like Neizvestny or Rostropovitch, and those who have nothing to lose. Many would like to leave, but either have no hope of getting visas, or are pessimistic about their chances of success in foreign countries.

—When I was in Moscow a year ago, I saw the novelist V. N. Voinovich who told me—as did others—that hardly anything worthwhile is being published these days, and that the situation is even worse than ten years ago.

AMALRIK: In a sense this is true, yet the overall situation is paradoxical. On the one hand the authorities continuously restrict the range of permissible subjects and pounce on every manifestation of ostensible ideological disloyalty. On the other hand, the people are no longer oppressed by fear, and many of them will therefore experiment with themes and genres they wouldn't have dared to touch in the past. Take Voinovich, for instance: his recent writings are infinitely more interesting than what he had previously published in Soviet magazines.

—He is writing for **tamizdat** *[unauthorised work published abroad].*

AMALRIK: Yes, but ten years ago that would have been unthinkable. Mind you, the long years of censorship have had a crippling effect on our literature, and even under the best of circumstances few Russian writers would produce any memorable works. Nevertheless, the people do feel considerably more free than before.

*—You use the word "people"—***narod***—in the same sense in which the term was used, I suppose, in the 19th-century movement of "going to the people." Yet in the past you wrote about "the people" in rather sombre terms; the picture of the peasantry in your* Involuntary Journey to Siberia *(1970) was nothing short of frightening; and in your* Will the Soviet Union Survive? *you observed that "to the majority of the people the very word 'freedom' is synonymous with 'disorder'." Since, as you wrote, the concept of respect for individual rights is alien to the Russian people as a whole, since*

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"the idea of justice is motivated by hatred of everything that is outstanding" and has nothing in common with the ideas of the Democratic Movement, all one can expect from the people is bloody mayhem. Have you changed your views on this subject, too?

AMALRIK: No, I haven't. As a matter of fact, if the régime persists in its stubborness, if it allows the situation to reach catastrophic proportions, the results will be appalling. There is a great deal of accumulated hatred among the Soviet people, as I have been able to note from personal experience in prison, camp, exile, as well as when I was at liberty. The hatred is not directed necessarily against the government; it is general and may focus on Russians or non-Russians, Jews, bosses—in short, on any group or individual.

—What, in your view, explains it?

AMALRIK: It is the product of all the irritations and frustrations of Soviet life. And since there are no normal channels for venting discontent—as there are in democratic countries—and since the societal rifts persist, between the rich and the

An Internal Affair

Washington

THE "HUMAN RIGHTS" *issue in the Soviet Union has the Kremlin terribly upset. The question is why? I posed this problem to my good friend Gregor, a minor functionary at the Soviet Embassy with high KGB connections.*

"Gregor," I said "why on earth are you people so excited about a few malcontents in your country? Surely you, as the first or second most powerful nation in the world can stand a little criticism from a few dissidents who march to a different drummer."

"Is personal matter and none of your business!" Gregor said sourly.

"I'm not chiding you, Gregor, for your stand," I said. "I'm just curious why the full power of the state has come down with such force on a handful of men. Is the Communist system so fragile that it can't allow one or two people to complain about the political condition in your country?"

Gregor scowled. "Do you want détente or don't you want détente?"

"Of course, I want détente."

"Then stop asking me such stupid questions."

"GREGOR, THAT'S NO WAY *to talk to a friend who gave you an entire set of blueprints for the Edsel. I'm trying to understand what makes your leaders tick. Why do you keep arresting people for speaking out for a little more freedom?"*

"There is no such thing as a little freedom," Gregor said. "There is either freedom or no freedom. America wants to destroy us with freedom."

"We do not," I protested. "We like you just the way you are, but frankly, you're very boring people. You keep saying the same thing over and over again. It's nice to hear a fresh voice from Moscow every once in a while, even if he doesn't have a following."

"How do you know he doesn't have a following?"

"I just assumed it," I said. "I can't believe, from what I read in the Soviet press, that these people are nothing more than maniacs who belong in mental institutions. Do they have many supporters in your country?"

"We don't know and we're not going to find out," Gregor said.

"GREGOR, YOU SOUND *frightened. Do you really believe that a few writers and scientists would drive you into a free state?"*

"Not a free state—a capitalist state. We don't want any part of capitalism."

"I don't blame you. It's a messy system. We have gas shortages, coffee at $3 a pound, and you can't even find a parking place when you want it. But surely Sakharov and Ginsburg, and a few others, don't have it in their power to make the Soviet Union a capitalist country."

"Maybe yes—maybe no. But that is for us to decide. Just because we buy your wheat does not give your President an excuse to write to one of our traitors."

"President Carter didn't mean any harm. He answers all his mail. It's a habit he picked up when he was selling peanuts."

GREGOR HIT HIS FIST *on the table. "Well, we won't stand for it. How would you like it if Brezhnev wrote to one of your dissidents, Ronald Reagan?"*

"I wouldn't mind, but I don't think Reagan would like it. He might want to run for President in 1980 and a letter from Brezhnev would kill his chances."

"Why should Americans care what we do to our writers and scientists?" he shouted at me.

"That's a good question, Gregor. We shouldn't care but we do. I guess you could call it one of our weaknesses. We hate to see people anywhere locked up for their thoughts. If you were a fascist country many of us would feel the same way."

Gregor stared at me. "This is your last warning. Stay out of our internal affairs, or else."

I refused to blink. "Don't threaten me, Gregor, or I'll get President Carter to write Sakharov another letter."

Art Buchwald

in the INTERNATIONAL HERALD TRIBUNE

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poor, between one nationality and another, between the workers and their bosses, the situation is becoming more and more alarming. If the government, for some reason, collapses, it will be a war of everyone against everyone.

—Yet you said, a few moments ago, that there is a greater sense of freedom among the people.

AMALRIK: Yes, greater than before, but still far from adequate. Here again I must mention the role of the Democratic Movement in slowly re-educating the country.

IN THE WEST *it is often claimed that the Democratic Movement is composed of but a handful of people with little or no influence in the population at large.*

AMALRIK: I am aware of this view. First, then, who are the dissidents? I would say that the dissidents are those who speak out where others are silent. They represent a whole spectrum of attitudes, ranging from liberal-democrats (of whom Academician Sakharov is so splendid an example) to Nazis. Yes, we have our homegrown Nazis, who print their own leaflets, some of which are addressed directly to the Party apparatus. This fact alone makes dissidence a remarkably interesting phenomenon, regardless of its size. Second, dissidents might be likened to a barometer, in that they indicate the moods, attitudes, and opinions of a large segment of the Soviet population—of what you might perhaps call "the Silent Majority." The barometric simile, come to think of it, is not a bad one; the mercury itself does not determine the weather, but surely it is an indicator of it, isn't it? Finally, it is true, of course that the Movement is small. It is not a political party. It cannot influence the course of Soviet foreign or domestic policy—although it sometimes generates enough pressure on behalf of given individuals. But it may well contain the embryo of a future liberal-socialist party. Above all, its significance is moral and educational. And in that sense its influence is unquestionable.

—I take it you are speaking from your personal observations.

AMALRIK: Certainly. And the influence cuts through society as a whole, including workers and peasants, many of whom listen to foreign radio broadcasts and thus learn about the activities of various dissidents. Furthermore, the authorities themselves help to publicise the cause of human rights—the campaigns against Sakharov and Solzhenitsyn, the public meetings at factories and enterprises at which this or another person is denounced—all this, along with the word-of-mouth grapevine helps to make people aware of the fact that there are those among them who are not afraid to speak out against the official line. After all, the Government itself admits it! This was utterly unthinkable in the past. I suppose people in the West find it difficult to understand this phenomenon, yet I remember well the times when it was absolutely impossible to hear a single dissenting voice, The impact of this unrelieved acquiescence was such that even those who sat in prisons and labour camps had come to accept this state of affairs as both right and unalterable. I find it difficult to explain it in detail, but it seems to me beyond any doubt whatever that political or social changes will not ever take place unless they are preceded by psychological changes. A comparison with the pre-revolutionary political movements is instructive. The basic premise of the political parties in those days—Mensheviks, Bolsheviks, Socialist Revolutionaries, or what-have-you—was that man will change only after the society in which he lives is fundamentally transformed. The premise of the Democratic Movement is the reverse—that one must first transform the minds of men, that one must first develop a sense of moral responsibility.

—I wonder what you think of the opinion expressed, among others, by several contributors to a recent American volume, called Dissent in the USSR *(ed. Tokes, 1975) that political dissent will never acquire a mass character until the dissidents cease to occupy themselves exclusively with human rights and turn their attention to social and economic grievances.*

AMALRIK: The observation is correct, but I would counter by asking why on earth is it necessary for the movement, at this point, to acquire a mass character? On the contrary, I am pleased that it is limited to but a small number of people. The "masses" would only succeed in imbuing it with the kind of noxious notions that have been drummed into them by the régime.

—I wonder, nevertheless, whether the lack of popular support will not have, in the long run, a demoralising effect on the movement.

AMALRIK: No. I don't think so, principally because the dissidents are by and large eminently sensible people, who understand the difference between active participation and tacit support. Take the workers, for example. True, they are interested primarily in higher pay, or in a greater voice in managing their affairs. Yet the concept of "human rights" is hardly alien to them. Think of it, if you will, in terms of "human dignity." The life of the average Soviet man—worker, peasant, or small-time functionary—is a string of endless indignities. He must address his

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superior as *vy* [a deferential form] while always being addressed as *ty* [a familiar form] by his boss. He must cool his heels for hours waiting for some bureaucrat to give him a reference, or a permit, only to be told, eventually, that the bureaucrat is busy and will see him the following day. Don't think this isn't humiliating, and don't think the people don't sense it! They are aware, all right, of the humiliations they are subjected to—they despise them—but although their feelings are close to the surface they have not thought them through, or drawn the necessary conclusions. The task of the dissidents is therefore to help the people to comprehend the nature of the system that perpetrates these indignities, and to voice their grievances. But to maintain that there is no awareness of them is palpably wrong.

—You sound so convincing, yet I have been told, by many dissidents, both within the USSR and abroad, that they have been acutely conscious of the lack of popular support, and that it is this sense of isolation that causes despair and defections. It is all very well—so I've been told—to carry on the struggle for a year, or two, or three, but then, when there are no results, disenchantment sets in.

AMALRIK: I am sure that there are those who give way to despair, but I also know that there are many who feel that they must go on with their work, and worry about results later. It is simply pointless to set stock by immediate results. Lenin kept predicting a World Revolution all his life; by 1916, he came to the conclusion that he would not even live to see the revolution in his own country. Yet a year later the revolution broke out and there was Lenin, riding on its crest. And let me stress again the danger of confusing active with passive support. In 1968, I had little faith in dissent, and refrained from signing any public letters. Yet this does not mean that I did not support those who wrote them and those who went out into the streets in defence of their principles.

HOW DO YOU SEE *the future of Soviet dissent?*

AMALRIK: The future of the Democratic Movement depends on two conditions. First, the growth of consciousness on the part of the "middle class" which we discussed earlier, and which constitutes its principal base. Second, the general situation in the country. At the present moment, the Soviet régime appears to be stable. But appearances are deceptive, for stability presupposes a conscious control of the direction in which society is moving, and the Soviet régime has lost that direction. It is, in fact, presiding over a country rife with conflicts and tensions. Short of the régime's collapse and of a bloody upheaval I referred to earlier, I see only two ways out of this situation—either liberalisation on the Czechoslovak model, or the rise of a new and stronger dictatorship. Liberalisation would of course, benefit the Democratic Movement by providing it with greater popular support and with a means of influencing the younger generation of Soviet leaders. The second alternative—a new and stronger dictatorship—would be disastrous for the movement, for it would go hand-in-glove with the enthronement of a fierce nationalist ideology implacably hostile to any democratic or liberal aspirations. A central role in this development would probably be played by the Armed Forces, helped by and allied with the extreme right-wing dissidents. I am not saying that the Army is a monolithic force: numerous trials of military officers over the past few years have shown that democratic tendencies flourish within the middle-ranks of the military establishment. But the leadership is clearly nationalistic, ultra-patriotic, and thus the potential nucleus of a new dictatorial régime.

—Let me turn to another subject. In his essay The Smatterers *(in* From Under the Rubble, *1974), Alexander Solzhenitsyn offers a devastating profile of the Soviet intelligentsia—a contemptible horde of uprooted pseudo-intellectuals, lickspittles, time-servers, disdainful of the* narod*—the simple folk—adept at rationalising their cowardliness and at compromising with the régime. What do you make of this composite portrait?*

AMALRIK: I think it is unjust. To be sure, Solzhenitsyn's essay is full of the kind of sharp observations and subtle perceptions we have learned to expect from him. But I find it disquieting that Solzhenitsyn treats with such indiscriminate contempt a whole social class—one which, more than any other, has been the backbone of his support. Moreover, the unsavoury traits which Solzhenitsyn ascribes to the Soviet intelligentsia are equally applicable to other groups throughout the world. The rise of a stratum, a large class of semi-educated people, specialists lacking in those humanitarian and moral qualities that had characterised their predecessors and with no sense of tradition—this is not something peculiar to Russia alone. One cannot simply condemn—one must make distinctions. For instance, it is one thing to talk about a person born into a social class—that is, the intelligentsia—who had inherited some of their attitudes, and another to describe a man who grew up in a village or in urban squalor and who has been torn out of his surroundings, given a hasty education, and turned into a bureaucrat or functionary. All these problems are not easily solved; but outrage and indignation alone are not the answers.

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—What, in general, is your attitude to Solzhenitsyn?

AMALRIK: Again, one must make distinctions. . . . I have the highest respect and indeed admiration for Solzhenitsyn the man—fearless, brave, uncompromising, a truly heroic figure. As a writer, I think Solzhenitsyn is among the best that Russian literature has produced in the 20th century. However, as a political ideologue, I must take issue with him. I find his profound nationalism and neo-Slavophile tendencies quite distasteful.

—You know, the formulation that impressed me most in your book Will the Soviet Union Survive? *and which has stayed with me all these years is your use of the term "decrepitude." In the late 1960s there was a great deal of talk, in the West, about the "liberalisation" of the Soviet régime. In commenting on it, you wrote:*

> **"The current process of 'widening the area of freedom' could be more aptly described as the growing decrepitude of the régime. The régime is simply growing old and can no longer suppress everyone and everything with the same strength as before. . . ."**

And indeed, to cite one salient example, the behaviour of the KGB in recent years, especially its treatment of political dissidents, offers plenty of evidence of this "decrepitude", of a certain loss of nerve, an absence of direction, even confusion. Bouts of repression alternate with curious concessions. Some individuals are arrested and sentenced to long terms, others are permitted to leave the country; and so on. Your own recent account (in Harper's Magazine, *July 1976) of an encounter with the KGB illustrates these conflicting tendencies very well. Yet at the same time when you speak of Soviet relations with the outside world—as you have in some recent interviews—you paint an almost chilling picture of a relentless, consistent, unwavering drive for expansion, quite at odds, it seems to me, with the portrayal of internal developments. Internally, the Soviet régime doesn't always seem to know what it is doing, or what is the correct path to follow. Externally, it seems to know precisely what to do. How do you explain this discrepancy?*

AMALRIK: I don't really think there's much of a contradiction here. When I speak of "decrepitude," I don't mean to suggest that the machine has broken down completely. More to the point is the fact that in Russia internal degeneration has always coincided with an ambitious outward expansionism. Russia has traditionally found its *raison d'être* in expansionism, whether by means of direct territorial aggrandisement, or in extending its sphere of influence. I don't know exactly why it is so, but there is an interesting relationship between external expansion and internal turmoil: while expansion occurs, internal tensions are somehow resolved or smoothed over. Conversely, once the outward drive comes to a halt, all the internal problems become aggravated. Take the Russian defeat in the Crimean War in the middle of the 19th century, which led to the great reforms of Alexander II; or Russia's defeat at the hands of the Japanese in 1905, which led to the first Russian revolution and to Stolypin's reforms. On the other hand, Russia's victory over Napoleon in 1812 and 1814 resulted in the strengthening of conservatism, the reign of Nicholas I. In addition, Russia's proclivity for expansion is further encouraged by the passivity of the West. Strength is a relative thing. There is a Russian proverb: "Against a real hero, a hero among sheep is also a sheep *(molodets sredi ovets, a uvidit molodtsa—i sam ovtsa)*." By which I mean to say that today the Soviet Union is a hero among sheep, a hero among Western countries.

—Precisely what do you mean by "expansion"?

AMALRIK: By expansion I mean the widening of influence.

—But is that what "expansion" really means? You might as well say that extending one's sphere of influence is also the goal of the US Government.

AMALRIK: Yes, it is a goal of every powerful government, but not necessarily the major goal. It certainly hasn't been the paramount preoccupation of American foreign policy, whereas in Russia it has taken precedence over everything else, including the welfare of its citizens. An aggressive foreign policy (which may take various forms) has a certain symbolic significance—it is a sign of strength and vitality. A victory abroad tends to nullify domestic fiascos. Thus, the recent Soviet penetration of Angola, through the clever use of Cuban troops, helped to vitiate the results of the catastrophic harvest and to retain Brezhnev in power. If Brezhnev had not been able to point to his success in Angola, the harvest might well have led to grave dissatisfaction among the people and possibly to his downfall.

DO YOU MEAN to suggest that the Soviet people actually took pride in what happened in Angola?

AMALRIK: In a way, yes. This is an ancient phenomenon, this sense of profound satisfaction, this national gratification over the fact that the government has again demonstrated its strength.

—Yet this success, such as it was, was accompanied by glaring setbacks in Portugal, Italy, and France. Why, then, should the Angolan case have counted for so much?

AMALRIK: Well, of course they failed in Portugal, but not to gain something you never had is not the same as losing. Besides, the overriding aim is to keep trying. Sometimes you succeed, sometimes you don't, but you keep pushing nevertheless. It is like a thief who wants to rob several

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houses. He finds one house firmly locked, and then another—but then he comes across an open door, so he enters, and finds a thousand dollars. He can always say that he found one thousand; he won't say, "But I lost thousands in the other houses. . . ."

—From the point of view of the West, however, the failure in Portugal was no small matter. After all, the Communists, with the backing of Moscow, tried to seize power.

AMALRIK: They tried, but the fact that they didn't succeed seems to me cold comfort.

—Still, when you add up Soviet successes—in this case, Angola—on one side of the ledger, and their failures—in the case of Africa, Egypt, Ghana, Congo, Sudan—on the other, their record does not appear very prepossessing. Don't you think, in the light of it, that Western policy has been, on the whole, quite successful?

AMALRIK: I would say in Portugal the successes cannot be attributed to Western or American policy, but rather to the opposition within Portugal itself. The Kremlin's setbacks in Italy and France have come about, similarly, not because of Western policy, but because of the Communist Parties in those countries. What is important to keep in mind is that the Soviet leaders are careful and not at all in a hurry. Why hurry when the process of decolonisation, with all the irritations by former vassals against their former masters, is in your favour? Why be concerned when the West—unlike Kennedy in the Cuban crisis of 1962—makes no attempt to stop the Cubans from invading Angola? Finally, you mentioned previous Soviet failures in Africa. True, but they also have chalked up a considerable victory in that continent—the Arab oil embargo, with all its disastrous consequences for the economies of Western Europe and the United States. The oil embargo could hardly have succeeded without the active encouragement of the Soviet Union. Still, if I dwell on Angola, it is because it offers an illustration not of Soviet successes, but of the compulsion for strengthening Soviet power abroad for the sake of domestic tranquillity. The Soviet Union, it seems clear to me, needs to maintain the pressures outside its borders, to score successes, however illusory, in order to keep the lid on at home. Relax pressure abroad, and there's pressure at home.

LOOKING AT THIS PROCESS *historically, how does the Great Purge of 1936–38 fit into the picture? Surely this monstrous upheaval was not caused by any pressures from within?*

Sakharov Replies

Moscow

SERGEI GUSEV, *deputy prosecutor general of the Soviet Union, quotes from the US Code, under which I could allegedly be charged if I were an American citizen. The article of the Code relates, however, to advocating violent overthrow of the government, which is something I have never done. Mr Gusev does not quote Articles 70 and 190|1 of the Code of the R.S.F.S.R.* [*Russian Republic*] *under which many people have suffered and died in imprisonment for non-violent activities, for distributing or for merely possessing truthful information—books and* samizdat [*unofficially printed*] *materials, for religious activities and for desiring to leave the country.*

I am prepared to face a court for my overt public activities, although I consider them legal and not subject to the Criminal Code—and I have no illusions about impartial justice in the Soviet court.

But the authorities do not choose an open court, turning instead to other methods that are cowardly and foul. Everything is being done now—countless anonymous threats of physical reprisal, slander in the press and in statements by Tass, illegal refusal to allow an exchange of living accommodations, the institution of criminal proceedings against my daughter and a threat to institute proceedings against her husband.

I HOPE THAT *those people in the West who have taken upon themselves the burden of responsibility for defending human rights understand the tragically critical nature of the position of all those, including me personally, who defend human rights in the U.S.S.R. and the other countries of Eastern Europe.*

I also put hope in the common sense of the leaders of the Soviet Union and the other Socialist countries, and in their sense of responsibility and desire for stability in the world.

Each day now brings new problems. On March 14, the newspaper Izvestia printed a vile and provocative article in which Jews seeking to emigrate were accused of spying. This is a modern-day variation of the Dreyfus affair! I call upon world opinion and the heads of government who signed the Helsinki agreement to speak out against this provocation.

I urge the world to speak out in defense of the arrested members of the Group for Assistance to Helsinki—Ginzburg, Orlov, Rudenko and Tikhii. I call for the defense of Pyotr Ruban and all those prisoners about whom I wrote in my letter to the President of the United States: the Yugoslav writer Mihajlov, the arrested members of Charter 77 and other political prisoners in the countries of Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union.

THE MAIN FOCUS *of my public activities remains my demand for worldwide political amnesty—freedom for all prisoners of conscience. I consider this a precondition for peace.*

Andrei Sakharov

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AMALRIK: I think the Great Purge serves as an excellent illustration of my thesis. While Stalin was spreading terror inside the country, he engaged in no aggressive policies abroad. And once he turned his attention to territorial expansion—the incorporation of the Baltic States, and so on—the internal terror was relaxed. I am not saying that the same thing would happen today—the Great Purge was still one of the consequences of Stalin's rise to power, the reverse turn of the revolutionary screw. Today's Soviet leaders are primarily interested in maintaining their pseudo-stabilisation at home, and for this purpose they follow a dual policy: a constant attempt to expand their sphere of influence on the one hand, and limited cooperation with the West on the other. The trouble is that the West seems determined to help them, to prop up this pseudo-stabilisation. Either it offers concessions and technical aid, or it is afraid of annoying the Soviet leaders. I suppose one reason is the growing isolationist tendencies in the United States, the result of the massive disappointment over Viet Nam. Am I right in thinking that such sentiments exist?

—Yes, you are.

AMALRIK: Well, then, all this redounds to the benefit of the USSR. As for the policy of co-operation with the West, I am convinced that this is taking place only because of the fear of China. If that mighty neighbour were friendly rather than hostile, you may be sure Moscow would adopt a different tone in its relations with the West. There would be no discussions about Détente, no ingratiating smiles—all this would never take place.

—Now that you have mentioned China, do you still think that there may be a war between that country and the USSR? Or have you changed your mind on this matter?

AMALRIK: As a matter of fact, if anything, I think the danger of a Sino-Soviet war is even greater now than before. When I originally spoke about "the period between 1975 and 1980" I did not mean to suggest that a war would break out precisely at that time; it was simply to indicate its probable imminence. I also wrote that "China will not be able to start a war until she has accumulated considerable stockpiles . . . of nuclear and conventional weapons", and that during the interim period "she will follow a more cautious policy . . . and even flirt with the Soviet Union." I think this development is also still likely.

—In whose interest would such a war be?

AMALRIK: Well, no one needs wars, you know, yet they take place nevertheless. It is impossible to prove, in any scientific way, the inevitability of an armed conflict between two countries, and I don't pretend to do it with regard to a Sino-Soviet war. It is rather a matter of feeling—of intuition, if you will. This feeling has existed among many Russians for nearly a century. It has been expressed in a certain historico-philosophical school of thought which maintains that Russia's destruction will not come from the West, but from the East—more specifically, from China. Its beginning can be traced to the end of the 19th century. Let me give you, for instance, a few lines from a poem by Vladimir Soloviev:

> *Oh, Rus, forget your bygone glory,*
> *The double-headed eagle is destroyed,*
> *At half-mast are your banners—*
> *Victims of a yellow wind.*

Good lines, I think; written in 1894; I memorised them. You get the same reverberations in the poetry of Alexander Blok, of Andrei Belyi who had a presentiment of a conflict with China, even though he knew little about that country. And I, too, share this poetic feeling. The sober-minded scientist or academic will, no doubt, discount such feelings as absurd; but I think experience has shown that the poet is very often the first to sense something which the historian is the last to comprehend.

—Although you haven't changed your mind on this matter, still I understand you are planning to revise your Will Russia Survive?

AMALRIK: Yes, I should like to do that; much, after all, has transpired since I wrote it.

CAN you say something about your plans for the foreseeable future?

AMALRIK: I have many plans, but I suppose what I should like to do first is to write about my personal experiences over the past few years—my participation in the Democratic Movement, arrest, prison, camp, exile, and about all the people I encountered there. I wanted to do it while I was still in the Soviet Union; but it proved too difficult, in those circumstances, to relive these experiences. When I was in prison, another thought came to my head: to write a small book about Nechayev. Perhaps about Nechayev and Dostoevsky's *The Possessed*: the formation of the revolutionary group, the murder of the student, Nechayev's escape, his arrest, and how he was able, while in prison, to continue his conspiratorial activities; and also how Dostoevsky wove this story into his book.

—Have you come across any new documents on Nechayev and his group?

AMALRIK: No, I am afraid I have not unearthed any new documents, but I suppose there must be

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quite a collection here at the Institute for Social History in Utrecht. But I am a writer, not an historian, so my aim is to provide a new interpretation, and not yet another scholarly work. Perhaps I am so fascinated by this subject because of my own experiences: like Nechayev and Dostoevsky, I, too, spent part of my life in jail and I, too, have had numerous dealings with the police.

—I trust that save for your prison terms there is nothing else you have in common with Nechayev . . .?

AMALRIK: Well, we were both engaged in political struggles, weren't we? Then, too, I should like to write a serious book on the history of the Russian secret police, from Peter the Great to the present. I would also like—if I ever get to America—to travel throughout the country, and write a book about it, something along the lines of *America Through the Eyes of a Russian.*

—You say you are a writer, yet in the West you are always described as an historian.

AMALRIK: I have never considered myself such, even though, of course, I deal with historical subjects. My books are all written from the point of view of a person who relies on his intuition, and not, strictly speaking, on research. On the other hand, I might perhaps have something that is lacking in others—a certain sense of the march of time, a constant awareness of the fact that what we see in the present has its roots in the past and its implications for the future. Let me say, however, as a writer, that while I am delighted that my book *Will The Soviet Union Survive?* has enjoyed such a success throughout the world. . . .

—And don't forget An Involuntary Journey to Siberia *—in my opinion, perhaps an even better book. . . .*

AMALRIK: . . . but while I am delighted, I also regret that these two books have somehow overshadowed my plays, to which I am very devoted, and my poems. You know, my poems have never been published anywhere.

—Not even in Russian?

AMALRIK: No, not even in Russian. I am really quite unhappy and simply don't know what to do about it. . . .

—I recall that after Anatoly Kuznetsov's defection in 1969, you wrote him an "Open Letter" in which you took him to task for some of the statements he had made upon arriving in Great Britain. You were then accused, by some people—I am referring in particular to an article in The Washington Evening Star *by Henry Bradsher—of having critised Kuznetsov for fleeing abroad. You disposed of this and other charges in your essay (in* Survey*) "I Want to Be Understood Correctly." Yet I note with dismay that there are people who say "You see, Amalrik criticised Kuznetsov for leaving the USSR—yet now he has done so himself!" What do you think about it?*

AMALRIK: What is there to think? In my "Open Letter to Kuznetsov" I stated clearly:

> "I believe that if you as a writer were unable to work here or to publish your books in the form in which you wrote them, then it was not only your right but in a certain sense also your duty as a writer to leave this place."

I did not condemn Kuznetsov for fleeing to the West, but for his collaborationist position while he was in the USSR, and for his attempts to justify that position once he found himself abroad. And I said the same in my answer to Mr Bradsher. If there are still people who go on repeating this hoary charge, I can only say that there will always be fools in this world.

—In addition to your writing projects, am I right in understanding that you also wish to continue your activities on behalf of the Democratic Movement?

AMALRIK: Decidedly so. Indeed, all my work is in a sense in the service of that movement. Let me put it this way: I hope that all that I write and say—including today—will in some manner help to explain to the world what is transpiring in the USSR, and why.

—Andrei Alekseevich, may I put a somewhat indelicate question to you? We have had quite a few illustrious visitors from the USSR over the past few years, and it has appeared to me at times that they are all eager to explain to the West the real nature of Russia, of the Soviet system, its society, its history, and its foreign policy. How will your efforts differ from those of the others?

AMALRIK: I am not prepared to comment on specific individuals, especially as I have not yet had the opportunity to read all that they have said or written. But speaking for myself, I hope I can speak in a language accessible to and comprehensible by the Western mind. Perhaps I am somewhat closer—psychologically speaking—to the West than others. Russians, generally speaking, have a passion for lecturing people—a passion often combined with a hectoring tone and a somewhat condescending attitude, all of which is rightly frowned upon in the West. Mind you, I hardly pretend to be able to explain everything. There is so much that is happening in the Soviet Union which I could not comprehend while I was there and still find inexplicable today. In any case, it is good for the West to listen to various voices, to assimilate what is useful and relevant and to discount what is not.

—Will you join any organisations or groups, or identify yourself with any particular publication, such as the journal Kontinent*?*

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AMALRIK: I don't think so. In the Soviet Union, as you know, I never joined any organisations, but tried to serve the cause of human rights in my own way. I hope to do the same in the West.

SOME TIME HAS NOW *passed since your unsuccessful and much-publicised attempt to see Giscard d'Estaing in Paris. The Press reaction, as you know, was mixed. Some applauded your behaviour (and protested against your detention by the Paris police). Others—including some of your fellow Russian émigrés—deplored it. Upon reflection, do you have any regrets or second thoughts about the incident?*

AMALRIK: None whatsoever. I broke no laws. I merely adopted the classical method, in democratic countries, of asserting the right of a minority to publicise an unpopular cause. And the results, as far as I can judge, were salutary. Never before had the cause of Russia's dissidents been given as wide a hearing in France as it had on this occasion. Had I acted with more "circumspection", very few Frenchmen would have been aware of the desperate situation of dissidents in the USSR. As far as my fellow émigrés are concerned, I am afraid they are just a bit too eager to please their host country. On the eve of Brezhnev's visit to Paris in 1973, many Russian and East European émigrés were rounded up by the French security police and carted off to Corsica; they may well be afraid of being subjected to the same treatment unless they "behave."

—Finally, what are your views on President Carter's policy on human rights?

AMALRIK: I am very pleased with it indeed. Of course, it is much too early to evaluate it; but on the whole I think the new American administration has given fresh hope to Russia's beleaguered dissidents by making it clear to the Soviet leaders that a concern about violations of human rights anywhere can in no way be regarded as "interference in the internal affairs of other countries."

—Yet there are those who maintain that excessive pressure on the Soviet Government may have a deleterious effect on the plight of Russia's persecuted minorities.

AMALRIK: The trouble with Americans is that they always expect immediate results. After all, this is a new policy; and the Soviet authorities cannot be expected to react to it, at first, other than by indignant denials, heated counter-charges, and by a show of intransigence. I think the Carter administration must be patient, consistent, and firm. It must not let itself be swayed either by the current reactions of the Soviet régime or by the discomfiture and alarm of its West European allies or, indeed, by public opinion, which fails to understand that the Soviet régime is not going to change its policies, mildly or drastically, overnight. Besides, why all this talk about "pressure"? As far as I can see, the US Government has not applied any pressure whatsoever. It has simply voiced its concern, and has made it known to Moscow that its oppressive policies will not go unnoticed. For the Soviet Government, whose press, radio, and television never cease to portray the West in the most reprehensible and malicious terms, now to complain about being criticised by the West is simply absurd. What Carter is saying now is long overdue. His policy is both morally just and, in addition, politically sagacious.

Proposed Increases

Up 25p—simple lettering,
up 50p—endurance-suitable stone,
up 50p—3 feet in depth, increasing
to 90p six feet in depth, up 10p—
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the actual laying-in (in purchased ground,
up 90p), up 10p—right to erect.
Rate for a stillborn child remains unchanged.
A spokesman said: "As prices go these days,
this is considered more than reasonable."

Peter Reading

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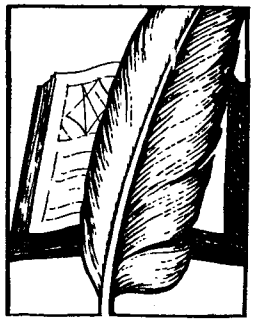

Column

OF THE WATERGATE conspirators, Mr Jeb Stuart Magruder has already given us his memoirs, and now we have those of Mr John Dean III, once counsel to the President. Are there still more to come? There will, of course, be those of Mr Nixon, but one rather feels that he will have a good deal of trouble composing the section concerned with Watergate. But shall we also have those of Messrs Haldeman and Ehrlichman, of Mr John Mitchell and Mr Charles "Chuck" Colson, and all the rest of the extraordinary gang, the Nixon mob one might call them, who for a time moved in on the executive branch of the United States? It was a coup which has no equal in the annals of gang warfare and no doubt it will be a long time before we have heard the last of it. The deepest impression made by what we have heard so far is of the sheer bungling inefficiency and ineptitude of everyone involved. They would not, one feels, have lasted long in the Mafia.

Mr Dean's book, *Blind Ambition*,[1] is not as good as Mr Magruder's partly because of the note of self-justification which keeps creeping in, however hard he tries to exclude it. He invites our pity, if not our sympathy, though there is little in his story or his personality which justifies either. But because Mr Dean was closer to the heart of the matter, that is to say, to the President, his book is rather more informative about what he likes to call "the specifics" of the case, those ugly little details and incidents which the conspirators tried so hard to avoid mentioning to each other, much more to anyone else. There was of course a very good reason for their coyness about "the specifics". For somehow or other they always seemed to lead directly or indirectly to the President, and this was something which the conspirators were reluctant to admit even to themselves; partly out of the genuine awe and respect which almost every American feels for the office of President, partly out of an instinct for self-preservation, and partly out of the knowledge that, in protecting the President, they were also advancing their own careers.

Mr Dean makes the complexity and ambiguity of the conspirators' motives very clear; but he also makes it clear that, as concealment became increasingly difficult, and loyalty to the President promised to bring, not advancement, but retribution, the instinct to save one's own skin quickly took the upper hand. *Sauve qui peut* became their rallying cry; it is ironical that their loyalty and their disloyalty were both equally damaging to the President to whom they professed to be so devoted. But perhaps this was because of the kind of men they were.

As for the President himself, Mr Dean is no more successful than anyone else in making us understand why he behaved as he did. Whatever Mr Nixon's defects of character, he was at the time of Watergate by far the most experienced, the most professional, and the most successful politician of his day. It remains something of a mystery why he should have put his trust in men who were, by comparison, the merest novices and amateurs, who at times gave the impression of being unable to carry out the simplest operation without making a hash of it. Perhaps the simplest explanation is that, after his electoral triumph in 1972, he became so confident of his own power and position that he felt it simply did not matter who served him so long as they could be relied on to carry out his wishes.

YET IF THIS WAS THE CASE, it would be impossible to understand the indecision, the evasiveness, the lack of resolution which he displayed as the consequences of the original Watergate break-in began to unfold. Throughout the cover-up he gave the impression of a man who had lost control of his affairs and simply waited upon events, a Hamlet in the White House. One is almost tempted to conclude that he suffered from some progressive degeneration of his normal faculties, so that he was no longer capable of recognising, or facing, realities; perhaps this is some mysterious form of occupational disease to which Presidents are becoming increasingly prone. Mr Nixon always was an exceedingly complex character; by the end he had become an enigma.

Mr Dean gives a fascinating account of their last conversations together, at a time when it was becoming increasingly probable that the President would be impeached. These meetings, when the President's whole career was at stake, should have been the high point of Mr Dean's career. After all, he had joined the White House staff as the most subordinate of underlings; it is doubtful if the President knew who his counsel was, and Mr Dean had no access to him except through, and in the presence of, Mr Haldeman. Now, day after day, he found himself closeted with the President in long discussions to which no one, not even Mr Haldeman, was a witness, except for the tape-recording device ticking relentlessly away like a timebomb.

There had been a time when Mr Dean's mean

[1] *Blind Ambition: The White House Years*. By JOHN DEAN. Simon & Schuster, £4.95.

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little heart would have overflowed with pride and joy and triumph at the thought of himself *tête-à-tête* with the President, face-to-face, man-to-man, equal to equal. What he actually felt was something closer to panic. For first of all it gradually became clear that he was alone in the same boat as the President only because the President was about to throw him overboard, and only the most drastic preventive action would save him from being type-cast in the role of The Scapegoat. But there was also the slightly creepy feeling that he was talking to someone who was not really there.

Mr Dean's conversations with the President lasted longer than he had ever dreamed of in his most ambitious fantasies. But somehow they lacked point and purpose, except for the unspoken implication that Mr Dean was about be thrown to the wolves. The President's attention wandered and he seemed to have difficulty in concentration: he asked questions but shied evasively away from the answers. Normally a snappy if conservative dresser, he wore a crumpled suit and his neck-tie was stained; there was a smell of drink on his breath and for the first time in his life Mr Dean was offered a drink himself. "This was not the well-manicured Richard Nixon I was used to." Perhaps, for Mr Dean, even more shattering than the realisation that the President was about to sacrifice him, just as he was about to sacrifice the President, was the feeling that at the very heart of the mystery of the Presidency, which he had so longed to penetrate, there sat a Hollow Man for whom things had got out of hand.

IT IS CERTAINLY a memorable scene, even if it seems to imply on Mr Dean's part a capacity for total recall which challenges belief. Yet we have to remember that it is a claim which was triumphantly vindicated in hours and days of public testimony by Mr Dean, in the face of the most savage and hostile cross-examination, without ever being seriously at a loss. So one is inclined to accept his account, especially because in this case he has nothing to lose by telling the truth. Moreover, it confirms the impression derived from other sources that somewhere along the line Mr Nixon had lost those powers of concentration on the main objective, of cool calculation, of political judgment, so evident in his previous career.

There can be little doubt that after the original Watergate break-in there were several occasions on which Mr Nixon could have saved himself by a frank admission that offences had been committed by an over-zealous staff for which, as President, he had to accept ultimate responsibility, however indirect. At that point the American people was not particularly interested in Watergate. Senator McGovern had tried desperately to make an issue of it in his Presidential campaign, but with a total lack of success; far worse things had happened in other Presidential elections for the American people to regard it as anything except a minor and obscure peccadillo. It was the very obduracy with which Mr Nixon persisted in denying, not merely prior knowledge, but any form of responsibility, however tenuous, which finally convinced people that there was more to Watergate than met the eye and made them feel it formed part of a wider pattern of operations in which the President was deeply and inextricably involved. In this, of course, their instinct was right; but if Mr Nixon had only behaved with the same calculation and judgment which had, at long odds, raised him to the Presidency, there was no reason why such suspicions should ever have arisen.

MR NIXON'S FAILURE of nerve and of judgment, in this seventh crisis of his career, was so out of character that there still remains something mysterious about Watergate, so that one is tempted to think that even now we do not know the whole of it. And indeed at the end of his book Mr Dean recounts a curious conversation which gives some encouragement to such a suspicion. It took place in prison between Mr Dean and Mr Chuck Colson, after both had been convicted, and centred on the question, which baffled them both, of why it had been thought worthwhile to bug the Democratic National Committee's Watergate offices. After patiently reviewing their knowledge of "the specifics" of Watergate, which was extensive (and after consulting a fellow-prisoner, Jeb Magruder, who reacted to their questions with alarm and dismay), they concluded that the real target of the bugging was not the Democratic National Committee at all, but its chairman, Larry O'Brien, and his associate, Bob Bennett, both of whom had connections with the crazy millionaire Howard Hughes, who in his turn had, through intermediaries, including Bebe Rebozo, illegally contributed $100,000 to Nixon funds. Mr O'Brien was also a target for bugging because of his involvement in the scandal connected with the dropping of a government anti-trust suit against the international financial giant ITT (International Telephone & Telegraph).

One does not know how seriously one should take this conversation in a prison cell, but if one did, what a scenario Watergate would then offer, with the President, Howard Hughes and ITT all inextricably involved with each other. That would really give the *Washington Post* something to get their teeth into; it would make *All the*

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President's Men look like a bedtime story.

ON THE WHOLE, HOWEVER, one cannot, and I suppose should not, hope for so sensational a continuation of the Watergate drama; for most people, I think, it came to a welcome and appropriate end with the disgrace of Mr Nixon and the prosecution of his subordinates. There is indeed a school of thought which believes that the end of Watergate justified its beginning, in the sense that it vindicated the independence of the legislative and judicial branches of the government, and the integrity of a free press, and thus demonstrated the vitality of democratic institutions in the United States. Daniel, in the shape of Judge "Maximum John" Sirica, slew Goliath, played by Mr Nixon. Justice triumphed, and the hosts of the Philistines were scattered.

As *The Times* has pointed out, Mr Dean's book does not give much support to this somewhat rosy view of the lessons of Watergate. When the gravity of his predicament finally dawned on Mr Dean he realised that he would need a lawyer and procured himself two very able ones, in the persons of Mr Robert McCandless and Mr Charles Shaffer, "the best damn lawyer that money can buy." Mr Shaffer indeed proved a tower of strength to Mr Dean; but perhaps the most important lesson he had to teach him was that to conduct his defence successfully it was necessary to adopt the same kind of no-holds-barred tactics as he had become accustomed to in the White House, and to be as adept at dirty tricks and shabby manoeuvres as the White House plumbers' unit, or CREEP, the Committee to Re-elect the President.

Mr Shaffer was an old friend and legal associate of Mr James Neal, who was in charge of the prosecution case against Mr Dean and his associates. In pre-trial conferences with Mr Dean, he and Mr Shaffer used to like to reminisce about happy days when they had been on the same side together. They were particularly proud of the manoeuvre they had used against Mr Jimmy Hoffa, president of the Teamster's Union, when on trial at Chattanooga.

> "That damn Hoffa was a good liar. . . . One of the best I've ever seen. Hell of a witness. But we did a job on him. I had an agent carry electronic equipment in and out of my office at the courthouse. Fancy stuff, with the wires hanging out all over the place. Every day for weeks. In and out. We tried to time it so he'd walk right past Hoffa in the morning and again in the afternoon. He finally took the bait. One day he stopped his lawyer and got all excited. He pointed at the agent. 'Goddamit', he yells. 'See it! See it! I told you they were bugging me!' After that he was no good as a witness. Shit, he went tighter than a drum. Lost his spunk. That was nice. We outfoxed that old bastard. Kind of clandestine, you know."

Between this attitude to the law and that of all those lawyers in the White House who were so largely responsible for Watergate there is really no significant difference. It was simply that, in matters of justice, as of everything else, all means are permissible to achieve the desired end. In the White House, and out of it, there seems to have been nothing, in their training, or their outlook, or in their basic attitudes towards "due process of law", which would justify one in expecting higher ethical standards from lawyers than from those they were prosecuting or defending. Even the incorruptible "Maximum John" was not above reproach.

Much the same might be said about the journalists who did so much to uncover the scandals of Watergate. No doubt one should be grateful to them for their efforts; yet the methods they used to get the results they wanted differed little in kind or quality from those of the criminals they were investigating.

THERE IS IN FACT very little on which either the American press, or the Bar, or the judiciary can pride itself so far as Watergate is concerned. Rather, one has the impression that, where public figures are concerned, due process of law in the United States is a very tricky and slightly shady business, so that the end result is a kind of show trial, not indeed on the Russian model, but in the sense that it is the outcome of an intricate process of pre-trial bargaining, wheeling and dealing, mutual concessions and mutual blackmail between the interested parties, to which the final proceedings in court bear very little relation.

All this confirms one in the belief that the one great service Mr Gerald Ford rendered his country as President was to grant a free pardon to Mr Nixon. Quite apart from the savage political dissension which Mr Nixon's impeachment or prosecution would have provoked, there is very little reason to think that, in either case, law or justice would have had much to do with the result; indeed, it is rather horrifying to think of the lengths to which both prosecution and defence would have gone in order to secure what they regarded as a satisfactory verdict.

The present United States Ambassador to this country once created considerable controversy when, as President of Yale, he declared that it was impossible for a black man to expect a fair trial in the United States. I am inclined to think that this is not true; but I feel quite sure that it would be quite impossible for a President to get one. The impeachment of President Andrew Johnson was a very dirty business; it would have been child's play compared with any kind of legal proceedings against President Nixon.

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Kaleem Omar

The Machete

It was one of their tanks, abandoned
near a border village
where rice stood unguarded
in exploding fields, and the haze
rising above the river,
through the broken ranks of bulrush and cane,
had the tang of flesh burning.

Using the tank's gun as one would a branch,
I swung up to explore the contents,
thinking I might get
something useful out of there,
or something I could add to my shelf
of souvenirs. Other occasions had yielded fruit,
even those I least expected.

1943 I read, pulling the machete clear
from under the remains of the soldier
whose helmet, faintly discoloured,
clunked against my foot
in the fine, grey ash that must have been his face
when the incendiary burst.
There was no way he could have heard,

but as I scrambled back into the sunlight
clutching my prize, he stirred.
It was a passing current of air
sifted in him, an exhalation
like some far off, loved person's breath,
catching half a sunbeam in its drift
and the glint on half a dog-tag there.

He was not one of ours. That was certain.
No one would miss him
in our roll calls, and no one care
that the evidence had been disturbed.
When the wrecking crew arrived
in battle black, they would find
nothing they could use, and no one there.

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NOTES & TOPICS

Däniken & His Flying Machines

Hoaxes in Time & Space—By HELMUT GUMNIOR

ERIC VON DÄNIKEN is back again with his astronaut gods—*Kukumatz* from South America, *Yahweh* from Asia Minor, *Omohi-kane no kami* from Japan, *Vishnu* from India, and a mixed bag of other deities whom that best-selling author (world sales: 38 million copies) has revealed to have been nothing less than prehistoric visitors from distant stars. His credulous (or merely amused) readers have had to wait four-and-a-half years—though to many his *Miracles of the Gods*, published in 1974, was already a disappointment—for more news of the power and glory of the "sons of the stars."

His Dusseldorf publisher has just brought out the new Däniken. An initial print order of 100,000 copies has long been usual with Däniken's books, but this time (according to Econ Verlag's sales manager) it is associated with the "biggest joint promotion operation in which a book publisher has ever been involved. . . ." Econ's partners in the enterprise are Radio Luxembourg (RTL) and the illustrated weekly *Hörzu*. Däniken was allowed to preach his Astro-Theology gratis for eight or nine minutes at five o'clock every day from 24 January onwards on the German service of the commercial broadcasting station, and this continued until 5 March, when he was to appear in person as the RTL's "star guest" before an audience of 16,000 at Dortmund.

At the end of February *Hörzu* (circulation 4.1 million) did its bit for the Astronaut-God circus by beginning publication in sixteen instalments of a version of the book specially prepared for serialisation by Däniken and his long-standing editor Wilhelm Roggersdorf, thus publicising not only the book but also itself and the other Axel Springer newspapers on radio and television.

Then Däniken began a lecture tour of fifteen German cities, from Hamburg to Munich, Aachen to West Berlin, at each of which he spent about two-and-a-half hours obsessively whisking fables, facts, and fantasy into a froth that, as far as one could observe, evaporated on his hearers' tongues and nicely clogged up their little grey cells. As a result of this unique publicity operation, Econ is already home and dry. Seventy thousand copies of the book were subscribed in the month before publication, and twelve foreign publishers had swiftly acquired translation rights. "It's fantastic", said Econ's managing director, Erwin Barth von Wehrenalp, choosing his words carefully.

DÄNIKEN FANS will certainly not be disappointed by the new book, even though many of the ingredients are familiar; for this master of magical mischief always produces something new for which he always has a ready explanation.

According to the mythology of the Dogon tribe in the Sudan, for instance, the first creator of the universe was the god *Amma*, who made the stars of lumps of earth "which he hurled into space." Däniken takes this to be a mythical reference to the "big bang" with which modern physicists say the universe began. The Nandi tribe in Kenya have a god called *Chepkeliensokol*, which means "thing with nine ray legs." What can this god have been other than a space ship? And as for the nine ray legs, it will be immediately obvious to every true follower of Däniken that they can have been nothing but nine rocket motors.

In the face of such plausible explanations who would dare claim with C. G. Jung that the myths of primitive tribes reflect mere archetypal developments of consciousness? Däniken sharply rejects such "psychological exegesis." "When we see realities clashing in space", he writes, "we should not use psychologising hydrochloric acid to dissolve the core of these reports into un-

A FEW YEARS AGO *we reported the results of an inquiry into the work of Eric von Däniken, "Anatomy of a World Best-Seller"* (ENCOUNTER, August 1973). *The questions we posed at the time—"Fraud? Fantasy? Science?"—we now follow up with another* "SPIEGEL" *report on the progress of the gods in time and space.*

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recognisable component parts. . . ." He finds descriptions of the hard clashes that took place in space in ancient times in the Indian national epics, the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana*, which swarm with flying vehicles, sometimes as big as three-storey buildings, sometimes "similar to our helicopters." Not content with that, the gods use the most fearsome weapons to try to despatch each other to the hereafter. When Rama ordered his air chariot to be brought out and rushed round the neighbourhood with his "daring pilot", the King of the Monkeys, "to prepare himself for battle in the air", the mountains trembled and "tall buildings and towers collapsed."

"Multiple rocket launchers"—the reader will immediately be reminded of the *Stalinorgel*, Stalin's missiles—were used; red-hot, razor-sharp discuses severed gods' heads from their bodies; and to dispose of his enemies the divine hero Arjuna resorted to the hypnotic weapon *antardhana* ("an invaluable and agreeable weapon, since it has the capacity to send the enemy to sleep"). Such "lethal weapons of destruction", in Däniken's opinion, "must make the mouths of the military water in both East and West."

To show that he is not a man who is easily taken in, he quotes more evidence of the same sort: the "wise Enoch", for instance, who was one of the ten antediluvian patriarchs, according to the Old Testament, and is the hero of an apocalyptic book of the same name, the Slavonic version of which describes his "journey to heaven." Though the Book of Enoch was demonstrably written under the influence of Christianity, Däniken does not doubt that it contains a genuine account of the astronaut Enoch's antediluvian space trip. For who but an astronaut could claim, as Enoch does, that he saw the "mouths of all rivers", the Arctic, and "the storage chambers of lightning"? He saw and heard the captain of the space ship summon his crew because, in the usual fashion of occupying troops, they had "taken mortal women" and had begotten giants with them.

> "Ardent passion had upset the calculations of a cosmic planner; this was a serious matter for the commandant. . . ."

It was an awkward situation, because mortals might see through the fraud of the immortal gods, and there would be no more worship, prayers, and incense. So the only way out was a Flood in which the bastards would perish with the rest: 4,090,000 illegitimate giants in all. The Bible story was right, except that the Flood was not brought about by the wrathful *Yahweh*, but was, rather, an emergency measure taken by the captain of a space ship obliged to eliminate the consequences of his crew's sexual deviations.

THUS DÄNIKEN PILES UP his ingenious mosaic of evidence and neatly lays all malicious critics of his theory flat on their backs. As, for instance, in the case of the plain of Nazca, which he identifies as a prehistoric rocket launching-site. The long wide lines, he said, could be nothing but "landing strips." But why should rockets need landing strips? "That was the question I was scornfully asked"—and it evidently took him a little time to find the answer. But then he read about the American space-shuttle project, and the problem was solved. The gods, too, needed space ferries, and they had to have extremely long runways to land on.[1]

THE LAST SCEPTICS about Däniken's astronautical deities may well be forced to retire in confusion when they read the chapter about the Manna Machine which is the *pièce de résistance* of his new book. The substance that God miraculously caused to fall as rain upon his chosen people in the wilderness is described (*Exodus* 16, 31) as "like coriander seed, white; and the taste of it was like wafers made with honey." Generations of exegetists have wrestled in vain with the problem of manna, but it was left to Däniken to find the answer in the reputable British journal *New Scientist*. In a long article entitled "Deus est Machina?" the joint authors George Sassoon and Rodney Dale revealed their sensational discovery that the ancient Israelites possessed a machine for manufacturing Manna—the "Manna Machine."

The components of the machine consisted (according to the description discovered by Sassoon and Dale in an ancient Kabbalistic text) of a male and a female part; the whole was a highly

[1] The mysterious lines, figures, and designs on the Nazca plains in Peru have long fascinated archaeologists and anthropologists. The German mathematician, Maria Reiche, tried to "solve" them in her book *The Secrets of the Desert* by an hypothesis of a "secret science" which in the pre-Inca period was used to foretell weather, earthquakes, eclipses, *etc.* This revised the previous theory of ancient irrigation canals. Däniken argues in his *Return to the Stars* (1968) that the strange markings in the desert were really astronauts' airports. In a recent work by Jim Woodman, an American amateur associated with the "International Explorers Society", the deduction was made from aerial reconnaissance that this "vast drawing-board of giants" was designed "from above", by Peruvian artisans who used some kind of aerial perspective; and Woodman promptly built—inspired by Thor Heyerdahl's "Kon-Tiki"—an "Indian balloon", fabricated on the basis of the materials and technics used in the pre-Inca period. Indeed Woodman was able to fall back on the reports of a warm-air balloon flight by the Jesuit father Bartolomeo Lourenço de Gusmaõ (Lisbon, 1709), who had previously been a missionary in South America and knew the "ancient lore."

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complex piece of equipment in which an algal culture, "possibly of *Chlorella*-type algae", was grown. Daily it produced 1.5 cubic metres of Manna, part of which was saved for the Sabbath, when the female part was lifted from the male part on which it rested, and was cleaned; next day it was put back into use again. Sassoon and Dale are also able to relate its subsequent destiny.

> "After the capture of Jericho, the machine, now a holy object, was kept at Shiloh (1 *Samuel*, 4, 3). Later, it was captured by the Philistines, who hastily returned it after it killed many of them, and inflicted a plague of 'emerods' upon the survivors" [who, the Jewish historian Josephus recorded], "also suffered from diarrhoea because of it."

King David put up a tent for it, and his son Solomon went on to build a Temple in Jerusalem for it. When this first Temple was plundered by Nebuchadnezzar, the Machine was destroyed too, say Sassoon and Dale.

True, Däniken has had to revise his earlier, rather more scriptural view that the first Jewish Temple sheltered the Ark of the Covenant which was originally a transmitting-and-receiving set, by means of which Moses and the divine space travellers communicated; but he now quotes the two British authors with great satisfaction.

> "One is tempted to speculate [Däniken writes] that about 3,000 years ago the earth was visited by creatures from space and that these visitors brought the machine with them."

But one small point—not in space, but in time—that he overlooked was that the article on the Manna Machine was published by the *New Scientist* on April 1, 1976. It was nothing but a joke for April Fool's Day.[2]

[2] In the ensuing correspondence on its April Fool joke, the editors of the *New Scientist* published a high-spirited letter from an Israeli reader in Haifa. It read (6 May 1976, p. 319):

> "... Judaism, for all its kabbalistic overtones, is essentially a delicatessen cult and may explain the Jewish longing to return to the recipes of yesterday. These longings are embodied in many of our folkloristic manifestations, such as "My Yiddishe Manna", which, during Nabatean times, was mixed with plant seeds and was known in the trade as "Pistil Packing Manna."

He, unlike Däniken, obviously got the point.

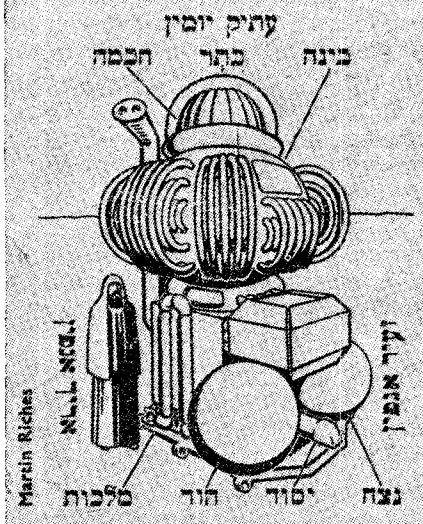

Figure 2 (above) is an artist's impression of the manna-making machine in Figure 1.

Figure 3 (right) shows parallel Latin and Aramaic texts of verses 51-73 from Kabbalah Denudata

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Arms & the Man

Of Military Art & Mind—By STANISLAV ANDRESKI

NOWADAYS, when everybody (including those who commit acts of aggression) professes to love peace, one needs to be able to detach oneself from the spirit of our times to be able to appreciate the qualities of the mind of a writer who leaves aside all humanitarian concerns in order to devote himself to the task of discovering the most effective methods of waging war. Like all the other writers on this subject until the recent decades, Clausewitz viewed war as an ineradicable part of the natural order of the universe, to deplore which would be just as pointless as to waste time on bewailing the fact that human beings are mortal.

There can be little doubt that *On War*[1] is of great historical interest, and that (like the great classics in other fields) it provides an inspiring model of rigorous and relentlessly probing reasoning. In intellectual power Clausewitz—perhaps alone among the writers on military matters—seems to be on a par with the great classics of philosophy or the founders of the social sciences such as Adam Smith or Herbert Spencer. But is his treatise of any practical use today? It is easy to justify a negative answer as far as most of the contents are concerned. The counsels about the methods of organising marches or supply, about fortifications or "*ordre de bataille*", have been deprived of all practical value by the changes in weapons, transportation and communications. To give an example of a fair degree of generality: to follow his principle of the maximal concentration of troops would be suicidal under the circumstances of contemporary warfare even of the strictly "conventional" kind.

Better grounds can be found for attributing timeless validity to his more general principles. Perhaps it will always be true that "a reserve has two distinct purposes. One is to prolong and renew the action; the second, to counter unforeseen threats." However, keeping reserves is incompatible with an absolute application of another principle for which timeless validity could be claimed with equal justification—the principle of Economy of Force, in accordance with which we must "always make sure that all forces are involved—always to ensure that no part of the whole force is idle." It is no doubt advisable to keep in mind these two principles, but victory may depend on knowing at which point one becomes more important than the other; and on this question Clausewitz offers no rule, even of the kind which could have been applied in his times, let alone under the circumstances of today.

We cannot, however, accuse Clausewitz of making preposterous claims for his science of war because he emphatically states again and again that it is not to be regarded as a collection of foolproof recipes but only as a preparatory training in analysis.

Perhaps the most deserving of continued attention is Clausewitz's most famous dictum, translated in older editions as "war is the continuation of politics", and which in the present edition is rendered as "war is merely the continuation of policy by other means." I feel that it would be clearer and closer to what Clausewitz wanted to say to translate it as "war is the continuation of foreign policy by other means." This statement is often quoted as an example of barbarous militarism and warmongering, but this is a complete misunderstanding because it is clearly intended as a call for level-headedness and restraint, and against allowing the passions to overrule the reason. "Were it a complete, untrammelled, absolute manifestation of violence", Clausewitz states, ". . . war . . . would drive foreign policy out of office and rule by the laws of its own nature . . . war is . . . a true instrument, a continuation of political action by other means. . . . The political object is the goal, war is the means of reaching it, and means can never be considered in isolation from their purpose."

[1] *On War*. By CARL VON CLAUSEWITZ. Edited and translated by MICHAEL HOWARD and PETER PARET. Princeton University Press, $18.50, £11.40.

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On War deserves its place as a great classic, but I feel that the editors slightly overrate its practical relevance today. This is even more the case with Bernard Brodie, who has supplied the third introduction as well as the Guide to the reading of *On War* appended at the end of the book, and whose attitude to Clausewitz strikes me as almost verging on the kind of ancestor worship with which Marxists surround their totem. Both in his introduction to *On War* and in his massive monograph Peter Paret is more sober. *Clausewitz and the State*[2] is an erudite work of high-powered scholarship, full of recondite references and quotations, through which we can acquaint ourselves not only with the details of Clausewitz's life and environment, but also with the aspects of his thought which fall outside the theory of war as he conceived it, and which therefore are not dealt with in his main treatise. Thus we can see that Clausewitz understood the dependence of military organisation on the political and social circumstances: to enable Prussia to have a large army based on conscription and the availability of reservists of high quality, he advocated a lowering of the barriers between the classes and a greater concern for the welfare of the common people. Thus his nationalistic and militaristic goals have prompted him to become a critic of the authority, a constitutionalist reformer and a bit of an egalitarian. Anyone wishing to acquire a deeper understanding of Clausewitz, or to study the history of the military reforms of this era, will have to read Paret's book; but it is a work of rarified scholarship which is unlikely to tempt a non-specialist reader.

In contrast, Michael Howard's book is intended for a wider public. It is short, well-written, reliable, and well suited to be used as a textbook. Whereas *Clausewitz and the State* is based on research into obscure primary sources, *War in European History*[3] offers a panoramic view which of necessity must rely on other books. Referring to its predecessor in the analogous earlier series—*The Art of War* by Cyril Falls—the author declares his decision

> to study not simply the Art of War but the institution of warfare as it has developed within European society over the millennium for which we have reliable records, and to attempt to trace, not simply the development of warfare itself, but its connection with, and effect on, technical, social and economic change throughout this period.

This shift in focus reflects the general trend away from the simple narrative and towards the study of institutions, patterns and structures in their wider context, which has affected military history later than the other branches of historiography. Thirty years ago, when I was studying the relations between forms of military organisation and types of social structure, I had to obtain my historical data by piecing together bits of information strewn haphazardly in my secondary sources, as there were no books on social history of the armed forces and war, while the enormous literature of military history consisted almost entirely of narratives of great events, usually tinted with hero-worshipping and nationalistic self-glorification. Even the more analytic works on the art of war treated it as a rule in isolation from its wider context, often disregarding even such directly germane matters as the methods of recruitment and financing.

Whereas *War in European History* offers a synthesising review, John Keegan's *The Face of Battle*[4] contains three case studies, narrowly circumscribed in time and space, and based on research into primary sources. Unlike most monographs, however, it makes fascinating reading for non-specialists because (in addition to being well written) it deals with a topic which can hardly fail to capture the reader's attention: the author tries to find out, and to convey to us in a sober yet evocative style, what it must have been like to be a soldier in one of the battles he has studied in such minute detail. Although he does not shun technical details, when these are needed for the completeness and comprehensibility of the picture, his main focus is on the condition, the feelings, motives and behaviour of the men who did the fighting: on the dangers they had to face, the privations they endured, how they managed to survive, and why they went on fighting.

John Keegan analyses and depicts three battles in detail: Agincourt, Waterloo and the Somme. Apart from the usual topics such as the course of the battle, weapons, tactics, numbers and losses, we also hear about the treatment of the prisoners, care of the wounded, the methods of enforcing discipline, relations between the officers and men, the various human types present and so on. He probes realistically into the phenomena of robbery, desertion, cruelty and cowardice, without, however, omitting heroism and self-sacrifice.

Though full of information of sociological and psychological interest, the book has no thesis as the author wants to depict the setting rather than to theorise. Within the limits of his aims he has succeeded admirably and has produced a valuable book.

---

[2] *Clausewitz and the State*. By Peter Paret. Clarendon Press, Oxford University Press, £9.50.

[3] *War in European History*. By Michael Howard. Oxford University Press, £1.50.

[4] *The Face of Battle*. By John Keegan. Jonathan Cape, £6.50.

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THE VIRTUES OF THE OLD-FASHIONED literary schooling loom large when we compare the above-mentioned books with two by the most influential specialist in military sociology. Not that *Sociology and the Military Establishment*[5] and *Military Conflict*[6] are bad books, as Morris Janowitz is a man of wide knowledge who has many interesting things to tell us. But, unfortunately, to get at the interesting information we often have to plough through platitudes and statements burdened by opaque jargon.

Although the author is a relatively moderate sinner in this respect and is very clear and concise in comparison with the full-blooded jargon-mongers, I wonder how many people, even among those who have never opened a scholarly book or a quality newspaper, need to be told that "a significant percentage of the national income of a modern nation is spent for the preparation, execution and repair of the consequences of war", that "military technology both vastly increases the destructiveness of warfare and widens the scope of automation in new weapons", that "the inpact of technology and new mass destructive weapons has changed the pattern of international relations . . ." or that "military force continues to be a crucial dimension of international relations. . . ."

As befits a person of importance in various international bodies Janowitz prefers a euphemism to calling a spade a spade. Thus, for instance, rather than mention the terrorising and extortion which are the soldier's main activity in some countries, he speaks of "the internal security functions." The Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia is covered by "the very fact that the military forces of these nations have wide internal security objectives in their own countries and in those of their allies. . . ."

In some places we find slipshod statements which can only be accounted for by the author's hurry, as it is inconceivable that he would not notice their incorrectness if he took time over writing them. For example on p.61 of *Sociology and the Military Establishment* he writes:

> The organisational effectiveness of the Wehrmacht was based on well developed practices of manipulation and group cohesion, within the context of radical repression of extreme political and ideological deviation.

[5] *Sociology and the Military Establishment*. By MORRIS JANOWITZ, in collaboration with ROGER W. LITTLE. Sage Publications, $7.50, £5.75; paper $3.50, £2.90.

[6] *Military Conflict: Essays in the Institutional Analysis of War and Peace*. By MORRIS JANOWITZ. Sage Publications, $6.50 £12.10; paper $2.50, £5.20.

The University of Chicago Press

126 Buckingham Palace Road
London SW1W 9SD

THE COLLECTED PAPERS OF CHARLES DARWIN
Edited by Paul H Barrett

Despite the immense significance of his major writings, Darwin's articles, letters, and other papers have remained scattered, available only in the rare and often obscure volumes of their original publication. The astonishing scope of Darwin's intellectual inquiry is evident in these papers, ranging from zoology, botany, palaeontology, geology, ethology, and meteorology. His writings, arranged chronologically, are now accessible in two compact volumes. Volume 1, beginning with letters written in 1832 during Darwin's voyage on the Beagle, covers 1832–1857; Volume 2, 1858 until Darwin's death in 1882.

Published April 1977, two volume set, £30.00

TO BE AN INVALID: The Illness of Charles Darwin
Ralph Colp Jr, MD

Charles Darwin's intellectual efforts were hampered for most of his adult life by an illness of mysterious origin and nature. Ralph Colp's knowledge and insight gained as a practicing psychiatrist inform this study, but he has avoided imposing either a doctrinaire analysis of Darwin's personality, or a dogmatically psychological interpretation of his illness. Darwin's recurrent periods of illness, from 1837 on, are related to the severe anxiety he experienced as he began to explore the ramifications of the theory of natural selection. The immense complexity of the theory was itself wearying, but Darwin was also disturbed by his realisation of how shocking and revulsive such concepts would seem to the society of his day, to his fellow scientists, and to churchmen.

Published May 1977, £11.25

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Now, I know that Professor Janowitz knows very well that the Gestapo did not wait until "deviation" became *extreme* before they applied "radical repression"—that it was enough for them to discover that someone had told a political joke. Why, then, put "extreme" into this sentence?

In both books we can discern an inverse connection between generality and quality. The most general piece of all—Chapter 1 in *Sociology and the Military Establishment*, "The Military Establishment and Social System"—contains nothing but platitudes. At the other extreme we have the factual studies which are full of interesting information.

WHO AIMS HIGH is likely to fall short. Norman Dixon's *On the Psychology of Military Incompetence*[7] provides the reviewer with a feast: written in a clear and lively style, it is by far the most original of the set (leaving aside Clausewitz's classic treatise), of potentially greatest practical importance, and it contains the largest number of groundless assertions and untruths which invite a savage critical bite.

The author's fundamental error—from which all the others follow—is that he lumps authoritarianism in the ordinary sense with an assortment of ridiculous and incapacitating habits which need not accompany it, on the flimsy basis of weak correlations found in responses given by some Americans around 1942 to crude questionnaires; and then offers us this hodge-podge notion as a scientifically established concept which could be applied in military reforms. On p.347 he writes:

> one is hard put to it to find a great general or admiral who was conforming, submissive to authority, punitive, sexually inhibited, overcontrolled, ethnocentric, anti-intellectual, assailed by doubts as to his virility, anal-obsessive, superstitious, status-hungry, rigid, possessed of a closed mind, and, as Fisher said of Jellicoe, "saturated in discipline"—in short authoritarian.

Strangely enough, he does not mention the traits such as the lack of courage, vacillation, laziness, carelessness and stupidity which can with better justification be regarded as roots of incompetence. He could at least say whether it is enough to have one of the traits on his list to be damned to incompetence, or whether a general is all right unless he is afflicted by them all. Within his dogma, of course, this question does not arise because, according to his theory, if you have one of these weaknesses you must have the rest. Unluckily for the theory, each imputation can be refuted by the factual information supplied in his book.

Many of Mr Dixon's examples of excellence were regular soldiers who had to be "conforming" to remain in the service, let alone get repeated promotions. They also had to be "submissive to authority" in the sense of being ready to carry out orders promptly, without questioning, and to the full satisfaction of their superiors. If by "submissiveness" is meant flattery and self-abasing servility, then the imputation expresses the reasonable idea of commonsense psychology that toadies do not make good leaders or even helpers. Most great conquerors were horrifyingly punitive—Genghiz Khan, Caesar, Scipio Africanus, Peter the Great, Hideyoshi, Cortez, Pizarro or Dixon's "non-authoritarian" hero Shaka. The label "ethnocentric"—which in this context must mean nationalist or patriotic—fits his "goodies", like Montgomery or Dayan, just as much as the "baddies", if not more. Few men were more "status-hungry" than Napoleon. And how many medals can you see on Zhukov's photographs? "Sexually inhibited"—what about the Masters of the Templars and the other orders of warrior monks who were the best forces of the epoch? On p.332 Dixon contradicts what he says on p.347 about the effects of "doubts about one's virility", and writes: "Napoleon was either grossly over-sexed, or . . . concerned to prove himself because of some real or imaginary shortcoming in procreative ability. It seems the latter was more likely to have been the case. Not only were his external genitalia reported to be unimpressive, but as A. J. P. Taylor has remarked, "most women spoke slightingly of his sexual performances. He himself doubted his capacity. When he achieved a child from Walewska he was amazed. . . ." So let the generals who are not too good in bed console themselves that they are no worse than Napoleon. Concerning obsessions with anal functions, there is no evidence in the book about any of the heros or any of the bunglers that they either suffered from them or did not; which is not surprising as such information cannot be obtained without getting the man on a psychoanalyst's couch and giving him a truth drug if necessary. The only substantiated information we are given on this subject is that in a school, which none of the persons discussed attended, but which is taken by the author as typifying those which they did attend, the wife of the headmaster was unduly concerned about the danger of constipation among the boys.

Notwithstanding (or perhaps because of) its wild flights of fancy, the book is very interesting;

[7] *On the Psychology of Military Incompetence*. By NORMAN DIXON. Jonathan Cape, £6.95.

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and despite the errors of interpretation, it furnishes a mass of little-known, fascinating details. Above all, it raises many important questions. It could be very useful in academic seminars as a target for exercises in fault-finding. Not that it is worse than most books in the social sciences; but it is made more vulnerable by its great virtue—a lively and terse language. When so many of his colleagues hide the shakiness of their knowledge under the cover of surrealistically padded and woolly verbiage, Dixon has the great merit of stating his views clearly. Largely for this reason, his theories satisfy the criterion of falsifiability, which Popper has laid down as a condition of scientific status . . . as most of them can be shown to be false. Anyway, the author deserves some credit for originality; for whereas what Janowitz, for instance, says is mostly true but seldom new, what Dixon says is seldom true but mostly new. His brew is a nourishing food for thought provided it is taken with more than one pinch of salt.

NEVERTHELESS, it is difficult to see what good it will do the British army if its officers become preoccupied with their own and their colleagues' sexual performance and anal functions (let alone if they become worried about being preoccupied) in consequence of following Brigadier Shelford Bidwell's advice that "this book should be required reading at all places where future officers are selected, trained or prepared for higher command." The well-known call "*Make Love Not War*" may have something to commend itself, provided that the love-making is accompanied by contraception, and does not produce overpopulation, which is the most permanent source of lethal conflict. Somewhat less convincing was the slogan painted on the walls of the Sorbonne during the commotions of 1968: "The more I make love, the more I want to make a revolution." Even more open to doubt is the recipe implied in our psychologist's explanations of military incompetence: "Make love more to be better able to make war."

The Novel of the Narcissus

New Fiction—By FERDINAND MOUNT

AMERICAN FICTION IS DIFFERENT. In one sense this suggestion is far from new. It is often said that modern American novels display energy, invention and daring beyond the productions of a supposedly exhausted Europe—and these qualities are pre-eminently displayed in the formal verve of American fiction. Yet this verve is expressed by the characteristic techniques and devices of modernism which are all inherited from European fiction—from Joyce and Kafka and Beckett. It may be that Americans use these devices with greater abandon and vehemence. But that is a difference of degree rather than kind. And it is a difference of kind that I am thinking of—a difference which is all the more difficult to get at because of the bezazz and panache of the best American fiction.

The task is not made any easier by the way in which the Western world has come to accept American fiction as the type of modernity against which other novels must in one way or another be measured if they are not to be condemned as provincial or fossilised. In fiction no less than in automobiles the Americans have taken over. By their vigour, volume and pace, they have flattened and drowned the rest of the field. This dominance is recent and still more recently acknowledged not so much by the public as by the profession—publishers, agents, critics and booksellers rather more enthusiastic than writers themselves in this regard. It is in fact no accident that the commercial end of the profession has been quicker to accept the supremacy of the United States. Both directly and indirectly American novels have the weight of American economic supremacy behind them: directly, as with films, because of the great size and prosperity of the home market, indirectly because that home market has, *via* Hollywood, drummed into our minds the main symbols, jargons, landscapes and myths of American life. The home market finances the construction and promotion of huge fictional constructions, literary moon-shots—the Pynchon V-Bombers, the Vonnegut tactical missiles, the Barth space stations, the Doctorow flak-thrower—which are then dumped below cost upon foreigners who have been intensively trained by communications satellite in their use and appreciation. Our imaginations are easily colonised, having been weaned on Coca-Cola. By contrast our own native fabrications—modest things of thatch and wattle—seem puny and primitive even to our own eyes. If we dare to send them over to some daunting international Lit-Expo, we take care to label them as interesting examples of native craft,

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possessing in themselves no claim to authority, fit at best to divert the jaded sensibilities of the master race.

The difficulty with these native exhibits lies in their materials; they are built—lovingly, *seriously* built—out of fragments of old beliefs and ways of life. But to the impatient glare of American modernity these fragments are simply tourist junk, quaint and even poignant but junk all the same.

American fiction in fact specialises in the artistic arrangement of junk, often on a scale which recalls the Watts Towers in California. The humble artisan who built those fantastic towers out of old bits of tin cans and crockery is of course far removed in degree of awareness from the conscious literary artist. He celebrates the glory of creation by picking up the junk which others have dropped, for even the junk is part of that glory. The American literary artist is different. He picks it up *because* it is junk. He is a merchant of *Dreck*. He does not assert that the fragments are beautiful; on the contrary, he takes delight in asserting that they are *Dreck*, shit, crap. It is a key principle of modern American fiction that no lump of excrement is going to get away with pretending to be good rich earth. This principle may be directly expressed in excremental language as in Mailer or more obliquely as in the whimsical put-downs of Vonnegut and Brautigan. But it always manifests itself in a steady determination not to be enchanted by the appearances of the external world—objects, systems, peoples. This stance is not the same as the old European cults of nihilism, absurdism or even scepticism, for it implies no pessimistic overall world-view. The assertion that the world is full of shit excludes the observer himself. The cynicism about the external world contrasts with an unbounded sentimentalism about the inner world of the self. The novelist-hero is a rooster on a midden.

RICHARD BRAUTIGAN'S LATEST NOVEL, *Sombrero Fallout*,[1] is about an American humorist who is said to have no sense of humour. But of course he has a sense of humour. Look at his jokes. He is having trouble writing. But he isn't really having trouble. Look at his book. Even a piece of paper bearing an idea for a story which he tears up and throws on the floor takes on a life of its own. It is a story about a sombrero which causes a civil war. It is not a very good story. That doesn't matter. The American humorist can think of hundreds more stories in the same way that, although he has been left by his latest (Japanese) girlfriend, he can pick up hundreds more girlfriends just as he picked up her. In his junk-world, reality is conferred on objects, human and otherwise, only by the touch of the free-floating ego. Everything else is, as Gore Vidal puts it in his perceptive essay, "American plastic" (*New York Review of Books*, 15 July 1976). "The author tries not to be himself a maker of dreck but an arranger of dreck." And there is no higher compliment that one American modernist can pay another than to say, as William Gass says of Donald Barthelme, that he "has the art to make a treasure out of trash." All art, in Michael Moorcock's phrase, constantly aspires towards "the condition of Muzak"—or ought to.

LEONARD MICHAELS rattles his garbage can more fiercely than Brautigan. *I would have saved them if I could*[2] is a collection of mostly Jewish New York fragments, some amounting to short stories, some as brief as this:

Liver

"Everything is fine," I said. My mother said, "I hope so." I said, "It is, it is." My mother said, "I hope so." I said, "Everything is wonderful. Couldn't be better. How do you feel?" My mother said, "Like a knife is pulling out of my liver."

The prevailing gesture is the shrug. Not shrugging off, shrugging at. The shrug says "This is the world. It is a terrible world. So?" Or in Vonnegutian, "So it goes." Michaels's title is drawn from a letter of Lord Byron who watched three robbers guillotined.

"The first turned me quite hot and thirsty, and made me shake so that I could hardly hold the opera-glass (I was close, but was determined to see, as one should see every thing, once, with attention); the second and third (which shows how dreadfully soon things grow indifferent), I am ashamed to say, had no effect on me as a horror, though I would have saved them if I could."

This shameful indifference to suffering can be taken three ways: first as a reference to the Holocaust; second, as a metaphor for the daily agonies of New York life ("My family came from Poland, then never went any place until they had heart attacks"); and third, ditto for the horrors of life in general. So much suffering, so much callousness—all encompassed in a shrug. And yet this laconic gesture, this brave silence in the face of the unspeakable, seems to jar somewhat with the author's reverent indulgence of his own cleverness; your eye is caught by the blood on the sleeve of the tricoteuse whose needles rattle at ever-increasing speed as the heads fall into the basket: knit one, purl one, knit two together.

[1] *Sombrero Fallout*. By RICHARD BRAUTIGAN. Jonathan Cape, £3.50.

[2] *I would have saved them if I could*. By LEONARD MICHAELS. Faber, £4.50.

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William H. Overholt, Editor

Appearing twice a year, *Global Political Assessment* fills the need of many informed businessmen, journalists, officials, and academic experts for a concise interpretative survey of key events and trends, and for analysis of developments that bear watching.

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THIS CALCULATED NARCISSISM crops up too in the novels of John Updike. *Marry Me*[3] is a long way from being one of his best, but it has both his virtues and his faults in fair measure. It is a story of surburban adultery, not unlike *Couples* but shown in more social than erotic detail. Should Jerry go off with Sally and leave Ruth who has ironically already had an affair with Sally's husband Richard? The four are differentiated from one another less by physical characteristics than by their varying degrees of supposed moral concern. But none of them appears to be really concerned at heart and when Mr Updike himself leaves us with two or three possible endings in Jerry's mind it seems hardly worth ascertaining which is the true one. If the characters don't care much, why should we? I am sure it is Updike's intention to show the shallowness and self-deception of adultery in the suburbs and yet I cannot believe that he meant his characters to appear as quite such unattached egos. There is rarely any feeling of relationships being either formed or shattered—only these anonymous selves floating around and occasionally bumping into each other, causing mild annoyance. Ultimately, it seems that of the six of us—Author, Gentle Reader, Jerry, Sally, Ruth, Richard—it is Mr Updike who cares least about the whole business.

Yet throughout Updike's manner is as brilliant and winsome as ever. He shimmers through the grassy dunes where the lovers meet. Sometimes he is tender and coltish, sometimes wry and satirical at the expense of surburban inanities, sometimes deeply wise and understanding. Here, for instance, all at once:

> Afterwards she would remember how they walked down a buggy little path through swarms of midges revolving upon themselves in patches of sunlight. Hidden by some swamp maples from the fisherman, they kissed. Her feet grew cold as her tennis sneakers absorbed dampness from the turf. His bulk above her felt like some strange warm tree she was hugging because she was "it" at hide-and-seek. Out of doors, in nature, the queerness of being kissed was clarified; it was something done to her, like the shampoos her mother used to give her at the kitchen sink with its long brass faucet, or like the boy at Gristede's pressing, a half-hour ago, her change into her hand. Richard's hands, rather sadly, stayed on the small of her back, not cupping her bottom as was his habit. "Please forgive me," she said.
>
> "We'll never sleep together again? This is quitsies?"

This is Richard and Ruth, but it might just as well be Richard and Sally or Jerry and Sally or . . . The four of them often seem interchangeable. This may be because they are there not for their own sake but to demonstrate Mr Updike's mastery. Character and relationship are always subordinate to the author's display of his undeniably splendid plumage.

THE AMERICAN IMPACT has badly damaged the patience and calm of the reader. It has taught us to overvalue force and energy, deadened our ear to anything much behind the thumping bray of the author's trumpet. We are in poor shape for approaching a work as fine and modest as R. K. Narayan's *The Painter of Signs*[4] without a distracting buzz in the ears. The book is short, the story simple. Raman, a half-educated, dreamy sign-painter who fancies himself as a rationalist, is hired by Daisy, a bossy birth-control planner, to travel round with her selecting sites for painting exhortations to the villagers to limit their families. Daisy is herself far more of a new Indian than Raman. She ran away from an arranged match, took her western name while refusing to be baptised a Christian and in the end, though falling for Raman, rejects the irrational bonds of marriage which would hinder her work.

[3] *Marry Me*. By JOHN UPDIKE. André Deutsch, £3.50

[4] *The Painter of Signs*. By R. K. NARAYAN. Heinemann, £3.50

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The immediate temptation is to take the book as a document of Mrs Gandhi's India, to overemphasise the collision between the sleepy, quirky ways of tradition and the irritable dogmatism of the modernisers, between the cute and the clinical. That way of course lies condescension; the alien reader stands outside and a little above the fiction with a half-smile on his lips. Three of the four reviews quoted on the dust-jacket mention Narayan's "humanity", as though Indian novels were quite often written by cobras or mongooses. This is an attribute which is usually handed out only to foreign writers (I'm sure I have used it myself) and I think it indicates that we feel the need to reassure ourselves that the characters who inhabit these alien worlds really are like ourselves under the skin. When a Malgudi lawyer proudly nails up his sign-board, we need to feel that he is basically like an English barrister having his name painted on the stairway of his chambers in Middle Temple and that it is merely incidental that the Indian should drape himself in red silk, blazon his forehead with vermilion and red paste and recite holy verse all morning, while priests chant and burn incense. Instinctively we seek to tame the alien elements, to reduce their significance until they are of no greater importance than the colours of a national airline on an international jet. Without having established this universal underlying humanity, we are often inclined to write off the precise description of time, place and culture as a provincial craft, skilled, delicate and even entrancing work but ultimately the product of backwoods and backwaters.

THIS TEMPTATION IS less obvious with a novel so passionate, so crowded, so blatantly Homeric as *The Autumn of the Patriarch* by Gabriel García Márquez.[5] This superb prolonged roll of gaudy, melancholy thunder cannot easily be evaded or diminished. Its repetitions and its lightning switches of mood and narrator in an uninterrupted torrent of luxuriant irony overwhelm doubts. It swoops from wild exaggerations and fantastic trope to sharp, flat accounts of muddy yards and dusty cities. It soars through and beyond mannerism and allegory to a huge and terrifying naturalism as vivid as the bristles on the chin of an ogre. This is an Iliad of Latin-American corruption, a mournful lament for a continent debauched by its history. The patriarch is a general-dictator in an unspecified country. His age and date of birth are elastic. He is

[5] *The Autumn of the Patriarch.* By GABRIEL GARCIA MARQUEZ. Translated by GREGORY RABASSA. Jonathan Cape, £4.50

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brutal, solitary, ascetic in almost everything except the lust for and enjoyment of power. He survives numberless plots, murders the plotters, sires five thousand children, surrounds himself with lepers and whores and chickens, expels nuns and priests when the Church will not canonise his dead mother.

The General is a myth. His attributes are repeated over and over again: his dragging elephant's feet, his herniated testicle, his fabulous sexual appetite, his dress and manner of sleep—"in his denim private soldier's uniform, his boots, his gold spur, and his right arm folded under his head to serve as a pillow." This mythic sonority is deepened by the sentences running on for pages, with only commas for breath, no full stops let alone paragraphs, no break in the jungly humidity.

Although this myth is abstracted from and is consistent with political reality, it is not what some people mean by a political novel, that is, a tract or parable. The General's lifespan, "somewhere between 107 and 232 years", can obviously be taken as a metaphor for dynastic dictatorships such as that of the Trujillos or of the Somozas, just as the fantastic hyperbolic accounts of his cruelties can be taken as telling caricatures of what happens under such tyrannies. But Márquez is not a pamphleteer any more than Homer was and his myth reaches outwards to touch and illumine other experiences of power, solitude and paranoia which have nothing to do with Latin America. The rages and boredoms of the General are not tossed in with random crudity; they are carefully and consistently observed. Beneath the torrential mythic frenzy, there are workmanlike foundations.

IN A COMPLETELY different mode, the same psychological consistency can be observed in *The Lake* by Yasunari Kawabata.[6] This short novel, first published in 1954, is a less intense and superficially more familiar experience. Gimpei is a cashiered schoolteacher. He pursues strange women. One woman hits him in the face with her handbag. She drops the bag and runs away. It is full of money. He takes the money and flees. Later he follows a girl on her evening walk. The girl and the boyfriend she meets are friends of Miyako, the woman he has robbed. Miyako is the mistress of an unpleasant old man and the money was her savings which she has just drawn out. This link between Gimpei and Miyako has no dramatic purpose. Nothing is made of it. Gimpei continues to follow the other girl and her boyfriend who go to an evening regatta at which the crowds try to catch fireflies which are released from a tower down on to the water. He broods on the affair with one of his pupils which led to his downfall. He picks up a woman but is then revolted by her. There is no dramatic development, no tension between the characters or the events of their desolate lives.

To convey the sad and delicate beauty of the work of Kawabata, as of other Japanese writers, European critics often compare them to *haiku, origami* or other "native" art-forms. It may be that these techniques do have an important influence on Japanese novels, but the *effect* of the novels—or the effect of *The Lake* at any rate—can be described without making this kind of parallel. It is not merely that this sketch of a disconnected man and disconnected situations bears a clear resemblance to the theme and manner of so many European writers like Svevo and Pavese; its technique is so transparent, honest and serious that to concentrate upon its Japanese origins is to complicate rather than to simplify. And it is simplicity along with selection and self-discipline that creates Kawabata's haunting effects.

Like *The Lake, The Bread of Those Early Years*[7] seems to have made little impression in this country. Novellas, even by Nobellers, tend to sound too delicate a note to reach our battered ears. Heinrich Böll's story is a straightforward narrative about a washing-machine repairman in immediately post-war Germany who falls in love with a girl who comes from his small home-town to the city where he lives a bleak, numbed life. He is always dog-tired, usually hungry, closed in on himself. Now he draws out his savings and buys flowers and presents for the girl. The drawing out of the savings—like the picking up of the savings in *The Lake*—is a gesture of hope, a demonstration of the will to escape from solitude into a life with some meaning, a life with other people.

The first-person narrative is not entirely happy. The thoughts of the repairman sometimes get entangled in over-literary images, and Böll's characterisation is weak. But the consistency of tone is unerringly held and there is a dun beauty to this tale of stale youth.

IT MAY SEEM NARROW to stress so repeatedly the qualities of seriousness and consistency. Are not wit, exuberance, invention and surprise equally important to the novel? Two new comedies by English writers, *Peter Smart's Confessions*

[6] *The Lake*. By YASUNARI KAWABATA. Translated by REIKO TSUKIMURA. Peter Owen, £3.95.

[7] *The Bread of Those Early Years*. By HEINRICH BÖLL. Translated by LEILA VENNEWITZ. Secker & Warburg, £2.90.

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by Paul Bailey[8] and *Kith* by P. H. Newby[9] may help to illuminate this point. In both cases the narrator is an oddball, rather solitary and bruised. Newby's wartime medical orderly is permanently spoiled by Nadia, the Coptic beauty whom his uncle Raymond has married while teaching in Egypt and who turns out to be the "Officers Only" whore of Cairo. Merely to enumerate the characters and incidents is to give the impression of some laboured frolic, a kind of Carry On Up The Nile. *Kith* is not like this. Its ironies are grim. And there is a quirky, gristly quality to the way Newby deals with the most blatantly farcical scenes. Thirty years later Nadia, now remarried to a prince, invites the narrator, never married, never really settled, to an Ethiopian Embassy reception in London. "It seemed a good idea to go wearing my old Army kit, not the Operation Overlord battle-dress and tin hat but the Cairo off-duty bush shirt and tailored slacks Nadia used to see me about in." The image of this "cuckolded, proud, dead man" striding through London in his antiquated uniform leaves on us a carefully blended impression of self-regard and self-contempt which has gradually developed from the opening pages in which he is a blank-faced medical orderly looking for action. Though one or two of the characters are slightly unconvincing, the effect of the whole is to reinforce Uncle Raymond's maxim that "there *is* a story and to be really human is to discern it."

Peter Smart's Confessions does have a blatantly farcical crackle. This is a loose-knit narrative which allows character of Dickensian proportions to bloom unhurried: Little Win, the hygiene-crazed theatrical landlady who used to play the trombone standing on her head, Dr F. Leonard Cottie, the sexually indefatigable author of *With Stethoscope and Scalpel,* and the hero's appalling mother who glowers over his whole career with her sour saws:

> "I can see you'll be short of breath when you grow up."
> "What?"
> "He invented steam."
> "Why will I be short of breath?"
> "Because you blow your own trumpet too much."

There are shades here of the Crummleses and Silas Wegg. Mr Bailey has the English novelist's delight in neglected, louche corners of London life and in the extraordinary conjunctions which result from someone having a spare room to let. But he has none of the imaginative slackness which is the defect of that tradition's virtues. There is a sustained grimness of tone;

[8] *Peter Smart's Confessions.* By PAUL BAILEY. Jonathan Cape, £3.95.
[9] *Kith.* By P. H. NEWBY. Faber & Faber, £3.95.

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Jonathan Cape

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and the narrator's own depressive bleakness is held throughout the exuberant excursions so that his decline and fall constitute not a slick finale but an exact and natural finish to his life. Indeed, the body of the narrative is so well organised that both the initial flash-forward chapter and the quasi-epilogue are superfluous distractions which could easily have been integrated into the main narrative without loss.

Both these novels, though certainly classifiable as comic, show the same consistency of characterisation and seriousness of intention as Márquez or Kawabata. The characters interact with their contexts; they are not free to rattle through life untouched by human hand or immune from natural disaster. The novelist is serious in the sense that he cannot monkey about with the reality of experience; to that extent, he, like his characters, is unfree. This unfreedom is made concrete in character, relationship and narrative.

False modernism claims to have dispensed with these "traditional devices of the bourgeois novel." Yet the evidence is plain that it is precisely to render these things more truly that the great modernists have broken with traditional techniques. It is not for the creaking myth-framework or evocative gibberish-incantations that we value *Ulysses;* it is for the sparkling fresh naturalism of the breakfast-party in the martello tower and of Molly Bloom's monologue. The poignance of Swann's last call on the Guermantes, the vividness of Gregor Samsa's feelings when he wakes to find that he has been transformed into a cockroach, the rigorously spare yet poetic tramp-speech of *Godot* or *The Caretaker*—these are triumphs of naturalism.

Character, relationship and narrative are not merely devices; they are the realities of the human world, the human embodiments of volume, space and time. A novelist may successfully dispense with one or even two of these elements but only in order to concentrate on the third. Otherwise, he is left alone with his talent in a world of junk; inevitably doomed to gaze at his own reflection. Uncle Raymond was right. In one sense or another, "there *is* a story and to be really human is to discern it."

Coteries & Commitments

"Little Magazines"—By DOUGLAS DUNN

MAGAZINES LIKE *The New Review* or *London Magazine* are usually thought to be as much rooted in the journalism of the metropolitan scene as they are in the ethos suggested by the history of "little magazines" themselves. Their antecedents are closer to *London Mercury* or *Life and Letters* than *Little Review* or *Blast*.

The truths underlying this facile pin-pointing of types of literary magazine are more uncertain than today's polemicists might be ready to accept. Affection for the brave, struggling mouthpieces of modernism could have misled them into favouring only those periodicals that fit only that tradition. It has often struck me that self-consciously modernist poets are more "traditional", in the sense of adhering to influences and example, than those poets or editors impugned by the same pejorative term.

Ian Hamilton, editor of *The New Review*, has studied the editors of six of the best-known "little magazines."[1] His chapters on the *Little Review* and *Poetry* at the height of the modernist experiment reveal just how dotty they were. Without the brash interventions of Ezra Pound neither magazine would have been as significant as it turned out to be. Yet we know how important that minority press was for modern literature. One result has been status handed down to the little-magazine and small-press movements as testing-grounds for new writers, or for those notably against the grain of prevailing taste. Several decades on, we have a state of affairs in which little is not only beautiful, but is the exclusive medium of what many call "*real* poetry" as opposed to what is passed off as poetry elsewhere. It is as if a periodical of the meat trade decided to limit itself to considerations of pork, and to the devil with beef and mutton.

A little magazine can survive on a coterie and a prayer (likely to be answered by the Arts Council). Assistance from official sources is more likely to be effective on their behalf than it can be—in the present climate of finance, and malice—with more ambitious ventures. *The New Review* gets £25,000 in a year during which something approaching £70,000 constitutes the total running cost. Selling £45,000 worth of

[1] *The Little Magazines*. By IAN HAMILTON. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £4.95.

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literary magazine has probably never been easy. Nor has the task of putting a monthly together. Yet there had been no purely literary monthly for years; there did seem a chance that the venture would succeed. Publicity and advertising made its existence known. It was followed by a wake of carping. Jealous wreckers whined that *they* should have the money. *Poetry Nation* printed an article about "failed humanism" which, it was claimed, could be seen floundering on every page of *The New Review*. Yorkshiremen complained about Londoners getting all the dough. Subsidised magazines printed attacks on subsidies.

When Cyril Connolly closed *Horizon* in 1949, he had close on 7,000 subscribers. *The New Review*, in 1976, sold 4,000 copies in a good month. In 1939 there were some 50,000 undergraduates in universities. Now there are over 250,000. In the intervening years, the numbers of educated young men and women, to think only of those from faculties of arts, released into possible readership, must be enormous. What happened to them? We can hardly consider the predicament of a paper like *The New Review* without asking what happened to the interest in new writing that might have been expected to grow with education. Is it the fault of literary education? Is it the fault of the way writing has matched up to the contemporary world? Or the fault of distractions such as television, whose theatre may well have satisfied appetites for short fiction? Why has a virtually literary interest in rock music not carried over into literature itself? Have the arts policies of successive governments consistently failed in representing literature and writers effectively?

If there is a grim, grey apathy towards new writing and the literary press, the answer lies in what can easily be assumed to be a gap between the stylistic aspirations of young, potential readers and the official style of the country as a whole. This is not just a matter of writing; it is a matter of almost everything. It is the reason, too, why papers like *The New Statesman*, once in the hands of many undergraduates, have seen themselves replaced, in these same hands, by the "musical press."

SOME ISSUES of *The New Review* have been disappointing. Others have been brilliant. Its performance seems to have demonstrated that there is less talent around than we thought, but it is more a case, I think, of potential contributors having stood on a glum fastidiousness, paying exactly that heed to the magazine's detractors that these would have hoped for. Those critics who could have written for *The New Review* in their best, most serious manner have not done so. Clive James wrote well in the first two issues; thereafter came no more essays of the sort the magazine looked like promising. A. Alvarez has printed no essay other than a longish review of Solzhenitsyn. Jonathan Raban and Colin Falck have opinionated; but we have seen little or nothing of the criticism of which they are capable. Russell Davies has reviewed and satirised; but has produced nothing like the "Fibs of Vision" essay on Dylan Thomas which he printed in *The Review*. Gallingly the best critical prose has been by Americans; or by Hamilton himself, printing chapters of his book on *Little Magazines*. What was hoped for most—sustained essays of weight and value—has not been forthcoming; and the reason may be that those who could have written them have been too busy elsewhere.

Fiction has come off rather better. Despite appearances by Jean Rhys, Dan Jacobson, Nadine Gordimer, Francis King, William Trevor, Peter Taylor, Edna O'Brien, Julia O'Faolain, Frederick Busch, John McGahern, Thomas Hinde and Ian MacEwan, *The New Review*'s performance is no better here than *London Magazine*'s. That is to say that the performance has been good, although *Transatlantic Review* may have a more enviable record for discovering new short story writers. The three magazines together give the lie to the often announced "fact" that there is nowhere to print short fiction. Even so, the market is many times more cramped and more ludicrously underpaid than it is in America. Only when the money gets better can we hope to see stories in the British press by Bellow, Malamud, Barthelme, Brautigan, Hawkes, or samples of new Pynchon. *The New Review* has shown critical interest in some of these American prose writers—Bellow, Hawkes and Pynchon in particular. What their styles and concerns represent has not got into *The New Review*: there are no British writers in the same business as Hawkes and Pynchon except at a level of obsessive frivolousness.

NEITHER ALAN ROSS at *London Magazine* nor Hamilton is given to editorialising. The time is ripe for them to do so. In the case of *The New Review*, Hamilton is surely being as fastidious as those contributors, or possible contributors, who out of sheer laziness or concern for their incomes have sold the pass.

Alan Ross, on the other hand, appears as charmed by his magazine's glamorous metropolitan image as some readers are likely to be disenchanted by its manifestation in Stephen Spender's sybaritic "Notebook" (there have been eleven instalments of this intercontinental

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peregrination). The magazine has been noted for its wide range of interests: soft-core photography, architecture, music, design, fine art (often well-illustrated) as well as poetry and reviews—but enough space is seldom allowed for art, architecture and music to be covered with anything like the comprehensiveness such subjects invite.

Poetry stands out well in *London Magazine*. Ross has one of the best records of any editor in the discovery of new talent, often encouraging new writers by printing several rather than one poem. Only in the last few months has *The New Review* begun to print new poets at any length or with any frequency. The October/November 1976 issue of *London Magazine* also contained a short play by John Bowen. This type of publication has happened in *London Magazine* before. *New Review* has been impressive here, too, with plays by Harold Pinter and Simon Gray, as well as the suppressed TV play by Dennis Potter.

Critical essays, though not rare in *London Magazine*, are seldom important enough to warrant it feeling particularly proud of its achievement in a field where British papers do not compete with such American periodicals as *Partisan Review, Hudson Review* and *Commentary*. A literary ear does not need to be all that close to the ground to have heard that there are younger academics in, for the most part, provincial universities, who might welcome a chance to contribute to literary-journalistic magazines. Discontented with their own academic press, eager to be livelier than *Review of English Studies, Essays in Criticism, English* or *Critical Quarterly* are ever likely to allow, they could add something important in a way that would be "in" but not "of" the conventions of their "discipline."

Poetry Nation has been employing a sample of such younger university critics. In September it changed from a luxurious, expensive bi-annual to a quarterly, which at £1.25 an issue is still expensive. Michael Schmidt and C. B. Cox have added such luminaries of progress as Donald Davie and C. H. Sisson to the editorial staff.

Schmidt's new paper is self-consciously functional and polemical. His introduction suggests there *is* an Englishness, exemplified in political and social thought as well as literature. It is to be found in the 17th century (Sisson) and in nonconformist dissent (Davie). Its cultural significances can be found in returning to such champions of senile authoritarianism as Eliot, Wyndham Lewis, Charles Maurras, and Pound (those allegedly misinterpreted texts). Spengler and Ortega y Gasset, surprisingly, are not invoked; for what Schmidt's polemic announces is a latter-day revulsion for mass democratic society as the destroyer of all that has been known in the past as Art. His insistence on a wider frame of poetic reference is, in theory, admirable. *PN Review* advocates responsibility to the times, an awareness of political and intellectual ideas. Advocacy is only agreeable when there is consonance between yourself and what is advocated. In this case the tone of the enterprise is peculiarly disagreeable, although the poets printed by the magazine are all, even on the evidence of the first issue alone, worth attending to. Whether its dogmatism will allow it to be changed by poems as opposed to principles is another matter. With four such energetic, if wrong-headed, editorial talents the future of *PN Review* will be interesting. Its critics, all of them obviously well-informed and willing to be trenchant, lack that schooling in the experience of journalism which makes the prose of *The New Review* more readable as well as more open-minded.

Yet if *The New Review* because of its affiliations with journalism has been shunned as "exclusive", *PN Review* and many other aggrieved prints are even more so. Historically, that is how a little magazine should be; the point is, of course, that *The New Review* is a little magazine only because it has never had the subscribers it needs.

BANANAS, which calls itself *the* literary newspaper, is abjectly devoted to sub-surreal fiction, hasty verse and a form of satire which lacks the wit to galvanise itself into anything as effective as the hilarious "Ken Russell's Wittgenstein" feature which appeared in *The New Review*. Ted Hughes has printed good poems in *Bananas*; and one of the best contributions has been by Tom Nairn, a vigorous critic imported from *New Left Review*. His savage survey of English cultural attitudes looks odd in that setting, for it is doubtful if *Bananas*'s bunch of principles has anything to do with criticism. Critical justification for the kind of fiction preferred by Emma Tennant will have to be undertaken if *Bananas* is to live up to everything that it is claiming for itself.

Bananas is closer in atmosphere to the long-lived *Ambit* than to anything else. There is the same fondness for a soft-core everything, the same neglect of realism and favouring of the bizarre. Both papers are luxuriously given over to the exotic or obsessive, usually sexual, usually hung-up on a pale substitute of Gothicism larded over with a maunderingly irreverent view of society. That view is never excited into anything very critical, other than an infatuation with its own irreverent moods. Each has avoided *real* politics—Nairn's articles are the exception in

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Bananas—as something that might contaminate the more agreeable business of contemplating nothing much. Gavin Ewart, Vernon Scannell, Fleur Adcock, Edwin Brock, Peter Porter and George MacBeth all are or have been associated with *Ambit*. Its atmosphere solicits their playful moods and it is certainly in *Ambit*'s favour that Martin Bax produces a relaxed magazine even if much of its verse is so loose as to be instantly forgettable. Its reviewing, too, leaves much to be desired.

Whether it is preferable to *Agenda* is another matter. For years William Cookson edited his quarterly on the bemused assumption that Pound, Wyndham Lewis, David Jones, Hugh MacDiarmid, and Basil Bunting have been woefully neglected. Most readers of contemporary literature have time for all these stars of the modernist firmament. *Agenda*'s special issues have never been less than useful. What might worry many younger writers, though, is the absence of a political focus. A notion of poetry as abjectly unpolluted by the thought and events of the 20th century can hardly be held by its editors—Cookson and Peter Dale. What, then, *is* their political perspective? Through what concessions to political decency can *both* Pound and MacDiarmid be proclaimed by the same print? There is, of course, no end to the magazines in which MacDiarmid will compromise his views with the air of a man who enjoys contradicting himself. *Agenda*'s criticism has been too concerned with promotion and plaudit for its programme to be realistic. Like *PN Review* it is founded on an abhorrence of how we live, how we are governed, how we consider literature, culture and society, as much as it is on poetry itself. Its editors do not seem to realise that searching through neglected monuments of the past is as futile in a present context as doing nothing at all. Unsurprisingly the latest issue is concentrated on the work of Donald Davie. There are essays by George Dekker, Martin Dodsworth and Michael Schmidt, with eight poems by our hero himself, and an article on Gavin Douglas by Hugh MacDiarmid.

AS OPPOSED to between-the-lines Rightist stances in *Agenda*, Jon Silkin's *Stand* is "committed" to a vague Left. A series of editorials by several hands has provided some useful grounds for discussion of "commitment." What characterises them, though, is an eagerness to claim the passion of commitment and an unwillingness to face the political consequences of what commitment entails. On the evidence of some *Stand* editorials, "commitment" has become as much an aesthetic category as a political one. It has been made into a concept which must be understood in a way that makes it possible for belief in its virtue to be maintained while its real implications are kept at arm's length.

Stand has always been worthwhile. Subsidised by the Northern Arts Association, it has succeeded in maintaining only the most tenuous connections with what appears to some as an "establishment." Yet it has never taken northern provincialism seriously. Its publication of poems fixated on Northern scenes and dilemmas, by Northern writers, has been conducted on criteria other than geography. Silkin is conscious of the role he would like his magazine to play. The service he has put in over the years is worthy of more than the lip-service usually paid to it. And yet it could be true that he is at present encouraging a kind of poem as clotted as many of his own have been recently.

Commitment may be an authentic cipher through which to summarise *Stand*'s concerns. It seldom shows up in the body of the magazine itself. Poems are as likely to be about Welsh hillsides and country cottages, or 15th-century Germany, as about more immediately *engagé* subjects. *Stand*'s reviewing has often been hasty, too much a matter of blanket coverage of new

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books by a small handful of regular reviewers never able to force themselves into a more meaningful format than the "round-up", despite the Marxian credentials of one regular reviewer, Terry Eagleton, or the structuralist ones of Anne Cluysenaar. Confronted with contemporary verse, their alleged techniques are never much in evidence, and seldom, if ever, at length on any one contemporary poet.

Silkin has also shown a responsibility, notorious to some, towards translations. One recent issue has a story by Zamyatin, two stories by Johannes Bobrowski, a selection of new Hungarian poetry, and a review article on Arabic poetry.

Translations are well taken care of by contemporary magazines. Both *London Magazine* and *The New Review* print European poetry, and, in the former case, prose as well. *Modern Poetry in Translation* has done an excellent job of work in the past. Paul Buck's *Curtains* looks after contemporary French poetry. There has been a special French issue of the otherwise intellectually pretentious *Prospice*. A pity then, that, from what I know of European editing, only the Poles are at all conscientious in returning the compliment.

ALSO IN THE import-export business are *Poetry Review* and *Poetry Information*. These are a bit like the wine trade. Only foreign wines, they say, with an acknowledged authority, are any good. It is true of British wines, but not of poetry. Eric Mottram, who edits *Poetry Review*, has changed it from the mansion of grandmotherly amateurism into the outpost of American and European modernism. Despite the whining that emanates from Mottram, and such as Bob Cobbing and Jeff Nuttall, their publicity, their activities, their attitudes give the unmistakable impression that the outpost is larger than the main citadel, that the wrong and imitative are right, and that those with the strength of mind not to copy William Carlos Williams, Tristan Tzara—or anyone else for that matter—simply don't know where it's at. They may not, of course; but who wants to believe that British poetry is alive and well and flourishing in Paterson, New Jersey?

Poetry Information prints review-bibliographies of its heroes, and, like many little magazines, disregards almost everyone who has had the good fortune to be published by a firm not allied to the small press movement. This may not be the place to talk of American cultural imperialism, but those devotees of *Poetry Review*, *Poetry Information*, and university departments of American Studies, ought to reconsider what they are giving away, for nothing, or for a handful of wampum. If they can assert, properly, that there is much to build on in Bunting, Jones and MacDiarmid, then there is no quarrel. What they have done, though, is assert an internationalism which has no foundations either in life or in literature.

Attempts other than those conducted through Hamilton's Edward Pygge persona have been in evidence to resurrect the dead irascibility of Geoffrey Grigson's *New Verse*. From Newcastle, then, comes *Haltwhistle Quarterly*, as generous as a dyspeptic cobra. B. R. Lee, the more lethal of its two editors, has something to say, and is disgruntled with almost everything. His paper promotes the idea of British malaise permeating through all existing forms of feeling—literary, social, political—except his own. *Haltwhistle* has printed few poems other than Mr Lee's excitable but clumsy satires and parodies. Before it can be taken as seriously as its manner so earnestly invites, it will have to outline a few positive answers to the plethora of negatives it is so acute at discovering. They are exponents of an anguish in the head so perfectly projected they think it absolves them of any candour of emotion.

New Verse is a landmark among British magazines. Ian Hamilton almost gives himself away as an editor, in that his heart-searching

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over *Partisan Review*, his exhilarated quotations from Grigson's savagely critical prose, reveals the two sources of editorial inspiration he might have wished to tap for *The New Review*.

MAGAZINES OF THE smaller sort, such as *Caret, Omens, Delta, Meridian, Thames Poetry*, do what they can within a limited budget, but demonstrate in comparison with larger magazines a diminution of editorial gumption, ranging from the inept to the inconclusive. *Caret*, has managed to get good poems; its standard is usually high. In common with others, like *Omens*, it is difficult to see what it stands for other than the provision, based on a wan faith in poetry, of yet another place in which to print. *Aquarius*, too, appears to stand for little that could be ushered into a properly critical account of its aims, although there have been reasonable special issues on Scottish, Irish and Welsh poetry. Few other magazines, though, are willing to place as high an estimate on George Barker or John Heath-Stubbs as Eddie Linden, *Aquarius*'s editor.

Omens is based in Leicester. It employs its local base as a focus for poetry readings and discussions and there is a good case for magazines of that sort. Like *Caret*, no reviews are offered. Similarly with *Meridian*, whose title suggests a middle-of-the-road attitude, discontent with controversy and polemic. There is in this point of view a disturbingly naive belief in the superiority of poetry to the arguments within which its composition is always set. *Samphire*, too, is guilty of the same frivolous abdication from any critical responsibility to deal with poetry as an art. What reviews it carries are invariably of small-press booklets, the untidy world of ephemera hoping for more public forms. And they have the cheek to sneer at people as élitists. *Omens, Meridian, Caret* and *Aquarius* are all well-produced, clear, clean, and more or less responsible within frames of reference that seem far too assured, too immune from real controversial literary issues. Poets are ten a penny; critics are rarer.

One of the smaller magazines, *Delta*, has made the effort. A recent issue has a considered and thoughtful article on John Montague, while, as always, it is able to find poets who for the most part are new. Although *Delta*'s original connection with Cambridge may by now be in abeyance, it has continued with the sort of rigour expected of it, but it is a magazine which refuses to declare itself, reluctant to mix it with anything like the passion the present situation deserves.

The Honest Ulsterman, despite what to the military looks like a contradiction in terms in its

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title, is one of the best literary magazines we have. Its brief is mainly Irish. Frank Ormsby, its editor, has always been keen to print "foreign" writers, though. Given the strengths of contemporary Irish verse, this might be a canny way of humiliating the English.

Its latest issue has seven poems by a rising English talent, Carol Rumens; three fine poems by Tom Paulin; an extract from a novel by Francis Stuart (also considered in a recent issue of *London Magazine*); and short stories. James Simmons, the magazine's regular poetry reviewer, is forthright on Michael Longley, who is treated to the following summary: ". . . and if this is the way he chooses to proceed he deserves a clap on the back as well as a kick in the arse." Ormsby also publishes poetry pamphlets by such well-known poets as Iain Crichton Smith, Peter Porter, Gavin Ewart, James Simmons, Seamus Heaney, at the inexpensive price of 10 pence each. Now in its 52nd issue, *The Honest Ulsterman* is, with *New Review, London Magazine, Stand* and *PN Review*, indispensable.

Lines Review from Edinburgh is in the same class. Scottish literature is still fighting its war of the languages. *Lines Review* is a bastion of sanity, and, if English is its preferred language, its editor, Robin Fulton, has a more open mind towards Scots than his Scottish detractors care to admit. These will in all likelihood be affiliates of *Akros*, from Preston, Lancashire. Duncan Glen, *Akros*'s enthusiastic editor, proceeds on the assumption that some literary Scotsmen are more Scots than others. The latest *Lines* is given up to a long essay on Robert Lowell by Philip Hobsbaum. Otherwise it is the place to find poems by Iain Crichton Smith, Norman MacCaig, Edwin Morgan and younger Scots poets like D. M. Black and Stewart Conn.

Scotland also has *Scotia Review*, edited by David Morrison. The new double issue is devoted to Tom Scott, hailed a few months back in the last issue of the preposterous *Littack* as "a more than major talent." Self-proclaimed as "for the Scottish Muse and Nation", *Scotia Review*—which often has the disagreeable feature of *photographs* of Alan Bold (and David Morrison)—is probably Scottish republican in politics. By and large, MacDiarmid's political verve has been diluted by magazines which otherwise follow his lead. This is certainly the case with *Akros*, which takes seriously the politics which MacDiarmid ascribed to his choice of Scots as a literary medium, but has put a less literary language in its place as well as a distinctly hazy political perspective.

Calgacus, named for the tribal leader defeated at Mons Graupius, is a tougher political beast altogether. The ubiquitous Tom Nairn has contributed here, too. *New Edinburgh Review* is also a more political than literary paper, perhaps best-known for its publication of Gramsci, though it has continued to fill at least part of the gap left by the demise of *Scottish International*.

Magazines like these, as well as many others there has been no room to consider, whether poetry broadsheets or more ambitious enterprises, might seem to serve us well enough as readers or writers. There does, however, appear to be a lack of positive, editorialising direction. Controversies are handled with insufficient critical acumen—where, that is, they are dealt with at all. Sentimental views of poetry are obvious in some of the smaller magazines, especially in the long-lived *Outposts*, where its editor ought to have enough experience to know better. What disappoints in *Outposts*, as in several other papers, is the absence of real, hard, critical commitment to contemporary poetry. Many of the smaller magazines are simply a waste of time, effort and money. They do little else than refer to each other and to the small presses associated with them. That holds true of avant-garde magazines as much as it does of those aligned to so-called "traditional" or "mainstream" views of poetry. Neither of these latter categories, incidentally, has been convincingly identified in the literary press. It is taken too much for granted that readers know what they are. And the same holds true for the ideas espoused by *Poetry Review* or *Poetry Information*. Quite recently, *Grosseteste Review* printed a pamphlet of Roy Fisher's poems, with a lengthy and informative interview with Fisher. More of this is needed—much more, if the various poetics now in circulation are to be seen clearly without making unnecessary concessions to the fineness of how the imagination works. That is a decision with which little

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magazines are faced, and one which, on the evidence, they are reluctant to confront. They might be afraid of blowing their cover, of revealing that they stand for something much weaker, much less strict, radical, and creative, than is actually the case.

The magazines referred to by Douglas Dunn are: *The New Review* (11 Greek Street, London, W1V 5LE), Monthly. 75p; £8 p.a., USA and Canada $20. *London Magazine* (30 Thurloe Place, London SW7), Bi-Monthly. 96p; £6.00 p.a., USA and Canada $18. *Translantic Review* (33 Ennismore Gardens, London SW7 1AE), Quarterly. 40p; £1.50 p.a. *PN Review* (Department of English, University of Manchester, Manchester M13 9PL), Quarterly. £1.25; £4.50 p.a., USA and Canada $12. *Bananas* (2 Blenheim Crescent, London W11), Quarterly. 40p; £2.00 p.a. *Ambit* (17 Priory Gardens, Highgate, London N6), Quarterly. 60p; £2.50 p.a. *Agenda* (5 Cranbourne Court, Albert Bridge Road, London SW11 4PE), Quarterly. £3.00 p.a. *Stand* (19 Haldane Terrace, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, NE2 3AN), Quarterly. 50p; £2.60 p.a. *Modern Poetry in Translation* (10 Compayne Gardens, London NW6 3DH), Quarterly. 60p; £2.40 p.a. *Curtains* (12 Foster Clough, Hebden Bridge, West Yorkshire HX7 5QZ), Irreg. £2.40. *Prospice* (Aquila Publishing Co., 9 Skallamus, Breakish, Skye, Scotland), Bi-annual. Price varies. *Poetry Review* (Poetry Society, 21 Earls Court Square, London SW5), Quarterly. 40p. *Poetry Information* (21 Earls Court Square, London SW5), Bi-annual. 60p; £2.00 for four issues, USA and Canada $8.00. *Haltwhistle Quarterly* (Humanities Department, The Polytechnic, 4 Ellison Place, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1), Irreg. 55p; £2.20 p.a. *Caret* (2 Baker's Mead, Tilbrook, Huntingdon, Cambs.), Three times a year. 25p; 70p p.a. *Omens* (9 Roundhay Road, Leicester LE3 2BY), Quarterly. 30p; £1.20 p.a. *Delta* (40 Royal York Crescent, Clifton, Bristol 8), Three times a year. 45p; £1.35 p.a. *Meridian* (Rondo Publications Ltd., 123 The Albany, Old Hall Street, Liverpool L3 9EG) Quarterly. 60p. *Thames Poetry* (160 High Road, Wealdstone, Harrow, Middlesex HA3 7AX), Bi-annual. 90p. *Aquarius* (116 Sutherland Avenue, London W9), Bi-annual. 60p; £1.20 p.a. *Samphire* (45 Westfields, Catshill, Bromsgrove, Worcs.), Three times a year. 25p; £1.00 p.a. *The Honest Ulsterman* (70 Eglantine Avenue, Belfast BT9 6DY, Northern Ireland), Quarterly 30p. *Lines Review* (Edgefield Road, Loanhead, Midlothian EH20 9SY), Quarterly. 30p. *Akros* (14 Parklands Avenue, Penwortham, Preston, Lancs.), Three times a year. 45p; £1.50 for four issues. *Scotia Review* (3 Moray Street, Wick, Caithness, Scotland), Three times a year. 50p; £1.00 p.a. *Calgacus* (The Schoolhouse, Dornie, by Kyle of Lochalsh, Ross-shire, Scotland), Quarterly. 60p; £3.00 p.a. *New Edinburgh Review* (1 Buccleuch Place, Edinburgh), Quarterly. 35p; £1.85 p.a. *Outposts* (72 Burwood Road, Walton on Thames, Surrey KT12 4AL), Quarterly. 35p; £1.20 p.a.

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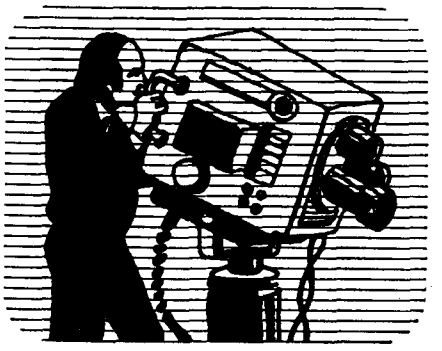

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DISCUSSION

The I.Q. Controversy

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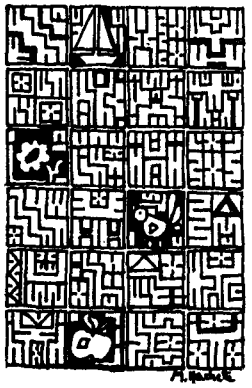
By Gillian Tindall



IT IS SURELY NO coincidence that the Nature versus Nurture debate on the sources of intelligence has bubbled up again just now. The atmosphere of the 1950s and '60s, that of increasing material prosperity in a guise of dilute but optimistic socialism, was peculiarly favourable to the development of environmentalist views on human nature.

The persistent, if not always explicit, assumption of this era has been that human beings are endlessly malleable, and that folly, stupidity or wickedness are largely if not entirely attributable to "deprivation" of one kind or another, financial, social or psychological. In the early part of the post-war period it was widely assumed that if you gave people enough modern housing, new schools and adequate wages they would turn into greatly improved versions of their former selves. When this assumption was revealed to be too sanguine, rather more sophisticated versions of deprivation were offered as a rationale for people's shortcomings, ranging from tower-block neurosis, through the breakdown of old communities and the iniquities of working mothers, to Affluence itself, But the basic assumption remained unchanged: the fault was still supposed to be primarily in society rather than in the individual.

The sociological and educational jargon-words of the era reveal a remarkable degree of inbuilt bias and *a priori* assumption. People who, whether literally poor or not, were living in a poor manner, became "underprivileged" or "disadvantaged." The unintelligent became first "retarded" and then, when even this euphemism began to seem too explicit, were labelled "underachievers." Such terms as these carry the inherent assumption that something has been *done* to the people concerned to account for their state, and that they have, somewhere, some "hidden potential which is not being brought out"—to use another favourite phrase of the times.

IT MAY BE ARGUED that such an approach to people is humane, not totally misguided, and at least as likely to produce favourable results as any other social attitude. Yet the fact is that the giving of such benevolent benefit of the doubt on such a massive scale is only feasible in a time of affluence and expansion, when there is little feeling that resources must be directed to where they will produce the most effect or that life is a battle for survival in which the weakest will inevitably go to the wall.

When, as now, resources come to seem finite and indeed lacking, when cherished social schemes are cut back or axed entirely, when the rest of the world repeatedly tells us in one way or another that we must sharpen up our ideas and work harder because no one else owes us a living, then an older, tougher moral creed of individual responsibility gets resurrected. In a social climate in which it is being said by people both within and without that "Britain is getting what she deserves", it is inevitable that such strictures should pass from the general to the particular, from the People to persons. In a society with significant unemployment, the gentle, herbivorous idea that everyone has their value and that we mustn't *judge* people but simply try to "meet their needs" begins to seem impossibly idealistic.

IN SUCH A CLIMATE is it any wonder that that the concept of "innate ability" is once again attracting interest? The move towards it is two-pronged.

The knowledge that if Britain is to survive in a recognisable form it can only be "by her wits" is naturally leading to a new interest in wits. If she is to secure a corner for herself as world-adviser, arbitrator, technologist and irreproachable insurance agent (the very best that can be hoped) then, it is argued, she is going to need to discover and exploit all the native intelligence she has. We can't (so the argument continues) have good brains going to waste in footling "Creative Arts" departments or condemned to the company of the mediocre and the dull in mixed ability classes in the cause of egalitarianism. And in any case—the second prong moves in

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—we simply cannot *afford* to subsidise anyone and everyone in the way we have been doing. We cannot any longer have schools which are inefficient at turning out educated people or costly welfare projects which do not produce results beneficial to the community at large. How realistic this attitude actually is, may be disputed, but make no mistake about it: it is the New Realism and we are going to hear more of it.

Seen in this light, last winter's marathon debate on the genesis of intelligence (*e.g.* in the letter columns of *The Times*) becomes a little clearer. What may have appeared to bemused outsiders, opening their paper day after day, as a debate rather similar to debates of earlier times on the mysteries of Transubstantiation, begins to appear something more like a covert struggle by the environmentalist lobby to make a last-ditch stand. For the discussion was not, in fact, about whether intelligence is largely determined by genetic endowment or by environmental influences. Attempts to turn it into this were made by various bystanders ("If a mere layman may be allowed to speak . . ."), often displaying a sanity and a grasp of essential logic absent from many of the letters from those with a professional axe to grind.

But really the bone of contention was whether you can *prove* intelligence to be genetically determined, which is not the same thing. Haggling over this proof, or the absence of it, scientific mandarins broke the subject into tinier and tinier particles, till all seemed to hinge on such points as whether identical twins can have two after-births or whether a certain research worker ever existed. But the nub of the matter, and the point where the whole discussion started, was the suggestion that the late Sir Cyril Burt, whose findings that intelligence is 80% determined by inheritance have long been quoted as authoritative, was perhaps less scrupulous in his research methods than had hitherto been assumed.[1] The subject of his integrity was debated with heat, at length and no doubt rightly in the interests of scientific precision. What many of the debators did not appear to notice, however, was that this was not the same thing as debating whether Burt was, actually, right in general terms. If Burt's figures could still be regarded as above suspicion, that might indeed be taken as proof once and for all that intelligence is largely inherited, but if his methods were faulty this does *not* (contrary to what some commentators appear to have thought) prove that he was wrong and that the main determinants of intelligence are environmental. It could simply mean that he was right but that he failed to prove it. Indeed if we are to resist all idea that intelligence is genetically determined till we have incontrovertible proof, we could wait till Doomsday: the famous identical-twins-parted-at-birth, upon which most experiments depend, are thin on the ground, and in general the difficulties of conducting adequate and properly controlled experiments on human beings are almost insuperable.

WHAT I FOUND FASCINATING about this debate, then, was not the factual content of most of the argument but the extraordinary resistance displayed by some of the writers to admitting there is any truth whatsoever in the commonly-held notion that people inherit certain mental qualities from their forebears just as they do physical ones.

Universal experience would suggest this to be the case. Indeed one might be tempted to state, as a few lay correspondents did, "No sensible person would dispute" that some degree of genetic patterning takes place in both intelligence and personality—were it not for the fact that some letter-writers did dispute just this. Indeed a few of them appeared to prefer almost any environmental explanation, however fatuous or patently insufficient, to the commonplace observance that inheritance does actually take place.

Such resistance is far more unscientific than anything of which Cyril Burt may have been guilty, for it makes two extraordinary basic assumptions. In the first place, since most physical characteristics are indubitably inherited rather than acquired, to insist that mental characteristics obey quite different rules is to make a distinction between mind and body for which there is no justification at all, and suggests a primitive belief in the mind as a "magic object" not located in any one organ. And, in the second place, it is to make an equally complete and unwarranted distinction between the human animal and the rest of the animal world, a piece of pre-Darwin supremicism which appears to very strange effect when decked with the trappings of 20th-century scientific experiment. No one in the veterinary or bloodstock racing world has the slightest doubt but that specific characteristics of intelligence, energy, nervous organisation, and so forth are passed on through inheritance (indeed the very term "bloodstock" indicates this concept). No one, indeed, who has had to do with the breeding of ordinary domestic animals can preserve the illusion that new-born creatures are just so much raw material on which the environment and that alone will leave its imprint. A litter provides a ready-made

[1] See, in ENCOUNTER, H. J. Eysenck, "The Case of Sir Cyril Burt" (January 1977) and John Cohen, "The Detractors" (March 1977).

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control group, and members of the same litter frequently grow up with differences, sometimes quite marked, in personality and intelligence. So, of course, do children within one human family. But only in the case of humans is the attempt made to explain that this must be due to differences in birth order or upbringing, and even to turn the subject on its head and assert that differential intelligence within one family is actually evidence for the environmentalist case.

BUT WHY SUCH RESISTANCE to the time-honoured concept of inheritance? Behind a persistent denial of common sense there must always be a reason, or a number of them. One can suggest some possible ones.

One might put forward the infatuation of post-Freudian psychology with the idea of childhood influences, except that this infatuation is probably, in itself, a symptom rather than a cause. Each society or era adopts the psychological model which fits its political modes of thought—notoriously so in the case of Soviet Russia, more subtly and diffusely so elsewhere. In the Middle Ages, and to a lesser extent for several centuries afterwards, the concept of the divinity of kings—and, by extension, the "blue blood" of the upper classes—was both a political stance and a psychological one. The organisation of society depended to a considerable extent on the belief that each person was "born to" a particular place and role, and this belief lingered, in a modified form, well into the 19th century. The doctrine of equality of opportunity was a gradual growth, and indeed had its roots in the unashamedly genetic idea ("Bursaries for poor scholars") that merit is indeed inborn and largely unalterable.

Not till the present century was well-advanced did faith in equality of opportunity transform itself by degrees into another version of egalitarianism, and to the essential difference between these two I shall be returning. It is sufficient to make the point here that a drive towards social equality (at least in theory) has been an important political influence in the Western World for the lifetime of nearly everyone now alive, and that self-evidently a belief in the capacity of the environment to affect the individual is crucial to this drive.

If you believe, with Lord Curzon (*circa* 1915), that "the working classes are covered in thick black hair", then clearly you are unlikely to believe that housing or educational reforms are capable of transforming them or their descendants into being indistinguishable from yourself. If, however, you reject Lord Curzon and all that his infamous remark stood for, you are apt to insist that environmental influences are *all* that mark Judy O'Grady out from the Colonel's lady and to be wary of the very idea of genetic endowment. This over-reaction against the patent injustices of our ancestors is, it seems to me, the single most important component in the evasive attitude we display towards the idea of genetic inheritance today, though there are others.

FOR REACTION AGAINST THE PAST—and rejection, on principle, of its traditions—is in itself a prominent characteristic of our century. The massive technological and social changes of the last three generations have, it is true, made much of the received wisdom of our ancestors seem less wise than it once did. But we also discard the stored knowledge of the ages because it is our policy to do so, because we believe at some level that in doing so we are performing a moral act. Thus, traditional perceptions such as "like father, like son", or "blood will out", get discounted utterly, not really because they are unscientific and simplistic (though as they stand, unmodified, they are) but *because they represent the attitude of our ancestors* to inborn characteristics. The argument tends to become, not "this dictate is too sweeping and must be modified in the light of 20th-century findings", but "our forefathers thought this, just as they believed in witchcraft and in the literal truth of the Bible, *therefore* it must be wrong."

A 20th-century phenomenon which has also done a great deal to discredit the concept of inborn characteristics is, of course, the Nazi attitude to genetics and its consequences. Since then, we have been inhibited from free comment on matters of genetic endowment by a panic-stricken feeling that such a line of thought leads somewhere bad. We have, perhaps understandably, lost all sense of proportion on the subject. "Racial eugenics"—an uncontroversial and mildly fashionable topic in the 1920s and '30s, when the Family Planning Association used it as a respectable prop to further the cause of birth control—has become the new pornography, the thought that dare not speak its name. Fear of the subject of "racial characteristics" reached a peak in 1969 and '70, after the famous conference at Berkeley, California, where Professor Arthur Jensen delivered a paper on race and intellect; and in Britain the affair culminated in the physical attack on Professor H. J. Eysenck made at the London School of Economics by a band of people determined that he should not even be allowed to raise the dreaded topic.[2]

[2] See H. J. Eysenck's own account in "The Dangers of the New Zealots", ENCOUNTER, December 1972.

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As Professor Liam Hudson wrote at the time:

> "Since the Second World War . . . the environmentalists have had the field to themselves; and inevitably this intellectual monopoly has in some instances been abused. The traditions of academic discipline are now laid waste not by the Fascist fringe, but by naively idealistic young men and women, who have taken some convenient sociological ideas to heart, and proclaim the infinite plasticity of man. (*The Times*)

The racial question may appear to be crucial to this subject. Certainly the mainstream argument against Jensen and Eysenck (as distinct from the lunatic fringe one which is more loudly expressed) is that, however benign and dispassionate their own intentions may be, the studies they have carried out do in practice provide statistical ammunition for belligerent racists, and that they themselves know this very well and that their actions are therefore somewhat disingenuous. This is the some-truths-are-potentially-too-dangerous-even-to-discuss argument; and, like all attempts to stamp out heresy, it is craven but well-intentioned. However it is also somewhat of a red herring. By concentrating on the racial implications of genetic studies, and by further narrowing down the topic to the capabilities of the black races, doctrinaire environmentalists obscure the fact that the most striking differences in intelligence appear to exist not between one race and another but between one class and another. This aspect of the subject is also much more generally relevant to English society today than the racial one, and is certainly the one on which there is more embarrassment, pussy-footing and double-think. It was also the subject of Sir Cyril Burt's much-debated findings.

According to his studies, rightly or wrongly, Burt surmised that there is a difference of over fifty points in IQ between the average for the highest socio-economic group and the average for the lowest group. (Obviously many individuals in both groups would not conform to this pattern, but we are concerned with averages.) Perhaps he cooked his figures (the paranoid Conspiracy theory), or perhaps his methods were acceptable at the time but are inadequate by the rigorous methodological standards of today (a charitable view). What, however, hair-splitting critics of experimental procedures fail to take into account is that a *general assumption* of there being some degree of causative connection between intelligence and class is fundamental to the way in which all democratic societies are run.

TO SUGGEST THAT THE IDEA of such a connection is somehow immoral, unworthy, or merely a snobbish prejudice, is actually the most extraordinary denial of the value system that has been increasingly adopted over the last 200 years, and is found in both Capitalist and Totalitarian societies. The 20th-century premise, over most of the developed world, is that any child with the requisite abilities, however humble its origins, can work its way up *via* a free schooling system and grants for University and further education to a position of wealth, power and influence, or at any rate to a rung of the ladder noticeably higher than that occupied by his father and grandfather. And this premise has, despite counter-influences of background and chance, demonstrably worked in a vast number of cases.

But what such a progression must inevitably mean in practice is that the remaining working classes are *not* still bursting with bright boys and girls who have "never had a chance in life." Some will remain, in each generation, because of the imperfect functioning of the system. But it is hard to escape the conclusion that the lowest classes in the social scale are not only in practice steadily losing their more competent members to higher rungs in the ladder, but *must* logically be doing so if the system is working even to some extent as it is supposed to. It ought, in fact, to be more true than ever before that those who remain in the working class are not among the cleverest people in the country. For inherent in the very concept of equality of opportunity is the assumption that capacity to profit by opportunity is (*a*) innate, and (*b*) variable from one person to another.

Thus no one should make the mistake of thinking that equality of opportunity leads to "a classless society"—today's much canvassed ideal. On the contrary, the very implication of the term "opportunity" is of a layered and therefore unequal society in which success is rewarded, a meritocracy in which those with more power and influence have them because they are genuinely cleverer than those without. This may be a "fair" society, but it is not an egalitarian one—far from it. Much of today's evasive discussion of class and intelligence betrays a central confusion between these two things.

"'Everybody has won", said the Dodo, "And *all* must have prizes.'"

Nervous of any attitude which might be construed as "anti-egalitarian", we have developed a peculiar double-think which consists of maintaining two mutually incompatible ideas at one and the same time. On the one hand, our whole education system is geared to the concept that, if you are bright, you should not end up doing a boring, repetitive, prospectless job; but on the other hand we feel obliged to pay lip-service to

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the idea that those who *do* end up in such jobs are merely "disadvantaged" and must not be considered any less intelligent than the more "fortunate" ones. It is only considered good form to discuss the facts of working-class achievement, or lack of achievement, if you do it in terms which suggest that class is a matter of pure chance; while at the same time we do our best to ensure that the class you ultimately find yourself in is less a matter of chance than ever before.

We are asked to deplore the fact that almost as few Class V and VI children reach University as did before the War, as if this fact were *ipso facto* evidence of some lamentable failure on the part of society, rather than—just possibly—an indication that the meritocratic system is working as it is supposed to. Social and educational pundits debate the topic of why-the-working-class-child-fails, occasionally advocating elaborate schemes to counterbalance this tendency; schemes which incidentally, if put into practice, could only sort the intellectual goats out yet more throughly from the ungifted sheep, who would then be left with still less social excuse for their lack of achievement. But while the admission cannot be freely made that the genetic endowment of many working-class children is at least *likely* to differ considerably from that of many of the children of the professional classes, the subject remains cloaked in a genteel confusion comparable with that which surrounded sexual behaviour a hundred years ago. Let no one suppose that we are less sentimental, hypocritical and delicate-minded than our ancestors: we merely wear our concealing veils in a different place.

IT MAY BE OBJECTED that I am here myself guilty of confusing two things and running them together—intellectual capacity in the individual and the probability or otherwise of that capacity being transmitted to subsequent generations. The environmentalist lobby has laid great stress on the different worlds in which working-class and middle-class children are apt to be brought up, and indeed it is the virtual impossibility of controlling for this variable that makes scientific proof of the existence of intelligence as an innate trait so hard to establish. Those who believe that Nurture accounts for everything point to the fact that a child reared in a house without books, without intelligent conversation, without perhaps much comfort or privacy, is unlikely to develop his intellectual potential to the full. They also point out that no IQ test, whatever its claims, is entirely free of cultural bias, and that most tests favour the articulate. All this is true and well worth stating. But it must be pointed out that, in logical terms, it merely puts the debate one stage further back. *Why* are so many working-class homes devoid of books, conversation, *etc.*? Well, because the grandparents never. . . .

But you see the difficulty? Carried to its logical conclusion, the environmentalist explanation for patterns of intelligence depends upon the supposition of an endless chain of underprivilege stretching back and back into time, apparently unaffected by any external events or social amelioration. This does in fact appear to hold true for some families. But why for *some* families and not others, whose origins were once equally lowly, equally disadvantaged? What is the mysterious X-factor that enables one family, over the course of several generations, to haul itself several notches up the social ladder, while another stays put? What is it that causes one member of a family to do much better at school than his similarly-reared siblings and in the end leave them, socially, far behind? Clearly, however important environmental influences are, something else must be in operation as well. We need a convenient name for this mystery ability some people have to avail themselves of whatever education, culture, and forces for social betterment are on offer. Some have dared to christen it "intelligence."

It might, I suppose, be postulated that the existence of innate intelligence is yet no proof of its heritability, that bright wits may be a gift from God that is just as likely (in theory) to be bestowed on the offspring of dim parents as on anyone else. But such a conclusion does not seem to be popular. It is obviously unsatisfactory to the environmentalist school, while the rest of us cannot fail to notice that, if God is playing such tricks, then He is bestowing His gifts in a very unfair and class-conscious manner. Although He springs a few surprises, in the main He seems to favour (like the saner, if less fashionable, Adoption societies) some degree of match between parent and child. In any case perhaps the total unscientific-ness of believing that intellect comes from nowhere, and has no causative factor in either Nature *or* Nurture, fails to appeal even to the most determined opponents of the genetic case.

RETURNING FROM THE REALMS OF metaphysics, one may say in conclusion that if you reject all genetic explanations for the difference between one human being and another you will always be able to marshal *some* alternative explanation along environmental lines which has a possible relevance. But you will usually proceed to make this explanation bear far, far

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more weight than it should. Thus do ideologies deform and limit perceptions.

We have all of us encountered the adoptive parent of a cuckoo-like child furiously asserting that, if this child is so different from any they might have been likely to have themselves, it is merely because he was ten days old already before they got him. We have met well-intentioned teachers leaning over backwards to maintain that the reading problems of some of their pupils are due to "bad housing conditions", as if separate bedrooms were the crucial factor in literacy. So also do those committed to the Women's Liberation Movement have a tendency to lay all the lack of first-class creative ability displayed by women down the centuries at the door of "male repression", without considering that all repression is a game for two, requiring a victim as well as a victor. Such stances finally drive those who maintain them into untenable postures; and this, in turn, leads them to go on maintaining them with more passion than sense. Furthermore, because such "explanations" evade the most awkward facts rather than face them, they do little to assist the social and remediable problems that are there.

PIOUS UNTRUTHS are not helpful, their main function being to bolster the moral self-esteem of those who repeat them. It is more than a hundred years since Cardinal Newman wrote, "Men would rather be in error with the sanction of their conscience than be right with the mere exercise of their reason." The errors sanctioned by the cosy conscience have changed a good deal since Newman's day, but the mechanisms of denial-of-reason in the interests of fashion, decency, and conformity do not appear to have changed. Cant, rather than Kant, is still much in evidence.

How far cant, in the next decade, will come to be seen as a luxury of affluence remains to be discovered.

AUTHORS

Francis King's most recent volume of short stories is *Hard Feelings*, published last year by Hutchinson.

Andrei Amalrik was born in Moscow in 1938. He was expelled from Moscow University in 1963 for writing a controversial history essay, and in 1964 wrote five of his seven plays, including *East West and Is Uncle Jack a Conformist?*, published earlier this year by Eyre Methuen. In 1965 he was arrested on a charge of parasitism and his plays were confiscated. His sentence of two-and-a-half years in Siberia—*Involuntary Journey to Siberia* (in Russian, Harcourt Brace, 1970)—was rescinded in July 1966, when he returned to Moscow. In May 1970 he was arrested following the publication of *Will the Soviet Union Survive Until 1984?* (Allen Lane, 1970) and sentenced to three years in a forced labour camp. At the expiry of his sentence he was given a further three years; he went on hunger strike and his sentence was commuted to exile in Magadan. In May 1975 he returned to Moscow but was refused permission to live there, and after repeated coercion finally agreed to leave Russia. In 1976 he and his wife arrived in Holland; he now teaches at the Institute for Social History in Utrecht, and continues his work for freedom of expression in the Soviet Union.

Abraham Brumberg is former editor of *Problems of Communism*. His books include *Russia Under Khrushchev* (1962) and *In Quest of Justice: Protest and Dissent in the Soviet Union Today* (Praeger and Pall Mall Press, 1970).

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Douglas Dunn's third volume of poetry, *Love or Nothing*, was published by Faber in 1974. He is the editor of a critical anthology, *Two Decades of Irish Writing*, published by Carcanet Press in 1975.

Ferdinand Mount is the author of *The Theatre of Politics* (Weidenfeld, 1972), and a novel, *The Man Who Rode Ampersand* (Chatto & Windus, 1975). His articles in ENCOUNTER include "The Last Hurrah?" (March 1977), "The Dilution of Fraternity" (October 1976), and "The Literary Spirit in Politics" (January 1972).

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Conversation in Jerusalem

Nadya—
A Spy Story

By Allen Weinstein

"I had a friend and former comrade, a woman named Maria, now in her sixties, whom I last heard of as serving a twenty-year sentence in [the] Arctic slave labour camp at Vorkuta . . . ."

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS, *Cold Friday* (1964)

"MARIA'S" REAL NAME is Nadya Ulanovskaya. She is a former Russian agent whose husband ran Soviet military intelligence in the United States during the early 1930s; she survived eight years in Siberian labour camps and has now emigrated to Jerusalem. This frail 73-year-old Jewish "*bubba*" became a Bolshevik in 1917 at the age of fourteen during the Russian Revolution and, along with her late husband Alexander Ulanovski served for 17 years as a spy in the United States (three years of which in New York City), in China, Germany, and elsewhere.

Nadya Ulanovskaya reminisced during a long conversation with me at her apartment in a housing complex for Soviet migrants near Jerusalem. As she described events over a six-decade span, Ulanovskaya chain-smoked in the old European manner, cigarette held upward at the tip between thumb and forefinger, while plying her visitor with cups of strong coffee and Russian-style pastries. Slender, grey-haired, and remarkably fluent in English, she discussed her long experience as a revolutionary Communist and, later, as a Soviet dissident.

Her daughter, Maya, preceded Nadya into Israeli exile several years ago. At Maya's insistence, Nadya tape-recorded her memoirs. Copies of the tape and of Maya's transcription remain hidden to forestall any *KGB*-sponsored action; Russian émigrés to Israel remain sensitive to the possible presence of Soviet agents planted in their midst. A mother-daughter memoir of "the family Ulanovski" nears completion.

The family has already been portrayed in memoirs, fiction, and historical works outside the Soviet Union. Nadya and her husband, for example, are familiar to readers of Whittaker Chambers' *Witness* (1952) as "Maria" (also "Elaine") and "Ulrich" (also "Walter"), the Soviet agents who directed military intelligence during Chambers' earliest underground years and who became his friends. C. L. Sulzberger of *The New York Times* described "Nadja", his Moscow translator during World War II, in his autobiography, *A Long Row of Candles* (1969). Nadya and Alexander also served as protagonists in Australian journalist Godfrey Blunden's novel, *A Room on the Route* (1946), a portrayal that cost the two of them—and Maya—a total of twenty years in Siberia. Books on the Soviet agent Richard Sorge usually mention "Alex" (Ulanovski), Sorge's superior in a 1929 Russian espionage network. Even Maya has already appeared as one of Irina Kirk's *Profiles in Russian Resistance* (1975).

THE ULANOVSKIS became revolutionaries during the waning years of Tsarist Russia. Alexander, several years older than Nadya, was arrested and exiled to the remote frigid settlements of Siberia's Turukhansk region in 1913, "the most dreaded location for penal settlement" (according to Adam Ulam). There Ulanovski became a friend and protégé of Bolshevik leader Jacob Sverdlov, and, through Sverdlov, he came to know another exiled revolutionary. Less gregarious than Sverdlov, the second Bolshevik leader then in Turukhansk was an abrasive Georgian named Joseph Djugashvili—"Stalin". Nadya recalls that her husband disliked the rude and unfriendly Djugashvili from their first meeting. Ulanovski succeeded in a difficult and daring scheme to flee the region and

ALLEN WEINSTEIN *teaches history at Smith College, Mass. His book "Perjury: The Hiss-Chambers Case", will be published this fall by Alfred A. Knopf in New York and by Hutchinson in London. Convinced of Alger Hiss's innocence, Professor Weinstein sued the FBI to release all the documents in the official archives; and he won in the Federal court. His subsequent research—reading the secret files, travelling to interview "survivors" (like Nadya Ulanovskaya in the present interview)—led him to change his mind.*

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spent the 1914–1917 years roaming Western Europe.

When the Bolsheviks seized power in October 1917, Ulanovski joined their forces in Odessa as a guerrilla fighter; he met Nadya at this time, a teenager who had already taken up arms. Both remained in the Red Army throughout the Civil Wars, Ulanovski leading detachments of partisans in the Ukraine and in Southern Russia, commanding an armoured train unit at one point until its capture by Cossacks. They subsequently married.

Although Ulanovski never became a Communist Party member, even after the Bolshevik victory, his earlier friendship with Sverdlov, his exploits as a partisan leader, and his ability with foreign languages landed him an assignment in the Red Army's newly-created "Fourth Branch", its military intelligence unit. Before leaving for their first assignment in Hamburg, Nadya and Alexander met several times in Moscow in 1920–21 the exiled American Anarchist leaders, Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman, both of whom had quickly become disillusioned with the Soviet régime. Still, Goldman and Berkman provided Ulanovski with the names of reliable anarchist workers in Hamburg to contact for assistance.

Assigned to work with Russian and German Communists then organising sailors in that Hanseatic port for secret tasks, the Ulanovskis remained in Germany less than a year, returning briefly to the Soviet Union, but soon departed again for the West, this time to Berlin. After the German Army exploited an easily suppressed attempted *coup* in September 1923 as an excuse to crack down on Communist activities in Berlin and elsewhere, Ulanovski's superiors in Moscow recalled him once more. They dispatched him next (this time without Nadya) to China as an assistant to Michael Borodin, the famed Soviet agent and advisor to the Nationalist government. He remained in China for almost two years, travelling through its war-ravaged provinces on special assignments.

Several years later Ulanovski returned to China, this time to lead his own network in Shanghai. He left Marseilles in the fall of 1929 with several assistants, including Richard Sorge, then on his first espionage assignment abroad. (Sorge later organised an impressively successful Soviet spy ring in Japan—he actually learned of Hitler's secret invasion plans for August 1941 and promptly informed the Kremlin—until his arrest and execution in 1944.) Nadya joined Alexander in Shanghai, and supporting her recollections of the episode are Sorge's own statements to Japanese interrogators after his arrest. F. W. Deakin and G. R. Storry's book on Sorge's career, *The Case of Richard Sorge* (1966), drew upon his confession to describe the Chinese network:

> " 'Alex', the senior member of the group, was to take over a previous mission of Red Army men operating from Shanghai and . . . to re-establish regular radio communications with Russia, which had been severed [after Borodin's departure]."

But Nadya and Alexander were forced to flee again in November 1930 when Shanghai police closed in on their operation, leaving Sorge in charge.

THE ULANOVSKIS SAILED to the United States the following year. Alexander had been ordered to take over the Fourth Branch's fledgling American network. Nadya still recalls the first-class cabin they occupied on the maiden voyage of a Hamburg-American Line ship. Thrown into daily contact with wealthy "capitalists" on the trip, she became "physically sick several times." Once in New York, the couple used the last name "Jurotovitch" plus a variety of pseudonyms as first names: at different times, Nadya became "Elaine" . . . "Elena" . . . "Maria", while Alexander took the names "Walter" and "Ulrich."

Whittaker Chambers described "Ulrich" and "Maria" at work in his memoir and in a series of 1949 statements to the FBI. Fascinated by "Ulrich" because of his experiences during the Russian Civil War, Chambers (whom the Ulanovskis also knew as "Bob") listened enthusiastically to his superior's tales of revolutionary adventures. Soon after beginning work as an underground agent in 1932, Chambers became friendly with his superiors, drawn together not only by their work—mainly industrial or "technical" thefts, according to Nadya—but by a common passion for Russian and German literature. A writer and translator, Chambers had served on the editorial board of the Communist monthly, *The New Masses*, when he was recruited for espionage; and his literary reputation within radical circles rested largely on several "proletarian" short stories. Later, when the Ulanovskis left the United States, Chambers gave them a letter authorising withdrawal of the roubles placed in a Moscow account as royalties for Russian publication of his stories.

Although this friendship contravened normal procedures for those engaged in "secret work", underground discipline in "Ulrich's" unit remained slack in the absence of any effective American counter-intelligence unit at the time (the FBI had not yet entered this field). "If you wore a sign saying '*I am a spy*', " Nadya recalls,

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"you might still not get arrested in America when we were there."

WHEN I ASKED about Chambers' account of Soviet espionage during the 1931–1934 period in his autobiography, *Witness*, where he described his relationship with "Ulrich" and "Maria", Nadya Ulanovskaya confirmed its basic accuracy. At my request, Nadya also read and corroborated the deposition Whittaker Chambers gave to the FBI concerning Ulrich's network, its personnel, and its activities. Nadya could testify at first hand only to the first two years of Chambers' espionage career, his period in New York City prior to moving to Washington during the summer of 1934. By then, the Ulanovskis had returned to the Soviet Union.

On at least one occasion during this period, Nadya remembers Chambers trying to recruit a prominent American for their network. The incident involved Lincoln Steffens' wife, Ella Winter, like Steffens a journalist and a radical. Miss Winter, who never joined the CP, described the episode to me several years ago in an interview. Chambers had contacted her twice in 1933, asking her to filch documents from friends in the government, notably from the American Ambassador to the Soviet Union, William C. Bullitt. Ella Winter rejected these overtures; Nadya remembers that "Ulrich" also approached her once with the same request, only to be turned down as Chambers had been.

After Chambers' defection from the underground in 1938, the Ulanovskis heard again about their former friend, this time from an extremely knowledgeable source: Boris Bykov, who served as military intelligence "Resident" in the United States from 1937 to 1939. From the time the Ulanovskis first met Bykov in 1921, when he worked for the *Cheka* (the earliest predecessor of

Interview with

LESZEK KOLAKOWSKI, *your studies of Marxism have led you to disbelieve in an evolution of the Communist systems in a democratic direction. Because of this, you could be accused of being a "dogmatist", whereas in fact in many ways you have been the champion of Communist revisionism. Could you define more precisely your ideas on this point?*

KOLAKOWSKI: **I believe that if Communism means what it says it is and what it meant to Lenin, it is incompatible with any form of representative democracy; and this is true for the definition that Lenin himself gave of Communism, as a method of governing with the use of violence and not with agreement or the law. I consider that the monopoly of economic decisions by a single party, or by the apparatus of the Party, leads to forms of political despotism. They support each other, and the one could not live without the other.**

—Among the parties of Euro-Communism, and I am thinking here more of Spain's Carillo than of Italy's Berlinguer, isn't there a debate and a process of revision going on which, in effect, postulates the rejection of the classical conception of Leninism and of the monolithic character of the party and the Communist State?

KOLAKOWSKI: **Personally I take a positive view of this revisionist process which is going on in the Communist Parties of Western Europe. Affirmations such as those now being made by the Spanish and Italian Communists have in any case a significance if they involve the desire and promise to give life to institutions representative of political democracy. But it does not seem to me that the Euro-Communist parties are clear about this point, otherwise they would have to reject unhesitatingly the authoritarian inheritance of Leninism. I mean, in other words, that one cannot at the same time choose pluralistic democracy and continue to maintain methods and party structures that are Leninist. There is an undoubted ambiguity in this.**

—The dissent in the East European Countries and the whole revisionist movement do not only raise the problem of human and civil freedoms and rights. Don't they also put in question something which in certain ways can be regarded as more radical: the social nature of the Communist systems, the structural characteristics of bureaucratic collectivism, and the question of the compatibility between economic collectivism and political pluralism?

KOLAKOWSKI: **I would say more simply, and perhaps more precisely, that total nationalisation of the means of production, and basic authoritarian planning, exclude the possibility of a system of representative democracy, because nationalisation**

THIS INTERVIEW *with Leszek Kolakowski was conducted in Rome by* GINO BIANCO, *the London correspondent of the socialist daily, "Avanti!"*

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the *KGB*) in Berlin, they had been singularly unimpressed by their competitor in espionage (they evidently considered him a cowardly, free-spending womaniser).

Despite his dislike for Bykov, whom they had met infrequently in the intervening years, Ulanovski was delighted when he encountered him accidentally on a Moscow street in 1939. "Are you still alive too?", Nadya recalls her husband asking Bykov. Pleased that his two old acquaintances had also survived the purges, Bykov invited Nadya and Alexander to visit his home. He had returned only months earlier from the United States. Bragging about his "tremendous" accomplishments as "Fourth Branch" Resident, Bykov contrasted his two years in America with the relatively minor operation run by Ulanovski earlier in the 1930s. "In your time it was *Kinderspiel* [child's play]", Bykov said. "He told us", Nadya recalls, " 'We have agents at the very centre of government, influencing policy. . . .' "

Only when Nadya and Alexander asked about Chambers did Bykov grow angry. "Boris said that Chambers had turned traitor in 1938 and had fled." Ulanovski had learned this months before when suddenly summoned to military intelligence headquarters and questioned closely about his knowledge of Chambers. "The people in the office told my husband that Chambers had been a German agent all along." Nadya now acknowledges that she did not question at the time Bykov's judgment that Chambers worked for the Germans:

> "Until the security services touched our family, I'm sorry to say we were really blinded to many of their lies."

I ASKED ULANOVSKAYA whether she had ever heard of Alger Hiss during her years in America,

Kolakowski

and the complete subordination of the economy to the organs of central planning signify the nationalisation of human beings: and this is precisely what Communism is. This means that human beings are the property of the State. Now I do not believe that in these conditions a democratic Communist system can exist. It is fundamentally impossible. This does not mean taking a stand against nationalisation, or a certain amount of public intervention, or against economic planning. Personally I accept the principle of a partial nationalisation, that is to say, I accept that bureaucracy should exercise a certain role. I am therefore convinced that we must be prepared to pay this price—but not unconditionally, or at whatever cost.

—Milovan Djilas has said recently that, while not idealising the Western world, and indeed while finding a thousand reasons for wishing to transform and improve it, he nevertheless regards the bureaucratic state socialism of the East as in every respect inferior to "democratic capitalism." Djilas added that you too hold this view.

KOLAKOWSKI: **Yes, it's true. I agree with this point of view, and I am prepared to challenge anyone who says that the Soviet-type Communist systems are superior to the Western social democracies. The familiar advantages claimed for bureaucratic despotism in fact lead to a permanent tension against civil society and the great majority of the population. On the other hand, historical experience has shown that in so far as universal collectivisation of the means of production involves total planning of the economy (and hence monopolisation by the State, not only of property but also of the administration of the economy), the inevitable consequences are bureaucratic despotism and oligarchic degeneration. In other words, these systems become incompatible with democracy.**

—The current upsurge of dissidence in Poland seems to me relevant in relation to these problems, as can be seen from the claims advanced by Polish workers who are struggling for greater participation in the management of the economy. Moreover, the dissident movement is trying to introduce "market-economy elements" into a system of integral and authoritarian planning. What are the aims of your friends in the Polish dissident movement?

KOLAKOWSKI: **At the present moment the most important question is what will happen after the amnesty proclaimed by Gierek for the workers who were dismissed or arrested after the demonstrations of June 1976. The first stage of the struggle of the Workers' Defence Committee has ended in victory. But now the Committee is facing the second stage, which is characterised by two fundamental questions: (*1*) the creation of a commission of inquiry into abuses of power committed against the workers; and (*2*) the reinstatement in their jobs of those men who were dismissed. This raises a number of difficulties because it amounts to giving legitimacy to the Right to Strike, that is to say, to no longer regarding a strike as a "social crime." Gierek now has two possible courses open to him: a policy of terror, or a policy of conciliation and dialogue between authority and society. Gierek could certainly suppress the opposition and dissent by making use of terror, but if he embarked on that course he might in the long run fall victim to a process similar to that which overthrew Gomulka in 1970. I personally believe that the only way is that of dialogue and conciliation with the most open-minded elements of Polish society, with the Catholic Church, and the more liberal sectors.**

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but she pointed out that Chambers met Hiss only after she and her husband had left for the Soviet Union. Therefore, Nadya had no personal knowledge of Chambers' activities in Washington between 1934 and his defection four years later.

The Ulanovskis never learned precisely why they were recalled from the United States in early 1934; but it may have related to the arrest of an American soldier involved with their network, Robert Osman, a Communist stationed in the Panama Canal Zone. Osman stole a number of secret papers dealing with fortifications. (The papers, according to Nadya, were later traded to Japanese intelligence sources who were far more interested in the Panama Canal's defences than the Russians.) A postal clerk's chance opening of a package containing some of the stolen papers led to Osman's arrest, indictment, and conviction in 1933. (The conviction was overturned at a second trial the following year on technical grounds.) Osman's arrest raised the fear of exposure for all those in Ulanovski's network. Within months, "Ulrich" had assigned his agents—including Chambers—elsewhere, while he and "Elaine" packed up their furniture and prepared to leave their Coney Island apartment.

RETURNING TO MOSCOW, Alexander went directly to his next post in Copenhagen while Nadya and Maya remained behind in the Soviet Union. The nocturnal exploits of another Soviet agent in Denmark led to Ulanovski's arrest in 1935. His underground group included a Russian-born naturalised American named George Mink, a muscular bully-boy with a hair-trigger temper and a reputation for violent behaviour.[1] Danish police arrested Mink at his Copenhagen hotel after he tried to rape a chambermaid. They found codebooks, false passports, and names and addresses of other underground agents in his baggage. Other arrests followed, including Ulanovski's. Convicted of espionage, he served two years in Danish jails before being released and deported to the Soviet Union in 1937 (this despite the fact that he carried an American passport and spoke only English to jailors).

"We know who you are", the prison warden said shortly before releasing him, "and your career is over. We have sent your picture to every country in the world except Siam." When the US Ambassador to Denmark came to question Ulanovski, at one point, frankly curious, he asked how the prisoner had acquired his obviously genuine American passport. The Russian divulged nothing; but the passport belonged to an American Communist who, like many others, surrendered it after coming to live in the Soviet Union. A number of these Americans, Nadya recalls, died during the purges of the late 1930s, "and the second generation, their children, I met in the labour camps after the War. . . ."

The Danish prison warden was right—the Fourth Branch discharged Ulanovski after his return because of the Copenhagen fiasco. During the tag end of the Purge years, Nadya and Alexander lived quietly in Moscow, apparently avoiding arrest through either "simple luck" or the protection of a friend from early Civil War days who had risen to prominence in the *GPU* and who had managed, himself, to avoid arrest. Nadya found work as an English teacher at the Frunze Military Academy; shortly after the German invasion of Russia in 1940, Alexander enlisted in the Red Army and left Moscow for the front as a combat officer.

Nadya was determined not to leave Moscow, and she managed to become accredited to the Foreign Ministry's Press Section (then headed by an old friend, Solomon Lozofsky) as a translator for newspaper correspondents from abroad. During the War, she worked for a number of American, British, and Australian journalists, and some of them became friends.

NADYA was often blunt-spoken in her dealings with journalists, and she conveyed her honest impressions of Soviet life to many of those with whom she worked. C. L. Sulzberger's memoirs describe Nadya as "bitter against the Stalin purges and the pre-war brutality that had caused so much death and suffering," although she "still remained a devout Party member." None of the reporters with whom she came into contact—among them Sulzberger; Drew Middleton; Walter Kerr; Larry LeSueur; Archibald Steele of the Chicago *Daily News*; Paul Holt of the London *Daily Express*; and Craig Thompson, *Time-Life* Moscow Bureau Chief—ever betrayed her confidences. Thompson was taken aback one day when his matronly translator, flipping through the pages of a recent issue of *Time*, noticed the name of Whittaker Chambers on the masthead (Chambers had become a Senior Editor of the magazine by then) and asked him: "Do you know this man?" Assured by Thompson that he knew Chambers very well indeed, Nadya told the surprised American: "So do I." Through a friend at *Time*, Thompson wrote several weeks later, sending greetings to Chambers and adding: "Nadya also sends greetings."

Chambers remained puzzled until Thompson's return when the latter's description of Nadya and

[1] During the Spanish Civil War, Western scholars of the Soviet secret police traced Mink to that country, where he served as an executioner of non-Communist radicals.

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Alexander (whom Thompson also met) convinced Chambers that they were "Ulrich" and "Elaine." Through Thompson, Chambers learned about the war-time death of Nadya's son (born after her return to Russia). "Thompson also told me that the Ulanovs [sic] had become bitterly anti-Soviet and lived in constant fear of being shot or sent to Siberia", Chambers told the FBI in 1949. He had no way of knowing that, by 1949, the couple's fears had been realised.

THE HOTELS which quartered foreign correspondents in Moscow during World War II—the Metropole, the National, and the Grand—were fearful places for the Soviet nationals who worked there. *GPU* agents wandered the corridors freely, keeping tabs on Russians who violated instructions by meeting Western newsmen after working hours. (Nadya once warned a young woman, who appeared one evening for a dinner date with Walter Kerr, to leave before the secret police spotted her.) After the War, according to Nadya, the mistresses and girl-friends of Western correspondents and diplomats were summarily arrested and dispatched to labour camps. At Maya Ulanovskaya's first Siberian labour camp in the 1950s, many of her fellow-inmates had been arrested for such a "crime."

Rarely did Nadya risk inviting her Western employers to visit her own rooms for a talk, although she took chances with a few trusted correspondents. One was Australian journalist Godfrey Blunden, who came to know both Nadya and Alexander well. Blunden never reprinted in news despatches any of the stories he heard from the Ulanovskis—"Don't worry, I will use this information only in a novel", he assured Nadya. He was faithful to his word but the post-War appearance of Blunden's novel about his Russian experiences, *A Room on the Route*, led to Nadya's arrest in 1948 on charges that she had betrayed state secrets to a foreigner. Blunden described in detail many of the most dramatic episodes in the Ulanovskis' lives, trying to protect both characters with pseudonyms.

But Blunden's fictionalised account offered no protection to Nadya. Despite the fact that his novel did not refer to her past life as an espionage agent, the book anticipated Nadya's future misfortunes in a chilling climactic scene. A character named Olga, travelling back to Moscow by train at the War's end, watches a group of prisoners being guarded across the tracks at a train stop. "They are political prisoners", Olga informs her young daughter. "They are being taken—who knows where? To Kazakstan, perhaps?" Olga herself had been a prisoner during the purges, but she tries to distract her daughter: "It was not so bad. It is all forgotten now. I never think of it. So let us play." And as their train pulls out toward Moscow, its lights shine suddenly on the squatting prisoners:

> "Olga, glancing out of the window, looked into the sorrow-stained face, just then illumed, of Rachel Semyonovna Romantsiev [Blunden's pseudonym for Nadya Ulanovskaya]."

Two years after publication of *A Room on the Route*, Nadya took a similar journey to Siberia. Arrested in 1948, she spent months imprisoned in solitary confinement in Moscow undergoing relentless questioning by the *KGB* until she was finally tried and convicted of treason. Her sentence: 15 years of hard labour. Eight years of shuttling from one Siberian camp to another followed in numbing succession. (Her worst moment: the time she lost her memory entirely. She could not recite two lines of a single poem, much less a whole book of Russian poetry which she memorised before her arrest and which had sustained mind and spirit during the months of solitary confinement.)

Alexander Ulanovski wrote a letter to Stalin protesting at his wife's arrest, and he promptly followed Nadya into the labour camps in 1949. This single despairing act cost him his own freedom and a 10-year sentence. Maya, then fifteen years-of-age, nearly starved after her father's arrest. Left to her own resources, she found their old friends bolting doors against her, fearful of being linked to the child of known "Enemies of the State." Increasingly embittered and indifferent to arrest—"I wanted to be with my parents", Maya told Irina Kirk several years ago. "The letters they were allowed to write me were tearing me apart. My mother wrote how lucky she was having broken her arm, because she could then be in the prison hospital. . . ."—Maya joined a small secret group of "Leninist" dissident students, the "Union of Struggle for the Revolutionary Cause." Not unexpectedly, her arrest came soon afterwards (in February 1951) and, like her mother, Maya spent nearly a year in solitary confinement before being tried and sentenced to 25 years in Siberian labour camps.

Both mother and daughter recall their most memorable point in captivity as the day each received their first letter from the other (prisoners could send and receive two letters a year). Nadya's letter to Maya enclosed her last few roubles, a token of continued—if helpless—concern for her daughter's well-being, even in the camps. Both women verged on tears when describing the exchange of correspondence to me.

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AFTER STALIN'S DEATH in 1953, the labour camps began emptying. But formal "rehabilitation" of the millions held in Siberian bondage accelerated only after Khrushchev's 1956 secret speech to the XXth Party Congress. Like countless thousands of their friends and comrades, the Ulanovskis—Nadya, Alexander, and Maya—found themselves freed almost as abruptly as they had been arrested in the first place. In Maya's case, the authorities returned her to Moscow and held her in jail for several months before announcing that she was being released in accordance with a "new verdict" in her case: "A friend and I stepped into the street in our prison-camp clothes. . . . When we came out we didn't know which way to go, and a young man, a *KGB*-man, took us to the taxi stand."

The Ulanovskis resettled in Moscow and bought new household goods to replace those confiscated and sold in 1949. (The *KGB*'s special stores would mark down at considerable discount the goods seized from those arrested.) Maya married a literary critic, Anatoly Jacobson, and trained to become a research librarian. The family gravitated naturally toward writers, artists, scientists, and scholars opposed to the régime, many of whom had also been prisoners in labour camps. Nadya became a valuable figure within this circle, partly because of her ability to translate from English into Russian for *samizdat* distribution and partly because her age and earlier services to the Party (and Alexander's as well) conveyed a somewhat greater degree of immunity from constant harassment by the security organs. As she told her *KGB* interrogators when brought in once for questioning: "You cannot hurt me any longer."

Nadya introduced friends to works such as Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*, a book that she credits with having awakened her to the truth about the Purges when she first read it during World War II. (Nadya translated the French-language edition of Koestler's novel, *Le Zéro et l'infini*, into Russian in 1960 for distribution within the dissident community.) She also helped to circulate *samizdat* editions of Russian works like Solzhenitsyn's *Cancer Ward* and certain English-language studies of particular interest to the Democratic Movement. One of these, Robert Conquest's exhaustive scholarly portrayal of the Soviet purges, *The Great Terror* (1968), made an impression upon Alexander as profound as Koestler's earlier book about the experience had on Nadya. "Now I can die in peace", she recalls her husband saying after he finished reading Conquest's book. "The story is known and it will survive."

Not only did the Ulanovskis' Moscow apartment serve as a centre for hiding forbidden literature, but Nadya also taught English to a number of visitors while helping to translate banned writings into Russian. Their friends included General Pyotr Grigorenko, the War hero later imprisoned several times in mental institutions because of his humanistic protests against the régime; Yuli Daniel, the literary critic whose trial (along with Andrey Sinyavsky's) became a *cause célèbre* for Western intellectuals; Vladimir Bukovsky; and other leading figures in the Soviet Union's informal "Human Rights Movement", many of whom still remain in the country and resist enforced exile. Solzhenitsyn met several of the important characters later described in *Gulag* through the Ulanovskis; Yevgeny Yevtushenko, the poet, first read *Darkness at Noon* in Nadya's *samizdat* translation; and Bukovsky talked about his future plans during a visit to their apartment only a day before his final arrest.

The Ulanovskis—Nadya, Alexander, Maya—and their friends had become accustomed to covert lives as barely tolerated "oppositionists." But for Maya's young son Sasha the fear-ridden world tolerated by his parents and grandparents came to seem increasingly suffocating, even at the age of 13. (His grandmother, we should recall, shouldered arms for the Revolution at 14.) Sasha pleaded with his parents to apply for exit visas to settle in Israel.

MODERN RUSSIAN-JEWISH EXPERIENCE came full circle in the person of Sasha Jacobson. His grandparents, Nadya and Alexander, although Jewish by birth and early upbringing, had repudiated formal religion for an almost religious devotion to Communist ideology, although there remained differences between the couple. Nadya clung more tenaciously than her husband to her identity as a Jew if not to her religion. Thus "Israel" (Ulanovski's first name by birth) became "Alexander" with an identity card describing him as "*Russian.*" "There are too many Jews in the Revolution as it is", Jacob Sverdlov had cautioned him in 1913. "Since you are Russian, remain Russian. . . ." But Nadya, on the other hand, kept her "*Jewish*" identity card.

The next generation, Maya Ulanovskaya and her husband, although both Jewish, had been raised without religious training or awareness. Yet somehow, even as a child, their son Sasha had already defined himself as a Jew and a Zionist. The ideology of Zionism served Sasha as an effective doctrine of resistance, a buffer against both the stultifying "official" canons of Soviet life and the unschematic Western models favoured by his parents and their friends. In Sasha, there occurred a return to his grand-

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parents' revolutionary certainties—this time, however, through militant Jewishness and not Communism. Keenly aware of his family's heritage, Sasha grew to young manhood fully conscious of their status as opponents of the régime. Even as a child, he had corresponded regularly with his grandparents' friend, General Grigorenko, had known all of his parents' circle of dissident friends; and he had begun attending a synagogue, more as an act of defiance than of faith. Sasha kept urging Maya and his father to apply for exit visas. Finally, when Anatoly Jacobson was threatened with arrest, the couple followed their son's proddings. Maya and Sasha arrived in Israel in 1973; and, after Alexander's death, Nadya Ulanovskaya joined them in Jerusalem in March 1975.

Shortly before she left Russia, Nadya invited to her Moscow apartment a small group of friends, a mixture of "Old Bolshevik" survivors like herself and younger dissidents of Maya's and even Sasha's generation. They came together not merely to say their farewells to Nadya but to commemorate a day of great symbolic importance for those who suffered during the successive purges of Stalinist and post-Stalinist Russia. Many who endured the worst of the Soviet Union's prisons, labour camps, and mental institutions gather each year for a celebratory vodka on 5 March, a day that has become for them an unofficial national holiday—the anniversary of Stalin's death.

NADYA ULANOVSKAYA, now 72, gathered up her memories and carried them safely into exile.

Although they live in Israel among Russian émigrés like themselves, Nadya, Maya, and Sasha have already assimilated significantly. Sasha, who considers himself an Israeli, graduates from secondary school this year, and as a talented mathematician looks forward to university studies (once three years of army service have been fulfilled). Maya works as a librarian at Hebrew University's Russian Studies Centre while preparing the family's memoirs in her free time. Both women appear to have adjusted well to their new country, although both remain deeply involved in the concerns of Jerusalem's Russian-émigré community. They maintain close touch, when possible, with friends still in the Soviet Union.

The family spends a great deal of time helping newer immigrants from Russia adjust to Israel's unfamiliar and often confusing customs. When I visited them, some friends in a group of labour camp survivors (most of whom had been formally "rehabilitated" later by the Soviet government) were busily organising a collective law-suit for monetary compensation, modelled after the restitution paid by the Federal Republic of Germany to survivors of the Nazi death camps. But many of those whom Nadya and Maya knew best in the Soviet Union remain either in prison, or confined to insane asylums, or forced to live exiled outside Moscow, subjected to regular *KGB* harassment.

An American citizen because of her birth in New York City, Maya plans to visit the United States after completing the joint autobiography. She expressed anxiety over possible difficulties in gaining admission to the USA because of her parents' "occupation" at the time of her birth. As for Nadya, she thinks often about old American friends (she hopes to visit Esther Chambers, Whittaker's widow). Complicated but good-humoured, Nadya was, as I found, now reliving the triumphs and sorrows of her life in a Jerusalem apartment complex encircled by the shell-marked hills of Judaea.

"After Entebbe", she told me at one point, "I wrote to a good friend in Moscow, an 'Old Bolshevik' who remains loyal to the régime even though he spent two decades at hard labour in Siberia. I told him that Entebbe was *almost* enough to make me believe in God. . . ." Nadya laughed. "For some reason, the authorities allowed my letter to reach him. My friend answered brusquely, which was unusual, that Entebbe did not make *him* religious. . . . But who knows? . . . Maybe it really did. . . ."

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MEMOIR

The "Golden" Age of the Great Economists

Keynes, Robbins et al. *in 1930—By* COLIN CLARK

HAD IT NOT BEEN for a violent quarrel, in the year 1930, between two prominent British economists (who had been close friends and in agreement with each other when the year began) the subsequent course of history might have been very different.

Following upon nearly a decade of stable prices and moderate economic progress, the greatest economic depression which the world had ever known began in 1929. It was heralded by a spectacular fall on the New York Stock Exchange in October 1929. While this fall on the Stock Exchange played an integral part in it, to describe it as the initiating cause of the world depression would be superficial in the extreme. The effects of the depression were not only economic, in generating untold miseries of unemployment, poverty, business failures and bankruptcy throughout the world. Politically, it also led to the overthrow of every government in the world which had been in power when the depression began.

The country where the world depression was felt most deeply was Germany. Adhering rigidly to the gold standard—understandably, with the memory of having recently undergone the world's worst inflation only seven years ago in 1923—Germany suffered the most appalling unemployment, coming close to 30% of the labour force. One after another, democratic governments in Germany were overthrown. Most historians agree that the frightful economic situation played a large part in enabling Hitler to seize power in 1933, with all of that event's untold consequences for the world.

In bringing Roosevelt and the New Dealers to power in the USA, the world depression created a fundamental historical change in that country whose consequences are still far from having fully shown themselves or been subject to analysis. To say nothing of the strains which the world depression placed upon parliamentary government in France (particularly), in Britain, and in other countries.

Some of us may follow Professor Milton Friedman in placing the principal blame for the world depression upon the Federal Reserve and the American private banks, in contracting credit at a time when they should have urgently been expanding it. Some may blame "structural factors": the world over-supply of agricultural products, the saturation of housing demand in the United States, declining rates of population growth, *etc.* (It is indeed surprising that economists have paid so little attention to analysing, and that we are still so much in the dark about, the causes of one of the most significant events of this century.) But whichever view we accept, it is clear that the policy which should have been adopted in the face of this situation by countries other than the United States was expansion of internal demand, flexible exchange rates, and the making of all possible efforts to mitigate contraction of international trade.

Such remedial action, we can now see, could and should have been taken in 1930. By 1931, events were getting out of control, with the bankruptcy of the *Kreditanstalt* in Vienna in May 1931, and the imminent collapse of the

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banking system and of parliamentary government in Germany.

TWO MEN WHO potentially could have exerted the greatest influence for good in this matter, not only for Britain, but with world-wide effects, were Lord Keynes and Lord Robbins (neither of whom, of course, were Lords at that time). It was in 1930 that the bitter clash broke out between them. There was wrong on both sides. Keynes was happily embracing protectionism and economic nationalism, in their crudest forms. Lord Robbins (who has made handsome amends for his misjudgments at that time in his autobiography and his 1974 Wincott Memorial Lecture)[1] refused not only to see the necessity of measures for increasing demand in such an emergency, but embraced a weirdly erroneous doctrine which claimed that this was the time actually to reduce consumption. And neither of them—until too late—saw the merits of flexible exchange rates, *i.e.* the abandonment of the gold standard. Keynes had actively campaigned against the restoration of the gold standard, which took place in 1925, at what we can now clearly see to have been too high a parity. But in 1929–30 he was unwilling to say anything in favour of its abandonment. Keynes was a member of the prestigious Macmillan Commission on monetary policy sitting at that time, and would certainly have faced violent dissent from his fellow commissioners if he had even raised the question.

Lord Robbins held "the invisible hand" (*i.e.*, the usually, but not universally, beneficial consequences of the workings of a free market) in an almost religious devotion. He wrote of all the countries in the world being "in the grip of a downward fluctuation of trade", as if it were some stern god whose orders we had to accept, not as a situation which could be remedied by rational human activity.

I think—and I knew him well—that Keynes's ideal world lay in the past, in the world of Edwardian liberalism, of humane conventions, moderate programmes, and hopeful reforms, in which he had grown up. At an early date, in 1911, the Liberal Party hoped to attract him into a political career. He quickly rejected this proposal.

"Politicians are awful", he pungently remarked. "They actually say the same things in private as they do in public. . . ." Keynes enjoyed the personal friendship of Asquith, Liberal Prime Minister from 1908 to 1916. This old Liberal England was shattered irrevocably by the First World War.

[1] *Aspects of Post-War Economic Policy,* Institute of Economic Affairs (1975).

THE LIBERAL PARTY was apparently finally split by the "Coupon Election" of 1918. A limited number of Liberals, deemed to have been the most loyal supporters of the war-time Coalition Government, were given the "coupon" which ensured their re-election without Conservative opposition. All the others faced Conservative opposition and mostly lost their seats, including Asquith himself, though he returned to Parliament in 1920. The Liberal Party was now apparently permanently divided between the stronger Lloyd George and weaker Asquith factions. Keynes's attachment to the latter was apparently ensured, not only by his personal friendship with Asquith, and all his political convictions; but principally by the vehemence of his attack on Lloyd George's conduct of the Versailles Treaty negotiations. It was this controversy which first made Keynes a public figure and will long be remembered. (Etienne Mantoux's book *The Carthaginian Peace*, written many years later, courteously but firmly convicts Keynes of having over-stated the case for Germany in 1919, and having been guilty of anti-French prejudice.)

However the two factions of the Liberal Party re-united in 1923, under Lloyd George's leadership, to fight the election on what was then the burning issue of the retention of Free Trade—a conviction which the Labour Party then shared with them—and the result was a Conservative defeat. One year later however, as a consequence of some remarkable blunders by Ramsay MacDonald's first Labour Government, the Conservatives were back in office.

AT THIS POINT Keynes made the decision to sacrifice his friendship with Asquith and to offer his support to the Liberal Party under the leadership of his former arch-enemy Lloyd George. Ever flexible, Lloyd George was only too glad of Keynes's assistance in devising an economic policy for the Liberal Party.

Keynes's attitude towards the free market was certainly qualified—as is shown by his subsequent adoption of protectionism. In 1926 he had published *The End of Laissez-Faire* (based on a lecture originally delivered in Berlin, of all places). The Liberal Party—in the late 1920s it appeared that it really had some prospect of forming (or, at any rate, participating in) the government after the next election—adopted Keynes's ideas in its policy document *Britain's Industrial Future* (known at the time as *The Yellow Book*) which proposed a considerable degree of state regulation of capital investment.

Despite this, and his excursion into protectionism, Keynes still desired a predominantly free-market economy.

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In one of his Monday evening sessions in Cambridge, he threw out the aphorism that "the great case for the free market is that it makes for the maximum possible decentralisation of economic decisions." One of his principal reasons for writing *The End of Laissez-Faire* was that he thought that population growth was coming to an end (this was widely believed in the 1920s), and that mistaken investment decisions, whose consequences can be fairly quickly rectified under the circumstances of growing population, do much more harm with a stationary population. This latter proposition is undoubtedly true. What Keynes did not see, at that time, was that governments can make investment errors quite as serious as those of private investors.

In 1937, giving the Galton Lecture to the Eugenics Society, Keynes based himself on the same principle, but drew a very different policy conclusion. He said then that he would like to see a resumption of population growth, because this would permit free-market investment, which he much preferred to government control.

WORLD FREE TRADE has, of course, never existed. However there was an approximation to it in the mid-19th century, led off by the world-shaking decision of the British Tory Government in 1846 to repeal the Corn Laws, *i.e.* to abolish agricultural protection. The movement towards world Free Trade found unexpected (by some considered undesirable) supporters. These included the Southern leaders in the USA. Richard Cobden supported them on the grounds that Free Trade was a more important issue even then than the abolition of slavery; but John Bright disagreed; and the Emperor Napoleon III in France (a man before his time, who also believed in trade unions and income taxation—it was the Republicans who were the economic conservatives in France). Victory of the North in the American Civil War, the overthrow of Napoleon III in 1870, and the predominance of Otto von Bismarck in Germany turned the world tide back strongly towards protectionism. The rate of growth of international trade, which had been unprecedentedly high in the mid-19th century, began to slow down. Britain, however, remained the stronghold of Free Trade, not only out of economic interest as a great industrial exporter, but also from a genuine sense of obligation to the rest of the world. In the later 19th century this attitude was shared by both political parties. In 1903 the Conservative party rejected Joseph Chamberlain's proposals for Imperial Preference.

In a policy matter such as Free Trade—and in many other social issues, when we come to look at them—even though some refinements of economic theory, such as Bickerdike's Theorem, suggest that some modifications might be introduced—common sense should tell us, and history clearly indicates, that it is politically necessary to adopt an uncompromising policy. Once a concession has been granted, however small, it is quite clear that, politically, it opens the door to a limitless stream of fresh demands.

The first breach in Britain's absolute Free Trade position came in 1915, when a Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the plea of war-time shortage of foreign exchange, imposed large duties on a few imports then considered luxuries (including motor cars and watches). Then throughout the 1920s, on various pretexts, protection had been gradually extended to a widening rage of minor commodities.

But the important thing about Britain's abandonment of Free Trade, which came so suddenly and finally in 1931, which had such incalculable consequences for the world, was not the attitude of the Conservative Party, which was quite predictable. The Liberal Party immediately followed Maynard Keynes's lead. Both the Herbert Samuel and John Simon factions declared themselves willing to accept protection as a temporary emergency measure, the later faction to support it permanently.

Still more sudden and striking was the change of opinion in the Labour Party. One may well ask how a party which had as its platform (and at that time really believed in) "the nationalisation of all the means of production, distribution and exchange", could at the same time fervently defend complete freedom of international trade. However this is England, a country where logical consistency has never been held in very high regard. In effective alliance with the Liberals, Labour had won the 1923 election, fought principally on the Free Trade issue.

AT THE MOST CRITICAL POINT in the clash between Lionel Robbins and Maynard Keynes—the circumstances of which will be described below—Keynes came to the central point, and asked Robbins what objection he had to protection. With a nature naturally somewhat excitable, raised to a high pitch by weeks of intellectual tension, Robbins burst out, "I have young children growing up—I don't want them to be cut down in a future world war." He was more right than he knew.

That Free Trade makes for peace and Protectionism for war is a proposition which must be left for discussion by political scientists and historians—who have already been discussing it for a century without reaching firm general

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conclusions. But in the particular case of Britain, and the world crisis of 1931, the proposition may be upheld. The decision to enact Imperial Preference, made at the Ottawa Conference in 1932, had a particularly injurious effect on Japanese exports to British colonial territories. It seems permissible to say that this decision played some part in strengthening the pro-war party in Japanese politics; and it may have influenced Germany also.

The consequences of Britain's resumption of the gold standard at too high a parity in 1925 were persistent difficulties for the export trades, particularly for coal, which then still constituted a large part of Britain's exports, unemployment higher than the world average at that time, and recurring pressures on the foreign exchange market, necessitating rates of interest higher than in other countries. By 1929 these pressures on the exchange market, and consequent loss of gold, were becoming more serious.

The election of May 1929 brought the Labour Party near but not quite to attaining an independent majority. A Labour Government was formed under Ramsay MacDonald depending, as in 1924, on the tacit support of the Liberal Party, but without any formal agreement between the parties.

KEYNES'S "YELLOW BOOK", considerably *dirigiste* in outlook, was matched by the Labour Party's policy document *Labour and the Nation* (in the drafting of which R. H. Tawney played a considerable part). This was described by Keynes as a sort of bran-tub or lucky dip, of the kind found at fairs, its contents a mixture of the useful and the worthless.

As the 1920s drew to their close, it was becoming increasingly clear to everyone that the principal issue was unemployment. At a rate a little above 5% of the labour force, though not higher than it had been in serious depression years in the past, its persistence throughout the decade, subject only to slight fluctuations, was indeed alarming.

Party funds, in accordance with ancient custom, are banked personally by the party leader. When the Liberal Party split, Lloyd George retained the cash (and a very large fund it was, swollen by unashamed sales of high prices of peerages and titles, sometimes to men of discreditable character); King George V was almost speechless with rage at Lloyd George's goings-on.

Lloyd George carefully conserved these funds to pay for the financing of some 500 Liberal candidates in the election of 1929, in which he seriously hoped to make a come-back. On policy, he shrewdly held his fire until the last few weeks before the election. Then came the mass distribution of his pamphlet *We can Conquer Unemployment!* Pictorial representations appeared on thousands of hoardings and bill-boards of a radiant Lloyd George, clad in a bright blue suit, pointing the way to a happier future. The policy—drafted by Keynes—was to spend £200 million (a large sum in those days, when the whole annual net national product was only about £4,000 million) on additional public works, principally on roads. On the whole, a sensible policy. The Labour Party dithered. One can hear them muttering among themselves, "Shall we say that this is just an election stunt—or shall we say we can do better?"

KEYNES HAD at this time an intellectual ally—soon, alas! to desert him—in H. D. (later Sir Hubert) Henderson. Henderson taught economics at Cambridge, and later became editor of *The Nation*. It was said by some at the time that it was Keynes's function to produce ideas, and Henderson's to stereotype them. With a view to giving intellectual and academic support to the Liberal Party proposals, Keynes and Henderson prepared a more detailed pamphlet, *Can Lloyd George Do It?* They somewhat unadvisedly called a meeting to enlist support among prominent bankers and financiers, which was not forthcoming. The outlook of "The City" at that time was rigidly conservative.

As soon as the Lloyd George proposals were published the Conservative Government—it must be remembered that Winston Churchill was then Chancellor of the Exchequer: not the most distinguished phase in his career—called for the production of a counterblast for publication, which took the form of a "Treasury Memorandum". "The Treasury View", the title under which such ideas immediately became known, was that there was only a limited quantity of investible savings available, and that if money were spent on roads, *etc.*, this would necessarily mean an exactly equivalent diminution in the amount available for industrial investment. Keynes's essential new discovery—namely, that any increase in the national income would itself necessarily generate a further supply of savings—had not been grasped at all, nor was it to be for many years to come.

There was in the Treasury at that time an Economic Division, or at any rate a single economic adviser, in the person of R. G. (later Sir Ralph) Hawtrey. Hawtrey was known for some interesting and original books on monetary theory. He believed (even now we lack adequate evidence to confirm or deny his theory) that the

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monetary situation exerted an important influence on business decisions to increase or to reduce inventories. As the Great Depression worsened, and Hawtrey's advice was urgently sought, his theories led him to prescribe that a drastic reduction in short-term interest rates was all that was necessary to put things right. A woefully inadequate prescription!

Regarding the "Treasury View", I asked Hawtrey shortly afterwards whether this had represented his conclusions. He airily informed me that he had been on vacation at the time the document was prepared, knew nothing about it, and did not seem very interested in the matter. Hawtrey did tend to show a certain indifference to some important issues. A little later in 1930 there was a Parliamentary Question as to whether there was any information on the amount of national savings. Hawtrey asked me for help. I pointed out to him the estimates which had been made by the Colwyn Commission (of which Keynes had been a member) in 1927, together with certain subsidiary information. Hawtrey replied, "I don't really want that—all that I want is to be able to say that the Government has no official estimate."

Lloyd George's proposals, and his very expensive electoral campaign, found only limited favour with the electors, and a Labour Government (depending on Liberal support) was formed in May 1929.

The new Government's first few months (as is the case with most new governments) were a period of relaxation. The principal economic event was a squalid dispute with France about the distribution of the small amount available from "Reparations" (or "*Tributleistungen*" as the Germans called them).

In February 1930 however, with the appearance of the first ominous signs of a world depression, Ramsay MacDonald decided that he needed an Economic Advisory Council.

AT THIS POINT I shall have to explain myself, and how, at the age of 24, I came to be concerned in these affairs of state. This is not meant to be autobiographical—when all is said and done, most writers of autobiographies find that they have a rather dull subject to deal with.

I matriculated at Oxford in 1924 at Brasenose College (which in those days had a great reputation for athletic prowess, philistinism and drinking) to take a degree in chemistry; in which I eventually secured Second Class Honours. In the Oxford Chemistry School, Honours were awarded on a Part I Examination on every aspect of chemistry, which I took in June 1927, followed by a year's "research." I submitted my research thesis a year later. These so-called "researches" were not intended as a serious addition to knowledge so much as to give students some idea of the practical difficulty of making such additions to knowledge. We could choose our own field of research. I worked (without making any addition to knowledge at all) on the radiochemistry of uranium and thorium, substances in which, at that time, very few people took any interest.

It was not until some years later that Keynes penned his paragraph about Stanley Jevons being the first man to bring into economics "the prying eyes and the fertile controlled imagination of the natural scientist." There is some truth in this. Those of us in economics who began as natural scientists—quite a number of us now—do gain a considerable advantage thereby.

During my last two years of study in chemistry I became very interested in economics—such as it was in those days. Through my friend Gilbert Walker (later Professor of Economics at Birmingham) in New College I was introduced to the seminars of Professor D. H. MacGregor and also to Lionel Robbins, economics tutor at New College,[2] Oxford, at that time. With recommendation from them, William Beveridge (at that time Director of the London School of Economics) was willing to engage me as a research assistant in 1928, at the generous salary (by the standards of the time) of £260. I was to devote half my time to the "New Survey of London Life and Labour", a laborious attempt to reproduce the (predominantly sociological) survey conducted by Charles Booth in the 1890s. The other half I was assisting Professor Allyn Young, the Harvard economist who held a Visiting Professorship in London, perhaps the most outstanding economist of the 1920s. Allyn Young had just completed his classical paper (published in *Economic Journal*, December 1928) entitled *Increasing Returns and Economic Progress*. "Increasing Returns" was the title then given to what we now call "Economies of Scale." Young had supervised some extremely original work in this field (published under the title of *Increasing Returns*) by G. T. Jones (who died young in a car accident, but bequeathed his abilities to G. T. Jones II). Young's most important contribution was to show that economies of scale did *not* principally depend on enlarging the size and range of activities of individual firms, but through "increasing specialisation and subdivision of processes", which subdivided pro-

[2] New College acquired its name through its having been founded later than some other colleges, in 1381.

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cesses would often be contracted out to other firms; and that we might actually end with a smaller average size of firm. In the 1920s the world had been dazzled by the example of the Ford Motor Company, with its (by the standards of that time) immense output, producing almost all its own components, and assembling them on a rigid routine, But well before the end of the decade it became apparent that Ford's methods were not working very well, and that they were being overtaken by General Motors who, unlike them, believed in subcontracting (one of the reasons for the low productivity of Russian industry is that its rulers *still* think in Fordian Terms).

My attempts to find empirical evidence in support of Young's ideas were making no progress, when he died suddenly in February 1929.

Shortly after this A. M. (later Sir Alexander, and Director of the London School of Economics) Carr-Saunders—Professor of Social Science at Liverpool, who was also conducting a widespread Social Survey of Merseyside, on somewhat more original lines than the London survey—took me on to his staff at the unexpected salary of £350. This survey was as much concerned with sociology as with economics, and I am very glad that I was able to obtain even a slight familiarity with this subject. Carr-Saunders, unlike many professors, spent a good deal of time in the tea-room with his junior staff, and I learnt a great deal from his highly original and creative work on sociology and on demography.

In the short interval between the London School of Economics and Liverpool, I stood as a Labour Candidate in the elections of May 1929 in North Dorset, an entirely agricultural constituency which Labour had never contested before; and polled a little over 2,000 votes. However my activities served to contribute to the grand strategy of the Labour Party, one of whose primary objects then was the weakening of the Liberal Party.

After only eight months in Liverpool I was extremely surprised to receive an invitation to join the staff of the newly formed Economic Advisory Council. I think that I had been recommended to Ramsay MacDonald by G. D. H. Cole. The salary was a princely £650.

THE ECONOMIC ADVISORY COUNCIL was a weird and wonderful organisation indeed, reflecting the strange personality of its creator, Ramsay MacDonald. G. D. H. Cole, who knew him well (and who respected him, until the final split in the Labour Party came in August 1931), said that at the Economic Advisory Council MacDonald liked to immerse himself in a sort of "warm bath of talk", without any conclusions or decisions being reached.

In the first place the Council was far too large. As one of Parkinson's Laws indicates, bodies with over twenty members can never really deliberate or take decisions. The Council included two prominent scientists, a physicist and a geneticist, who knew nothing whatever about economics. This however did not prevent them contributing lengthy memoranda to the Council's proceedings. The Council also included some prominent bankers and businessmen, who talked far too much, mostly about their own troubles. Ernest Bevin was included, the powerful leader of the Transport and General Workers' Union, whose remarkable self-taught understanding of economics, and membership of the Macmillan Commission on monetary policy, had brought him into close alliance with Keynes. The economists also included, besides Henderson as secretary, Keynes, Cole and Stamp. A. C. Pigou and D. H. MacGregor, the holders of the two leading university professorships, were not invited. Even more remarkable was the exclusion of Beveridge, who had played a leading part in advocating the formation of the Council, and indeed defended it against the attacks of those who said that it was unnecessary. The Council was to serve the same purpose in economic affairs, Beveridge said, as the General Staff in defence. The exclusion of D. H. (later Sir Dennis) Robertson was also remarkable, because it had been indicated to him indirectly that he was to take an active part in it. With his strong sense of public duty, Robertson loyally refrained from enquiring into what was going on. That Lord Robbins was not invited is more understandable, as he was still very young, and had only just been chosen for the vacant professorship in the London School of Economics.

The other academic figure on the Council was R. H. Tawney, well known as an economic historian, and close adviser to MacDonald.[3]

The Secretaryship of the Economic Advisory Council was divided between H. D. Henderson and a professional Civil Servant, Francis Hemming.

[3] Subordinate staff included H. V. Hodson, P. K. Debenham, and myself. Hodson (later Editor of the *Sunday Times* and then Warden of Ditchley Hall, the international conference centre) did not stay long. "I know that my writings will be ephemeral in any case", he said, "but they might as well be published." He turned to journalism, in which he was an outstanding success.

Debenham (later Sir Piers Debenham, Baronet), son of a very wealthy businessman who owned a large estate in Dorset, had learned economics at Cambridge in the pure Marshallian tradition of those days, a close disciple of Robertson, full of interesting theories, and a delightful companion, did afterwards stay in the Government economic service for many years. He died comparatively young.

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Hemming had a sense of humour, which is somewhat rare among his kind. He aroused the dislike of one upper-class member of the Labour Government, who referred to him (quite unjustly) as "that bounder." Only those thoroughly familiar with the social life of the upper classes in Edwardian England will appreciate the full significance of this pejorative. But it does serve to show what a strange mixture the Labour Government was, from uneducated Trade Union leaders to supercilious members of the upper classes. The principal difference now is that there are fewer Trade Union leaders.

Hemming found it difficult to concern himself with economics—his principal interest being in biology. Before long we were engaged in interminable committees about the need for "training more biologists", and for international measures of locust control.

However, one very interesting document, on another subject altogether, came through at the beginning of 1930. The century-old problem of Channel Tunnel was then in one of its phases of active discussion, and it looked as if it might be undertaken. Implacable opposition however came from the General Staff (who were apparently much more prescient than the Foreign Office). Before very long, they said, Britain might be faced by a hostile army at the other end of the tunnel.

How right they were! And what is the position now?

SOON AFTER THE FIRST MEETING of the Economic Advisory Council, Ramsay MacDonald called on each of the members to prepare a document about Britain's economic difficulties, as they then saw them; which they did, some of them at length. When these documents came in, Hodson, Debenham and I (I regret to have to report) decided that we would mark them as if they were university essays.

Most of them we marked extremely low, and several we failed completely. The only one which was really good was that from R. H. Tawney. It may be that only an historian can get a real perspective on contemporary problems.

Britain's essential problem in 1930, Tawney wrote, was the decay of the traditional export industries, not only through increased international competition, but also because of the reduced volume of exports needed in recent years in view of the drastic change in the terms of trade in Britain's favour. Prices of primary products had fallen much more than prices of manufactures and, therefore, a considerably reduced volume of exports—which was all that the primary producing countries could afford to pay for in any case—would suffice to buy all the primary products which Britain needed. This situation was indeed to persist for many years into the future. The natural move under these circumstances was a shift in relative demand towards production for the home market. But this took the form of an excessive growth of industry in the neighbourhood of London, while the "depressed areas" were losing not only their staple industries, but also many of their local economic services and social activities—leading not only to great human distress, but also to serious wastage of capital. Left alone, Tawney wrote, the situation would eventually right itself, as did other great economic dislocations in the past, but only "at the cost of much needless delay, waste and suffering. . . ." The urgent task therefore was to redirect the main flow of investment away from London and towards the depressed areas.

TAWNEY'S IDEAS were valid then, and indeed are valid now. Little real progress has been made in restoring the depressed areas. The economic and political power of London is far too great.

Henderson categorically rejected Tawney's ideas from the start. At a time such as this, he wrote, it was difficult to get businessmen to invest at all; and if the Government tried to regulate the location of new industries, there would be no investment at all. Henderson was extremely annoyed when I persuaded Cole and Attlee to try to have the issue re-opened.

NOW I MUST EXPLAIN how C. R. Attlee (who became Prime Minister from 1945 to 1951, later Earl Attlee) enters the story.

In apportioning duties among his Cabinet, MacDonald gave J. H. Thomas, a flamboyant Trade Union leader, with a liking for high life, the position sometimes known as that of "The Minister responsible for Unemployment" ("I would not go quite so far as that", said Thomas, coyly). Thomas was a great favourite with King George V, with whom he used to exchange salty stories ("Do yer want me to speak as man to man, Yer Majesty?"). He was one of the small group of Labour leaders who joined Ramsay MacDonald in forming the "National Government" in 1931, and was again given a Cabinet post. Some years later he was expelled from Parliament (together with a Conservative Parliamentarian associated with his activities) when he was caught in a carefully laid trap, which yielded proof that he had been selling Budget secrets on the Stock Exchange.

J. H. Thomas's conduct of his admittedly difficult duties of dealing with rapidly rising

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unemployment was harshly described by his colleagues as "boozing and lunching" with business groups, and attending Departmental conferences with his head in his hands. ("Oh, my 'ead, my 'ead, my 'orrible 'ead! I've got the 'ell of an 'ead this morning!")

Thomas had in his department a subordinate in the person of Sir Oswald Mosley, who after having been first a Conservative and then a Douglas-Social-Credit advocate, had recently joined the Labour Party. Mosley put forward proposals resembling those of Maynard Keynes. (It is not known whether Mosley was having discussions with Keynes at the time: but there was correspondence between them early in 1931, by which time Mosley's proposals had been considerably altered.) In 1930 Mosley's proposals found considerable support in the Labour Party. At the crucial meeting of the Parliamentary Party called to consider Mosley's proposals (so another Minister told me), had Mosley been a little less sure of himself—and a little less direct in his attack on Thomas who, deplorable character though he was, was much loved in the Labour Party—he might have carried the day. But he did not, and promptly resigned his ministerial position.

Mosley proceeded to gather round him a small group, his principal supporter being John Strachey, together with a questionable parliamentarian, Beckett, and a few others. Soon they strengthened their proposals for further investment under State control, coupled with extreme protectionism, and then announced themselves as the "New Party." Early in 1931 Mosley asked me to become economic adviser to the "New Party", which invitation I wisely declined. Before long Mosley converted his party into the British Union of Fascists. Strachey became a Communist, but he rejoined the Labour Party in 1940, and became a Cabinet Minister in Attlee's Government.

To return to Thomas. What with his quarrel with Mosley, on top of his manifest failure to achieve anything, his colleagues thought that it was time for a change. In the middle of 1930 MacDonald suddenly called on Attlee to prepare a policy for remedying unemployment. He held the titular post (with only nominal executive duties) of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, but did not have a seat in the Cabinet. I was deputed to assist him. The contents of the Attlee Memorandum, if it can still be located, should be good for a rather bitter laugh. They are a mixture of a few vaguely Keynesian ideas with other proposals of unbelievable triviality.

Attlee was a delightful person to work for; and if not economics, I learnt much else from him, particularly the virtues of brevity and punctuality, for which he became famous as Prime Minister dealing with Cabinet business. He remained a good friend to me to the end of his life.

BRITISH ECONOMISTS completely misunderstood the onset of the Great Depression. (This was also true of Irving Fisher and of many other prominent economists in the United States.) I remember walking with Lionel Robbins on the Thames Embankment on the last day of 1929. He had just been talking to Keynes, whom at that time he greatly admired—this made the tragedy of the subsequent dispute all the deeper. What had happened in the United States, Keynes had said to him, was purely a Stock Exchange shake-out, and recovery would be rapid.

"What vision! What courage!" said Robbins, praising Keynes to the skies for facing growing public opinion to the contrary.

It was the same with T. E. G. Gregory, the stalwart defender of the gold standard and Keynes's strongest opponent. Early in 1930 he told me that he had been speaking to my future colleague H. V. Hodson, who had just been in New York. The best informed American opinion (so Gregory said that Hodson had told him) was that an upturn would come in May, to be followed by a long period of prosperity: which Gregory happily believed.

Keynes, amongst his many other activities, was chairman of an insurance company. He conducted his investment policy accordingly, and in 1930 ran into heavy losses—Keynes's misfortunes were observed with delight by the City of London, where he was extremely unpopular. His adverse personal experiences about this time may have played a considerable part in causing him to reconstruct his economic theory. *The Treatise of Money* had just been published; but no sooner had this been done than Keynes began radically revising his ideas.

THE YEAR 1930 ADVANCED, with the economic situation getting worse month by month. One of the Government decisions of that time was that henceforward the unemployment figures were to be published monthly rather than weekly, as they had been hitherto, to reduce the quantity of adverse comment. Hawtrey's proposals for a drastic reduction of short-term interest rates were indeed put into effect, and of course bore no fruit.

It soon became apparent that the Economic Advisory Council, as then constituted, was not the body to advise on what was, after all, an economic problem. So the decision was made to refer the whole problem of the Great Depression to a committee of five leading professional

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economists—Keynes, Henderson, Stamp, Pigou, and Robbins. Invitations were not extended to MacGregor, Beveridge, or (most surprising in view of his extensive work on the trade cycle) Robertson. Richard F. Kahn (now Lord Kahn) was appointed secretary. Debenham and I (Hodson had left by this time) were permitted to attend most (though not all) of the meetings. I was permitted to circulate to the Committee some calculations which I had made, comparing the industrial production index with the employment figures for manufacturing industries (nobody had yet thought of making such comparisons) indicating that product per man-year had been showing a moderate rate of improvement during the 1920s; thus, amongst other things, justifying some rise in real wages. Keynes was very interested in these results. The other members of the Committee, the leading economists of the day, without examining the evidence, refused to believe them—so deeply ingrained was the economic pessimism of those times. This pessimism had perhaps a psychological origin—nothing, to their minds, had really been the same since 1913.

THE BASIC IMPASSE was that everyone, at that time, firmly believed, including Keynes himself, in the retention of the Gold Standard. A large programme of internal expenditure on public works, such as Keynes and Henderson had advocated in 1929, would have led to an increase in imports, even if it had not had any adverse effect on exports. Gold reserves, which had not been at an abundant level in 1929, were now showing alarming signs of running down. Henderson now categorically opposed, not only his ideas of the previous year, but any form of increased public capital expenditure, even on housing. Keynes had become uncertain. Caught in this trap (principally because of their determination to retain the Gold Standard rather than to allow flexible exchange rates), it was probably inevitable that economists' minds should turn to protectionism—or, as it was quite fairly described, "exporting unemployment." Keynes and Kahn proposed a system of taxing imports and subsidising exports, ignoring, with Anglocentric naïvety, the retaliation which such measures would certainly have provoked from other countries, to say nothing of their effects on the delicate network of Britain's trade-treaty obligations. I was appalled at the rapidity and unanimity with which the Committee of Economists—except for Robbins—adopted protectionism as the solution.

Robbins, however, did not know how to play his cards. He opened the proceedings by saying that the Committee ought to begin by seeking advice from the leading economists of Continental Europe.

"They will soon tell you what's wrong", he added, menacingly.

Not only did this offend the natural insularity of the British economists; they also pointed out that such action would lead to considerable delay in the preparation of their urgently required report. Robbins was greatly taken with an absurd document recently prepared by the French economist, Jacques Rueff (who lived on for many years as an insistent advocate of the unqualified restoration of the Gold Standard), purporting to show the need to reduce wages. Rueff calculated a simple correlation coefficient (multiple regressions, even in an elementary form, were little heard of in those days). Using no more than the annual data for the 1920s, he showed that the rate of British unemployment was closely correlated with the ratio between wage-rates and the *wholesale* price index. Rueff and Robbins were apparently under the erroneous impression that the wholesale price index represented the price of manufactured output, and that wages were too high in relation to the prices of final products. But the wholesale price index, at that time, represented almost entirely the prices of food and raw materials. If Rueff's correlation had any significance at all, it was that British wages were high in relation to the value *in gold* of the exports of purchasing power of the primary producing countries.

BUT, AS A PIECE OF ECONOMETRICS, even at an elementary level, the work was entirely faulty. There was little change in money wages through the decade; and nearly the whole weight of the correlation came from the data for the single year 1921. None the less Robbins regarded Jacques Rueff's correlation as conclusive evidence that what was needed was a reduction of wages. How this was to be attained, he did not say. Henderson was of the same opinion, though he did not quote Rueff. Real wages were too high, and would have to be reduced. In Australia (where wages at that time were predominantly controlled by Arbitration Court awards) the Arbitration Court was given by the Government specific instructions to reduce real wages. These instructions, however, it was quite unable to carry out. Each time money wages were reduced, prices fell in almost exactly the same proportion, leaving real wages unchanged—a remarkable illustration of one of Keynes's theoretical principles.

The other members of the Committee thought that it would suffice if there were an indirect reduction of real wages through tariffs on imports. But protection was the real issue in the debate.

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Keynes complained that after the whole report had been re-drafted to try to meet Robbins's objections (*i.e.* stating the protectionist case in a milder form), Robbins still rejected it.

SIR ROY HARROD'S LIFE of Keynes recalls a dramatic occasion, in October 1930, where Keynes wished to make a public avowal of his abandonment of Free Trade doctrine, and how Harrod persuaded him not to (this was, in fact, only a very short-period deferral).

Stubbornly defending the Free Trade position, I had one or two discussions with Keynes on this issue. Protection, I said, would lead to corruption in politics. Keynes said that he did not mind that very much.

"If in this country we got the same level of political corruption as you get, for instance, in Germany" (these were the days of the Weimar Republic), he said, "no great harm would be done. . . ."

In the course of one of these discussions, however, he did make a most interesting prediction. "I predict that in twenty years time", he said, "Treasury officials all over the world will then be talking about the difference between savings and investment." (This was the form in which Keynesian theory had just been presented, in the *Treatise on Money*—it was shortly to be drastically revised.) He added, "By that time the concept will be entirely obsolete. . . ."

LIONEL ROBBINS AT THIS TIME also came very much under the influence of Professor Friedrich von Hayek, from Vienna, whom he brought to the London School of Economics in 1931. Professor von Hayek had published an extraordinary book, *Prices and Production*, now completely disregarded, but which at that time, curiously enough, had a very big influence. By drawing a strange apparatus of triangular diagrams—the approach was entirely theoretical for there was not a single fact in the book—von Hayek thought that he had proved that the cure for the Depression was reduced consumption.

Later, in 1932, in spite of devaluation and tariffs, unemployment had become even worse than in 1931. By this time the breach between Keynes and Robbins was complete. A group of economists assembled to publish a statement on Keynesian lines, advocating increased Government capital expenditure. Promptly there appeared from the London School of Economics a counter-statement categorically rejecting all such proposals. Public and political opinion was naturally bewildered, and nothing was done. In my view, those who signed the counter-statement bear a heavy responsibility.

SO, COMING BACK TO 1930, the report of the Committee of Economists was prepared, advocating tariffs, and taking for granted that the Gold Standard must be maintained.

Dennis Robertson, with his strong sense of public propriety, scrupulously refrained from making any enquiries into the proceedings of what he regarded as a confidential committee. It was acutely embarrassing for him to have the contents of the Report nonchalantly disclosed to him by one of his Cambridge pupils (who was the son of J. H. Thomas, no less, and who was later to play an active part in the discreditable Stock Exchange manoeuvres which led to his father being expelled from Parliament).

The last chapter in this tragi-comedy, so far as I personally was concerned, took place in April 1931. By this time Ramsay MacDonald had become a convinced protectionist. He assembled a committee to prepare a new policy, of which the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Philip Snowden, was a member. A convinced Free Trader, Snowden ostentatiously refused to attend. Snowden was a bitter man but he had great personal fortitude. Besides his lifelong leg injury, Snowden at that time was carrying an open wound from a painful bladder operation. When the final decision came, Snowden, together with the Samuel faction of the Liberal Party, thought the formation of the National Government so important that they were willing to make a *temporary* sacrifice of Free Trade principles. It soon became apparent—as they should have known—that MacDonald, Baldwin, Neville Chamberlain, and the rest had every intention of making protection permanent. Snowden and his allies soon had to resign, and sank into obscurity.

In April 1931, MacDonald said that if he could get a few days free, with a good economist to assist him, he would prepare a manifesto which would clinch the protectionist case. He invited me to spend a long week-end with him to prepare this document. Much embarrassed, I declined the honour.

There then followed a series of meetings which in fact consisted of monologues by MacDonald, addressed to a few civil servants—the Ministerial members of the committee apparently knew what was coming, and stayed away. These monologues soon began to range over every conceivable subject, including displays of MacDonald's firm anti-French and anti-Catholic prejudices. The unfortunate man was well on the way to that complete incoherence which he was soon to show while still nominally Prime Minister, right up to 1935. (The Hansard versions of his Parliamentary speeches during this period were carefully edited.) At a later date I asked Thomas

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Jones (who had been Cabinet Secretary, and knew MacDonald very well) whether, if MacDonald had not been Prime Minister, but a private citizen in the hands of a competent medical practitioner, he would have been certified. "Yes", Jones replied. Addison (later Lord Addison), a member of MacDonald's cabinet, and a doctor of medicine, diagnosed him as a tragic case of premature senile dementia.

It should be one of the most urgent questions for political scientists, as to what safeguards can be provided against the possible fearful consequences of supreme power remaining in the hands of men who have become mentally and physically incapable. I am thinking not only of such cases as Ramsay MacDonald in 1931–35, but also Winston Churchill in 1953–55,[4] Woodrow Wilson in the United States in 1919–20, and so many mad rulers in the course of history.

THE CONCLUSIONS TO THIS STORY may be expressed in the form of might-have-beens, and very tragic they are.

It is now unmistakably clear that what Britain, being still a power strong enough to give a lead to the world, should have done in 1930–31, irrespective of whether or not other countries so acted, would have been to have preserved strict Free Trade, accompanied by an expansionist demand policy, and allowing the exchange rate to move freely in response to market pressures. It is now universally agreed that the exchange rate had been overvalued on the return to the Gold Standard in 1925, and a reduction would, in any case, have been required. (Though he had protested strongly against the over-valuation in 1925, Keynes himself was not recommending devaluation in 1930–31—the only prominent men to recommend this policy were R. G. Hawtrey, the Treasury's economic adviser, and Ernest Bevin.) Once the exchange rate had been freed, a strongly expansionist policy would have been possible. The preservation of free trade would have allowed the benefits of this expansion to flow to other countries and also, a matter of equal importance, would have set the right example, and spread economic expansion more widely over the world.

Then—who knows?—the forces driving Japan towards war might have been weakened—the Brüning Government might have survived in Germany—and the whole history of the world might have been altered.

[4] See John Grigg, "Churchill: The Crippled Giant", ENCOUNTER, April 1977.

Making an Entrance

Follow your eyes in and choose
Your entrance to this moment.
Left: a quartered view of green
Land and buildings white as bones.

Right: a colonnade in sun
Where a lion is ambling.
Above in the dark recess
Birds glide or sit in windows.

Ahead: a cluttered bookcase,
The reader sideways to you
His robes ready to unfold
Like a fountain starting up.

In the doorway a peacock
Stops you with lateral eye.
In this order: its shadow
Struts, slipping round the pillar,

The swifts flick from the windows,
Claws click over the pavement,
Jerome turns to meet your stare.
Apologise, in Latin.

Patrick Hare

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LETTERS

FitzGibbon *v.* Worsthorne

IN YOUR SERIES of views entitled collectively "Who's Left, What's Right?" you published, in your March edition, a determined piece by my good friend, Peregrine Worsthorne, an almost swashbuckling defence of the old English concept of aristocracy or, to be more exact, of a fluid governing class with aristocratic values reinforced among its newer recruits' sons by a fairly rigid class education for government. It is this inherited, or implanted, sense of aristocratic responsibilities that made England the envy of the world as a stable and decent and powerful society. So be it: I am inclined to agree.

But I cannot agree with his attempt to prove his point by denigrating American society, in a long series of statements cast in semi-questioning form.

(1) "Of brutal oppression", he writes concerning his compatriots, "there was none in modern times." As an Irishman, I must recall to his mind that there were some people called Black-and-Tans, less than sixty years ago, which I take it is "modern times" by his standard.

(2) "Nor scandalous abuse of power." *Circumspice!*

(3) "Nothing comparable to Watergate. . . ." Mr John Poulson belongs in modern times. So does Clay Cross. So, looking back, was Maundy Gregory. So was the Marconi scandal, from Mr Worsthorne's own *belle époque*. Perhaps the difference lay less between the governors of England and America than between their countries' newspapers.

(4) Never in the heyday of British empire "was there ever a national agency so dishonourable as the CIA." This unexplained attack on the CIA, this cliché of the time, puts Perry Worsthorne in very strange company, along with Philip Agee, Idi Amin, but why go through the whole alphabet of dupes and subversives? Incompetent, perhaps. Dishonourable. Let us have some evidence, please. And again, from his most favourite period of all, the mid-nineteenth century, was there *no* British agency concerned with the Chinese Opium War? Then how was it mounted?

(5) The simon-purity of *all* British administrations in the last century is contrasted with Richard Nixon's with his crude advisers. One would recall Lord John Russell, advised by Nassau Senior and numerous merchants, exporting food from Ireland *during* the famine, while the even cruder Americans of the time were sending food to the starving population.

(6) "There were no British equivalents of the American generals in Viet Nam who felt it proper to fight a colonial war . . . according to the inhuman capitalist ethics . . . of mass destruction." The Royal Air Force was created precisely for that purpose, after 1918. And in European War terms, the strategy of attrition as carried out by the Imperial General Staff between 1915 and 1918 included the mass destruction both of the enemy and of their own people.

(7) There was "even no British junior officer equivalent to the infamous Lt Calley." Certainly no junior British officer has as yet been *tried* for ordering men of the Parachute Regiment to fire into civilian crowds in Derry on Bloody Sunday, nor for ordering and presumably supervising a long period of interrogation-by-torture in the Long Kesh concentration camp at approximately the same time that Calley was carrying out his beastly activities in Indo-China. But the Americans tried Calley. The British have admitted before the world that they used torture, and have tried nobody. It is hard to see how this gives the British officer-class moral superiority.

(8) Finally, if the British governing class was, in general, as wise and as well trained to govern as he maintains, then why, oh why, did it allow itself to be swept so easily into the dustbin? Why did the Conservatives pass the 1867 Reform Bill, save in the cheap expectation, which was granted them, of short-term power? Why did the equally honourable Liberals accept Lloyd George in 1910, save for the same foolish reasons? Why are you governed by the politicians and syndicalists who run you today? What happened to that wise and splendid class of well-trained governors, and so fast? 1914–1918? But they were in charge, then, themselves.

That British officers were very good and very brave in the Second World War, I know. So were American officers and Russian officers and a lot of French officers, and perhaps above all German officers. This has, to the best of my knowledge, never been adduced as a proof of the virtues of either the Soviet or of the German societies in which those officers grew up.

To change but one word in a quotation from T. S. Eliot: "the last temptation is the greatest treason: to say the right thing for the wrong reason."

CONSTANTINE FITZGIBBON

Dublin

Unity Mitford

IN HIS CRITICAL comments on *Unity Mitford: a Quest*, (February 1977) your columnist is, I think, a little unfair to the author, David Pryce-Jones. He describes Mr Pryce-Jones' suggestion that Unity Mitford's pro-Hitler sentiments derived in part from her upper-class up-bringing as an indefensible proposition.

I wonder. Of course, as *R* says, English anti-Semitism of the time, the late 1930s, was not a matter of class. Crass anti-Semitic remarks were heard as readily in working-men's saloon bars as at upper-class dining-tables. But the crucial difference is surely that the working men, for all their native anti-Semitism, were *not* at the same time *pro-Hitler*, as were for a time many members of the British ruling class.

Criticising Mr Pryce-Jones' method of seeking interviews with acquaintances of his subject 35 years or more after the event, *R* says that memories so long after the fact are notoriously undependable. To be sure—but I think it is also no longer so well remembered with what fervour a section of the British ruling class in the broad sense—the high-born, the wealthy, the self-made—advocated British collaboration with Hitler and his Nazi-German state (for a moment of time, at least, during the high tide of Chamberlainism and Appeasement).

Returning to London in the late 1930s after an

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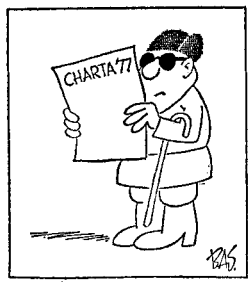
absence of some years abroad, I recall being astonished by the strength of the pro-Hitler feelings in certain British upper reaches. There, the view of the Nazi leadership was suddenly not that of a group of men criminally intentioned against Western democracy, but of a German government capable of being an ally, with Herr Hitler seen as a possible saviour of the West. The view seemed strangely infectious. Invited to the dining room of a large London firm, I remember my host saying: "I trust you realise that I am the only man in this room who is not pro-German." I remember the unfailing pro-Appeasement editorials in *The Times*. I remember the then Lord Londonderry saying, after an obsequious visit to Hitler: "I am at a loss to understand why we cannot make common ground with Germany in opposition to Communism. . . ."

These pro-Hitler views had nothing to do with English native anti-Semitism, which was altogether a minor issue, picked up only by Mosley, the doomed eccentric. No, the vision which had suddenly taken hold of sections of the British ruling class was that of a

Letter from Prague:



ONE OF THE three Czech signatories of the civil rights movement "Charter 77" is the 70-year-old philosopher, Jan Patocka, whose name became known to a wider public in the West only at the beginning of this year. He explains the text and purpose of the manifesto in a letter from Prague that arrived by ordinary mail. He says that the letter represents his own personal position, and that the object is to let it be known that the Signatories of the Charter feel misunderstood if they are described as "dissidents" or mere continuers of the efforts of 1968. Patocka had to leave his chair at the Charles University in Prague after the Communist *putsch* of 1948 but was able to return to it in the Dubcek year of reform. After Dubcek's fall he was again deprived of his post. His main scholarly work has been as editor of Edmund Husserl's writings. His *The Natural World as a Philosophical Problem* is a standard text, and he has written books on Aristotle and Comenius in addition to translating Hegel into Czech.—ED. NOTE.

PEOPLE OF THE *present day, divided by ideologies and dissatisfied even in the midst of prosperity, anxiously and feverishly await a solution from ever new technical measures. One of these is exclusive reliance on political power, on the state, which is ever more plainly revealed as the great headquarters of power, of production and accumulation, having at its disposal all other existing physical and mental resources.*

But thoughtful persons look about them and see that there has been no success at all in "technically" establishing a morality, a convincing set of principles or reliable inner convictions, because that is simply impossible. In the absence of inner conviction one can neither expect that men will accommodate themselves to some given social order as a kind of second nature nor to accept coercive power lacking in moral legitimation.

For humanity to develop peacefully and reasonably towards potentialities, for progress in knowledge and skills to be possible, it must be convinced of the absolute nature of what in this sense are "hallowed" principles, binding principles capable of embracing the main aims of human aspiration. What is required, in other words, is something basically non-technical, not merely some means to certain ends, not a crafty or occasional moralism but a morality in the full sense of the word. But this means that hope in these matters cannot be expected either exclusively or in the first place from the state, from the means of production, from great power or social forces.

HOW GLADLY WOULD *all those who proclaim the dictatorship of facts as means to arbitrary ends surrender a great part of their all-too evident truths for a single inwardly binding moral truth! But that is impossible. In our century all the accumulations of power and force have only had a negative effect so far as human beliefs are concerned.*

No society, no matter how formidable its technics, can function without a moral basis, a belief that is not a matter of opportunism, circumstances, and expected benefits. But the purpose of morality is not to enable society to function; its purpose is merely to enable man to be human. It is not man that defines morality according to his arbitrary needs, wishes, tendencies and aspirations, it is morality that defines man. We, therefore, believe that certain simple ideas, which have proved themselves through the shared painful experience of recent decades, should be clearly brought to the consciousness of all, and that the time for this has come. Why?

The idea of Human Rights Pacts seems to imply that states and societies too are subject to the sovereignty of moral sentiments—that they acknowledge something that is without qualification higher than themselves and is binding on them, inviolable and unassailable—and that they are prepared to establish and secure legal norms that serve this purpose. The same obligation binds the individual in his private, working and public life. Only then is there a real guarantee that men will act, not merely for the sake of expected benefits or calculated sanctions, but freely, spontaneously, responsibly.

CHARTER 77 *expresses this belief. It proclaims the citizens' pleasure that by accepting signatures that confirm human social rights and by making them actual law their state acknowledges a moral basis higher than any political construct. At the same time*

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possible grand alliance between a Nazi-German Continental empire over Eastern Europe, and a global British overseas empire by which the latter (whose controls Britain's rulers felt to be slipping) might yet be saved: Peace in Our Time.

GOING BACK TO A BOOK (*The Malady & The Vision*) I wrote in the winter of 1939–40 I see that I paid particular attention to the Anglo-German Fellowship, This body had succeeded the older Anglo-German Association, founded after the first World War under liberal and Left-wing auspices to heal old wounds and bring about "greater Anglo-German mutual understanding." By contrast, the Anglo-German Fellowship, created in the '30s when the Nazis took over in Germany, was under the chairmanship of Lord Mount Temple an extreme Conservative right-wing body. Prominent among its members were Lord Londonderry, Lord Redesdale, Lord Esher, Lord Brocket, Lord Arnold and men of Big Business like Lord McGowan, Lord Stamp, Lord Rothermere and Lord Nuffield; industrial trusts and City banks were

The Philosophy of "Charter 77"

it announces their determination actively to contribute to the fulfilment of such principles. The Signatories of "Charter 77", therefore, believe that the spiritual significance of these Human Rights Pacts far exceeds that of current international treaties which are only a matter of national power-political opportunism. This and nothing else is the signatories' reason and occasion for declaring that they understand what is at stake, and that is why they took this initiative.

The relationship we have described between the moral and the social-political sphere shows plainly that in "Charter 77" no political act in the narrower sense of the word, no competition with or intervention in the sphere of political power, however it may be conceived, can be involved. "Charter 77" is neither a group nor an organisation. Its basis is purely one of personal morality, and the obligations arising from it are of the same nature. But the Signatories all can recall that almost 200 years ago a philosopher's analysis of ideas showed precisely that all moral duties are based on what can be called man's duty to himself. These duties include the necessity of defending all those who suffer wrong.

THIS MEANS THAT *the Signatories are acting, not out of private interest but out of pure duty, out of dictates that are higher than political obligations and rights but can be in complete harmony with them, for those dictates represent their real spiritual foundation. The Signatories of the Charter claim no political functions or privileges. They have no desire whatever to represent any kind of moral authority or community "conscience." They elevate themselves over no one, condemn no one. They aspire merely to keeping consciousness clear and alert to the fact that such a higher authority exists: that the individual is bound by his conscience and states by their signature to important international pacts, and bound not only opportunistically, i.e., by the rules of political advantage. Their signatures mean that politics are subordinate to justice, not justice to politics.*

That the human duty to defend against wrong implies the right to inform anyone whomsoever of what one has suffered, that this right is not larger than the individual's duty to himself, that it represents no slander either of an individual or a community, is a simple consequence of this standpoint. It is important to bear in mind that a stand for one's moral rights, for duties towards oneself and others, does not require the formation of any organisation. For nothing is involved here but the respect for humanity as such that is present in every individual and for that sense of the general good that makes men human.

No individual who truly suffers wrong should feel isolated and abandoned to the superior force of circumstances so long as he remains true to the duty of not surrendering himself. This at the same time represents a duty to the society to which he in fact belongs. Thus the aim of "Charter 77" is a spontaneous solidarity, devoid of all outward obligations among all those who have understood the significance of moral convictions for a true society and its normal functioning.

WE, THEREFORE, REGARD *the period in which the signature of Human Rights Pacts became possible as a new stage in history. It is a stage of immeasurable importance, since it represents a turning-point in men's consciousness, in their relationship to themselves and their fellows. For it implies that the motives of action no longer lie exclusively or predominantly in the field of advantage and fear. They reside in respect for the higher element in man; in the understanding of duty and the general good, and of the necessity in this sense of accepting unpleasantnesses, misunderstandings, and a certain amount of risk.*

Jan Patocka

AS WE WERE TRANSLATING **the above letter news reached us of the sudden death of Professor Patocka. A week after his arrest and midnight interrogation by the Czech political police for having stopped the Dutch Foreign Minister in a Prague hotel lobby and explained to him the meaning of "Charter 77" he suffered a cerebral haemorrhage, and died.**

A thousand persons filled a small Prague cemetery to mourn his death. Many prominent Czech dissidents (Jiri Hajek, Milan Huebl) were prevented from attending. The blessings of the parish priest were drowned out by the noise of motor-cycles on a near-by speedtrack and the overhead police helicopter. That evening (15 March) the police broke up a small seminar of academicians who had assembled to discuss his philosophical works.

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corporate members. Even though many members of the Anglo-German Fellowship may not have been fully aware of it, its basic aim was to work with "low Nazis" like Ribbentrop and high-born Nazis like the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha for Anglo-Nazi collaboration. In 1937–8, the Fellowship was very active: leading Nazis were entertained in London and leading Fellowship members like Lords Stamp and Brocket attended Nuremberg rallies. "Never", said the chairman, Lord Mount Temple, in October 1938 (six weeks after Chamberlain's retreat from Munich), "never has the Anglo-German Fellowship met under fairer auspices."

Well, well. If only—instead of being the anarchist, amoral, revolutionary, paranoiac destroyer he became—Hitler had really been the fantasy figure of British Conservative imagination, who as ally would guarantee the survival of British imperialism! But the point is that within this "pro-German" atmosphere in British ruling class circles, it was easy (as Mr Pryce-Jones suggests) for a girl of Unity Mitford's class upbringing to join in the pro-Hitler game. Being politically innocent or ignorant, she went on to drool Streicher-like anti-Semitic obscenities from her pretty lips.

If, as *R*'s column suggests, this British pro-Nazi wave of the late 1930s has been rather forgotten, it is I think, for two reasons. First, anti-Semitism, which became so much part of the War-time ideological conflict, hardly played a part in this British upper-class pro-Nazi wave. Much bigger issues seemed to be at stake. Secondly, with the actual outbreak of War, most of the advocates of pro-Nazi views dropped them absolutely and immediately. Under Churchill, the whole Appeasement era soon appeared as though it had never been. While it existed, however, it had surely provided a natural class background against which Unity Mitford could pursue her pro-Hitler career.

T. R. FYVEL

London

I ONLY SAID it was an indefensible proposition that anti-Semitism, not pro-Hitlerism, was a natural product of Unity Mitford's upper-class education.

R

Peter Jay's Illusions

WHAT A SURPRISING FELLOW Mr Peter Jay is! To promote industrial efficiency he advocates (ENCOUNTER, February) a free-market system as ruthless as anything proposed by Keith Joseph or Milton Friedman. And then, so as to make such a system acceptable to present-day political and industrial forces, he blithely—single-handedly—re-invents the Co-operative Movement, as a *deus ex machina* to dispel the institutionalised opposition to the free market that a hundred years of history has created.

Leaving aside such vital questions as the place of international companies in a national cooperative system and the ability of such a system to allow for—let alone promote—new company formation, technological innovation and structural change, one must still ask Mr Jay what factual evidence he has from British and Jugoslav experience for his belief that the cooperative principle is the panacea for the evils of *laissez-faire*?

I personally have great respect for the Co-operative Movement in Britain. Yet it can be argued that the Co-operative Movement was almost struck a deathblow by that prototypically free-market measure, the abandonment of Retail Price Maintenance; that it has been kept on its retailing toes by competition from such prototypically entrepreneurial organisations as Tesco, Asda, Quiksave and Sainsbury's; and that it has been strengthened (saved?) by the infusion of talent and skills developed in a non-cooperative context. Does Mr Jay really want all of British trade and commerce to resemble the Co-op of, say, 1956?

In conclusion I note with regret that Mr Jay gives to a political question (Right-wing *v* Left-wing) an economic answer concerning business structures. The unthinking assumption that politics is at bottom nothing but the extruded superstructure of economics is a piece of Marxist lost luggage that clutters up the thoughtways of the British intelligentsia, of which Mr Jay is such a brilliant example.

In short, if we turn everything into a Co-operative it will not automatically make us text-book free marketeers, and will probably create a whole new set of market distortions. Moreover, it will leave a great number of political questions unresolved.

COLIN MACIVOR

Walnut Tree Farm,
Woodford, Cheshire

MR MACIVOR appears to be referring to consumer co-operatives. I was referring to producer co-operatives. For further enlightment he may wish to consult my 1975 Wincott Memorial Lecture (published by The Institute of Economic Affairs) or await my projected book on the topic.

PETER JAY

Economics Editor
The Times
London

Professor Friedman

PROFESSOR MILTON FRIEDMAN's aptitude for alliterative aphorism ("mush is mush . . . peer or peasant' "Letters", ENCOUNTER, February), answers no arguments. His two "hard nuggets of fact" are arrived at by comparing like with unlike.

I am no economist; but, lifting my figures from two sources (*The British Economy—Key Statistics*: London and Cambridge Economic Services; and *National Income and Expenditure 1965–75*) I find that the average rate of growth in Britain from 1900 to 1913 at constant factor cost was 1.0%; and 2.6% from 1948 to 1975. And that the average rate of growth of GDP *per head* of the whole population was 0.2% between 1900 and 1913, and 2.2% between 1948 and 1975.

The German rate of growth between 1870 and 1910 was 73% higher than in Britain over the same period.

Perhaps Professor Friedman can explain these hard nuggets in terms of socialist and welfare state policies.

JOCK CAMPBELL

House of Lords

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Washington D.C.

PURE ART: The Nationalist Chinese, the South Koreans, the Israelis and the South Africans got their chance to visit the Chinese Exhibition today. The anathema issued by the Chinese Liaison Office here on Tuesday kept them out of the press preview, which the National Gallery therefore cancelled.

The main difference is in the catalogue and the labelling. The London catalogue is incomparably superior, but the Chinese found it ideologically impure, which is why they produced their own. Only the photographs are the same.

THE TIMES

London

SEX FACT: *Clive Barnes gives an account in* The Times *of the theatre in Copenhagen that singles out for special praise a "sex revue" staged by the director of the Royal Danish Ballet. Although it features nude ballet numbers, it is not (Mr Barnes tells us) "simply another* Oh! Calcutta!*" No, it is something different and better; and to illustrate how different he describes a "sinister but typical" sketch by Eugène Ionesco, entitled* Striptease, *which is performed in the show.*

I feel [Clifford Williams writes] Mr Barnes and your readers should be informed that M. Ionesco's sketch was commissioned for—and received its world premiere in—the Paris production of Oh! Calcutta!, *which I directed.*

THE TIMES

Nairobi

MINISTRY OF LOVE: *The Secretary of the Methodist Conference, who is also attending the World Council of Churches Fifth Assembly in Nairobi, said that on the whole it was "worth taking the risk" to give money to African guerrillas.*

The risk, as the WCC has always admitted, is that the money might by used to buy guns and ammunition and not, as intended, help with medical aid and welfare.

Black guerrillas fighting to overthrow the White régimes in Africa do so "in love not hate", Mr Allan Shaw, a Methodist lay preacher said yesterday.

DAILY TELEGRAPH

London

"—ANY COLOUR SO LONG AS IT'S BLACK . . ." Black professionals working in education are angry that the Great Debate is ignoring crucial questions about how education can be geared to a multi-racial society.

At a conference convened by the Community Relations Commission at the request of black educationists (black, in this group, was taken to include Asian, West Indian, African, Cypriot, Chinese and Portuguese minorities), 70 delegates complained.

TIMES EDUCATIONAL SUPPLEMENT

Kundiawa, Papua

AFTER BABEL: *The Prince of Wales, Queen Elizabeth's "number one pikinini", today addressed Papua New Guineans in Pidgin, their native tongue.*

"Afde ren I bagarap mi nau arait", he told colourfully-clad residents of the village of Sina Sina in the new nation's eastern highlands.

Translated, the Prince said: "Yesterday heavy rain upset the day but today the weather is fine and everything is all right."

The Prince's title in Pidgin is "Nambawan pikinini b'long Misis Kwin."

THE TIMES

London

LAST DAYS, FINAL THINGS: Layers of chalk dust have settled on thousands of Bibles and hymn books in the State schools of England. According to the humanist journal, Freethinker, **Christian education, as laid down by the 1944 Education Act, has ceased to be effective.**

Religious instruction based on Bible teaching, with opening school worship every morning, is giving way to "secular assemblies" with a general moral content but with no particular reference to Christianity.

"This is contrary to the law," says the paper. "But a law which has fallen into disrepute is deliberately evaded by responsible and dedicated teachers and is no longer in accord with contemporary social attitudes and does not merit respect."

DAILY TELEGRAPH

Birmingham

BREWER'S LAW: *Are Social Workers really necessary? According to Dr Colin Brewer, a lecturer in psychiatry at the University of Birmingham, the answer is a resounding No.*

"Such studies as have been done," he says, "indicate that setting the social workers on to a group of clients usually confers no benefit when they are compared with another group who are not thus favoured."

And Dr Brewer goes further. Writing in the magazine Age Concern Today, *he asserts that the presence of large numbers of social workers "wreaks a more subtle kind of havoc." The existence of a large number of paid, official helpers who "cannot deliver the goods" may do no more than uselessly raise the expectations of those who are unhappy with their lot.*

He goes on to formulate what he calls "Brewer's Law"—that discontent increases so as to occupy the facilities for its alleviation.

EVENING STANDARD

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Crazy Ecologists

IN THE COURSE of his piece in the January issue, Anthony Hartley describes the American ecological movement as exaggerated, crazy, self-indulgent and sentimental—among other faults.

In recent weeks several large tankers have spilled their oil off the East Coast or in our rivers. In the last year we have discovered that production of Kepone has poisoned a significant part of the Chesapeake Bay, our most productive marine-breeding area; no one yet knows where that damage will stop or how to stop it. We have also found that production of PCBs has made the bass and other important fish breeding in the Hudson River too dangerous for humans to eat. The Teton Dam in Idaho, built against the urgent advice of ecologists, collapsed and did terrible damage. A medical study published last week showed that a substantial part of the population of Michigan has ingested a dangerous chemical through eating the meat of cattle that were mistakenly fed grain containing the chemical a few years ago; thousands of herds were destroyed then, but the damage did not stop.

Those are just a few recent examples, from memory, of the price paid when our society ignores ecological considerations. But Mr Hartley says the ecologists are crazy and sentimental. *Who* is crazy?

ANTHONY LEWIS

New York Times
Boston, Mass.

THE PHRASES TO WHICH Mr Lewis takes exception occur at the end of three or four paragraphs on the ecological movement in the United States which were fairly well balanced in their description of this interesting phenomenon. That some aspects of it *are* crazy and exaggerated seems to me a matter of common observation, and I gave one example of these excesses. Since, in this particular article, I was interested in the movement as a secular outlet for types of religious feeling traditional in the United States, it was not unnatural to refer to the extremism which derives from this mingling of lay causes with religious emotions. But I also made it quite clear that there was a practical need for protection of the environment.

Mr Lewis has provided an example of the intensely moralistic attitudes which many people choose to adopt when discussing this subject. In doing so, he has proved the general point I was trying to make.

ANTHONY HARTLEY

London

Nisbet's Rousseau

Instead of answering Mr Philip H. Rhinelander's points (ENCOUNTER, March, pp.93-4), Robert Nisbet tries to bludgeon him with an *argumentum ad verecundiam* by accusing him of condescending to "one of the two or three genuinely powerful and original minds of the past two centuries."

I am not worried about Mr Rhinelander, who I am sure can defend himself; but I do find it unbearably tantalising not to be told whether, in addition to Rousseau, there have been two genuinely powerful and original minds in the past two centuries or only one, and who he, she, or they was or were (or perhaps is or are).

JOHN FRASER

Versoix
Switzerland

WOODROW WILSON and Vladimir Ilyich Lenin—each is in the direct line of descent from Rousseau. Without the three of them, our world would be a far freer and more enlightened place. Remember I said "powerful" minds: not wise, just, humane, profound, or good. Wilson's and Lenin's corrupting and destructive effect upon the world we knew at the beginning of the 20th century may be compared with Rousseau's corrupting, if not destructive, effect upon the moral philosophy that followed his *The Social Contract*.

ROBERT NISBET

Columbia University
New York City

From Crossman to Keynes

WHETHER OR NOT Richard Crossman's slip into anti-Semitic prejudice can be "explained" by his own recognition of that prejudice (Arnold Beichman's letter, ENCOUNTER, April), it was certainly a vulgarity he shared with John Maynard Keynes.

In his essay "A short view of Russia" which first appeared in *The Nation and Athenaeum* on October 10th, 17th and 25th 1925 (reprinted in *The Collected Writings of J. M. Keynes*, Vol IX, *Essays in Persuasion*, Macmillan, 1972) Keynes gives every indication of sharing the then fashionable prejudice against Jews. Thus after a description of the oppressive lack of freedom in Soviet Russia, he writes "in part, perhaps, it is the fruit of some beastliness in the Russian nature—or in the Russian and Jewish natures when, as now, they are allied together." Similarly Keynes writes in a neighbouring passage as if Jews were intrinsically avaricious. "I do not mean that Russian Communism alters, or even seeks to alter human nature, that it makes Jews less avaricious or Russians less extravagant than they were before."

These remarks reveal a depth of prejudice which completely surpasses Crossman's casual distaste.

ROBERT MILLER

London

Hugh Dalton (1887-1962)

COULD I MAKE an appeal, through your letter columns, to any reader who knew Hugh Dalton, Labour politician, economist, and writer, or who possesses any documents relating to him?

I have been commissioned by Cambridge University Press to write a biography of Dalton, and I would be extremely interested to hear from anybody who has a letter from him, however seemingly trivial, or who recalls an incident involving him, however apparently slight.

Nothing will be quoted without permission, and any material used will be fully acknowledged.

BEN PIMLOTT

Department of Politics
The University
Newcastle upon Tyne

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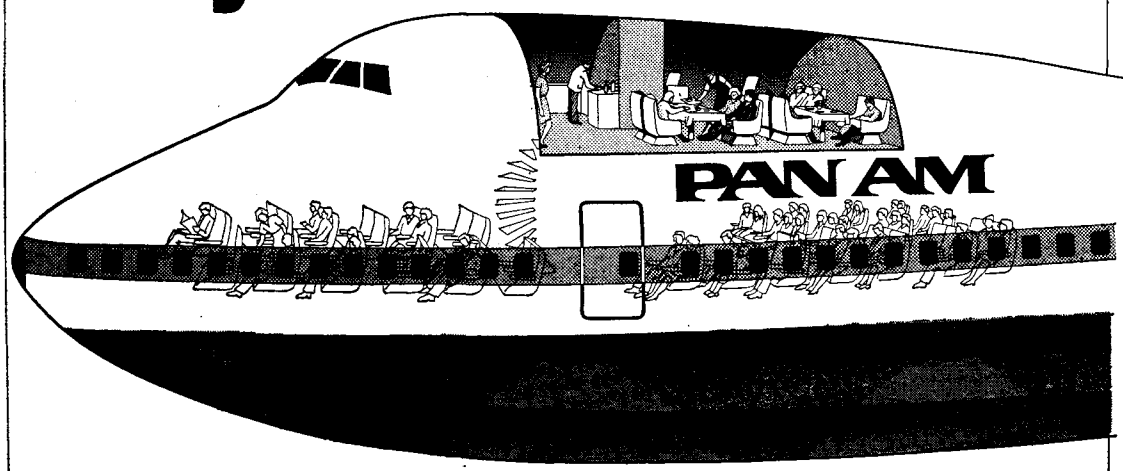

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